

TURKEY, RUSSIA,

THE

BLACK SEA, AND CIRCASSIA

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TURKEY, RUSSIA,
THE
BLACK SEA, AND CIRCASSIA.

BY
CAPT. SPENCER,
AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," "WESTERN CAUCASIANS,"
"TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY," &c.

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TURKEY, RUSSIA, THE BLACK SEA, AND CIRCASSIA.

INTRODUCTION.

It is now nearly twenty years since we first directed our wanderings towards those remote countries of Eastern Europe and Asia, rendered so interesting in our day by having become the theatre of a war, on one side at least, the most unjust and unprovoked ever recorded in the history of nations.

Even at that early period, although attracted more by a love of adventure, and a desire to explore lands so little known, than by any intention of depicting their social, moral, and political condition, we learned enough of Russian intrigue to come to the conclusion that the country we then visited would probably sooner or later become absorbed in that unwieldy mass of nationalities, creeds, and races, the Russian empire.

At each subsequent visit down to our last tour in 1851, we found the same machinery at work, but more perfected in its arrangements, by means of which Russia first demoralizes,

and then destroys her victim. For, whether we wandered in Turkey or Persia, in the midst of Tatar or on the summits of the Caucasus, we were certain to find her agents; usually either Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, or Poles, clever adventurers, who might be easily discovered by their careful training, the general information they possessed, and, above all, by the facility with which they spoke several languages; their sole rule of action being, how or by what means they could best advance the interests of a paymaster, who rewards the tact and talent of his servants with a bountiful hand.

It is scarcely necessary to remind those among our readers who may have done us the honour to peruse our former works on those remote countries of Eastern Europe and Asia, that we endeavoured to show the day was not far distant when Europe would find herself involved in a war, as fanatic in its origin, as aggressive in its spirit, as any waged by the Tatar chiefs Tamerlane or Ghenghis Khan against the liberties and civilization of mankind. Centuries have passed away since the irruption of these barbarian hordes; civilization, and every art conducive to the peace and prosperity of man, have advanced with a rapidity hitherto unknown in the history of the world; yet these Slavo-Tatar tribes of Moscovy are but little in advance of their barbarian ancestors, the predatory hordes that laid in ruins some of the finest countries in our hemisphere.

The present Tzar of Russia, were he in the highest degree civilized and humane, could not control a million of bayonets officered by men who look to their sword as the means tha

must win them wealth and honour. Neither can he curb an ambitious aristocracy, and a fanatic people, possessed with the belief that they are destined by heaven to propagate their own peculiar creed, the only orthodox faith, and give laws to the world. Nay, the enterprise is considered by every true Moscovite as a sacred duty, bequeathed to him to perform by Peter the Great, and he believes it to be as binding upon him to execute as if it were a command from on High.

It may, therefore, be assumed that the Emperor of Russia is not altogether a free agent in the present aggression, and that any other line of policy than that of pandering to the prejudices and superstitions of a people who may have imagined that the hour was come for carrying into execution their long meditated projects, might endanger the safety of his throne. Be this as it may, it is certain that the war mania has assumed a fearful development among all classes in Russia, especially a war with the infidel Moslem, which opens the prospect of fresh acquisitions of lands and serfs to the grandees of the empire, and to the military the certainty of replenishing their empty coffers by rapine.

This has been the motive power of all semi-barbarous conquerors down to the present day: rapine in one class, and fanaticism in the other. This was the agency by which the first Peter built up his colossal empire, and this has been the policy of his successors, the means whereby they have been enabled to hold together under their rule so many hostile tribes and nationalities, prevented insurrection at home, and we know, from accounts that may be relied upon, there was

no time to be lost in turning the thoughts of the public mind into a safer channel than moodily brooding over the evils in the social and political condition of the country.

How, then, can the Tzar pause in his march of conquest, arrest the mighty engine of which he is the compulsory director, when the safety of the state, and the will of the nation, require that he should proceed?

What, then, is to be done with such a government, with such a people? "Deprive them of the power of disturbing the peace of the world, by driving them back to their barren steppes," would be the answer of any man unacquainted with the real state of Europe. It is true that either France or England might achieve such an enterprise single-handed; but what security could either of these powers give to all the petty despots and intolerant priests of Europe, that their own democratic subjects would not rise *en masse*, and dethrone them, when their mighty protector had lost the power to support them? The Tzar knows this; and feeling secure of their assistance in the event of a European war, laughs at the threats of free England.

Unhappily, this dread of the advance of democratic principles, and its paralysing influence on the policy of the European powers, has enabled Russia, year after year, to triumph over the rights of nations, sweep vast provinces and entire kingdoms from the map of the world, and rule as dictator in the cabinets of every state in Europe and Asia. But now that the crisis has actually arrived—the long-expected war of principles, which must decide whether the

Slavo-Tatar autocrat of the North is to be the ruler of the old world, or descend to his proper rank, the monarch of a semi-barbarous people—we must admit that a heavy responsibility devolves upon Great Britain as the representative and upholder of free institutions.

It is evident that we cannot look for an ally in Austria, or among the petty princes of Germany, who have ever been too fond of temporizing when they should act, of standing isolated from each other when they should unite, of seeking to advance their individual interest, instead of endeavouring by a combined effort to aid the common cause of all. On the other hand, if we turn to the south of Europe, whether to Spain, Portugal, or Italy, we shall find, with the exception of constitutional Piedmont, that the governments of all these countries are sunk to the lowest state of degradation, bigotry, and intolerance; dungeons filled with state prisoners, and no confidence existing between the monarch and his people. Indeed, it is only among our gallant neighbours the French, and our equally gallant cousins of the North, the Swedes, the Danes, and the Norwegians, that we can discover anything like energy or independence of character.

The odds, it must be confessed, so far as the rulers of Europe are concerned, are considerably against us; but as we have already rescued the Continent from the dominion of one ambitious conqueror, we have no fear of the result in the present instance. If, therefore, the monarchs of Europe will side with the enemy, our own interest, and that of the civilization of the world, compels us to ally ourselves with

democracy; and, thanks to the general diffusion of intelligence, the people can now estimate as it deserves the humiliating serfdom of Russia.

Nay, even assuming that rivalry, clashing of interests, or any other cause, should arise to prevent France and England from combining to take advantage of the distrust and hatred now so generally existing between despotic sovereigns and their subjects, we have not the remotest doubt that free institutions will be ultimately established in every European community. At all events, we may be certain that a spirit is now spreading among nations, whose progress no efforts of either priest or despot will avail to arrest; a spirit which that promoter of civilization, the steam-engine, is the instrument of diffusing far and wide, and which must finally break down every system, institution, and prejudice, that opposes the progress of enlightenment. The great powers, influenced by the dread of war and its consequences, may perhaps induce the belligerents to conclude a peace; Russia and her allies may or may not ultimately triumph; still, the great battle of opinion will only be postponed, to be contested with greater obstinacy and certainty of success by the rising generation.

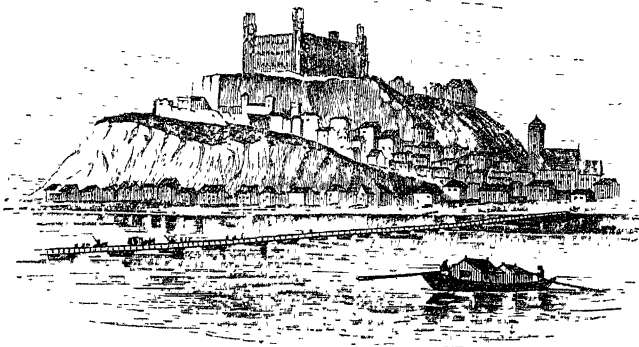
We shall, therefore, for the present leave the destinies of the world in the hands of France, England, and Russia, and commence our narrative, hoping to make our readers in some degree acquainted with those remote countries of Eastern Europe and Asia, which appear as if destined to become the battle-field of the old world, the spot where the greatest and

most important question that ever agitated the inhabitants of civilized Europe is to be decided by force of arms.

Independently of the political interest attached to these beautiful countries, they open a wide field of observation to the traveller, and an interesting subject for investigation alike to the politician, the philosopher, and the man of the world, who may feel disposed to investigate the causes which retard or accelerate the progress of nations. Here he will find lands the most fertile, and a climate the most salubrious of any in our hemisphere; with the additional advantage of being everywhere intersected by noble rivers, alike adapted to inland navigation and all the purposes of irrigation, together with seas abounding with the finest harbours, inviting, as it were, the commerce of the world. Yet, with all these gifts of nature, he will have to wander for the most part through a wilderness, without either road, bridge, hostelry, or any other indication of civilized life; and the few inhabitants he meets with, sunk in the lowest state of semi-barbarism, the consequence of being subjected for centuries to the rule of princes who reigned through the instrumentality of the sword, and who appear to have been actuated by no other principle of government than that of isolating their miserable subjects from all intercourse with the energy, enterprise, and industry of the civilized West.

Hungary, the first country to which we purpose alluding, lying between the semi-barbarous East and the enlightened West, is, without exception, one of the most interesting in Europe, not more for the heroic bravery her gallant sons

displayed on the battle-field, in defence of their just rights and liberties, than for the rapid progress they made since the peace of 1815, in industry and all the arts and sciences of life,—a striking illustration of what a people are capable of achieving when their civil and political institutions are founded on the principle of self-government, and the law of the land secures to every individual, without distinction of race or creed, the same privileges, rights, and liberties.



PRESBURG.

CHAPTER I.

The past and present state of Hungary—Incident at an hotel—Count Széchenyi—his reforms—Triumph of Constitutional rights in Hungary—Revival of the Magyar language—Count Széchenyi as a legislator—Kossuth and his party—his great influence—Intrigues of Austria and Russia—Causes that led to the war in Hungary—Melancholy aspect of Hungary in 1850—Character of Kossuth—Difficulties he had to contend with—Treachery of General Görgey—Cruelty of the Austrian Government—Execution of Count Louis Batthyani—Suicidal policy of Austria—Russian influence in Austria—Irresponsible power, and its consequences.

EVERY traveller, on entering the land of the Magyar, from Germany, must be struck with the marked difference in the characteristics of the people. Instead of the quiet, patient, methodical German, he sees a bold, daring, dashing fellow, who seems born to be independent. The one gives you the idea of a peaceable, hard-working citizen, that you might lead with a silken thread ; the other, that of a fierce warrior, who would not allow himself to be robbed of his liberty, without unsheathing his sword in its defence.

It is now nearly twenty years since we first visited Hungary. Its inhabitants were then slowly recovering from the losses they had sustained during the disastrous wars of Austria against Napoleon, and a long-continued contest—the contest of centuries, when they stood alone as the barrier against the Turks, who, like the Russians in the present day, menaced the whole of Europe with subjugation.

A tour in Hungary was, at this time, considered by the quiet Germans as a very dangerous enterprise. Indeed it was with no little difficulty that a couple of fellow-students and myself succeeded in prevailing with our domine to accompany us in a visit to that country; and then, to provide against every contingency, it was considered necessary to be armed to the teeth.

During the first few days of our journey we met with no adventure worth recording, till we entered that vast table-land which separates Pest from the Carpathian Mountains. Here we took up our quarters at a little road-side inn; when, lo! at the moment we were about to sit down to a capital dinner, two Hungarian noblemen and their attendants, all well mounted, and dressed in the picturesque costume of the Magyars, entered the court-yard; when, with all the insolence of authority, their saucy domestics peremptorily commanded the landlady to send in our savoury repast to their masters, who had retired to a private room.

What was to be done? A Hungarian magnat was accustomed to be implicitly obeyed, and our good-natured Germans, no doubt pitying the dilemma of the hostess, felt inclined to consent. Ourselves, however, and an English fellow-student who accompanied us, fully imbued with that stubborn spirit of independence which John Bull so often exhibits to the wondering inhabitants of the Continent, entertained a very different opinion; and as the request had been so discour-

teously urged, we positively forbade the abstraction of a single dish from our repast. The war of words grew louder and louder, threatening each moment to end in a battle as sanguinary as any fought in the olden time by the Turks for the possession of one of those capacious copper caldrons which it is said would contain sufficient food to satisfy a regiment of soldiers. At length the dispute attracted the attention of the magnats, who on receiving an explanation laughed heartily at the *contretemps*, withdrew the claim, and agreed to accept as a favour an invitation to share our dinner.

How gaily they quaffed the wine; how heartily they laughed at the pugnacious resistance of John Bull when his dinner was threatened; and how little, how very little, did those two noblemen, then in the full spring of health and manly vigour, dream of the melancholy fate which at a later period awaited them! Count Stephen Széchényi, after devoting the best years of his life, and the best energies of his mind, to the service of his beloved country, unable to witness the sad reverses she sustained, is now a confirmed maniac. The other, Count Louis Bathyani, after distinguishing himself as a patriot and a hero in defence of her liberties, died the death of a felon, by the hand of an Austrian executioner. But the day will come when his countrymen will avenge on Austria the judicial murder of one of their bravest patriots.

Trifling as this incident may appear to the untravelled reader, it tells most eloquently of the state of feudal vassalage in which the inhabitants of Hungary were then held by their imperious lords, and contrasts strongly with the improved condition in which we found her social institutions when we again visited this country, on our way to the East, in 1847; and we much doubt if any people, even our own indefatigable Anglo-Saxons, could have made in so short time a greater

progress in civilization and all that conduces to the happiness and prosperity of a nation, than this people, who gloried in being called the English of Eastern Europe.

Feudal vassalage was for ever abolished; all classes, and of whatever race—whether Magyar, Croat, Serb, or Wallack—were elevated to the dignity of freemen; the rights and privileges of the small landed proprietors specifically defined; and various reforms introduced indispensable to the well-being of the people. In addition to this, all religions were tolerated; neither did the profession of any creed whatever incapacitate a man from holding the highest offices of the state.

To a traveller like ourselves, who remembered a country destitute of roads, rivers without bridges, peasants half naked, towns and cities unpaved and unlighted, huts built of wood or mud, barges laboriously drawn by degraded serfs,—the improved condition of every thing that now met our view seemed like the realization of a fairy tale. Pest, Buda, Presburg, and all the other great towns and cities, could boast of palaces and public buildings, which would be admired for the beauty of their architecture even in the meridian of London and Paris; stagnant moats, which shed around their pestilential exhalations, were filled up and converted into public promenades; a magnificent suspension bridge, thrown across the Danube, connected Pest and Buda; while hospitals and benevolent institutions, richly endowed, had been established to relieve the wants of the poorer part of the population. If we penetrated into the rural districts, they also exhibited all the indications of prosperity—comfortable farm-houses, villages, and roadside inns, everywhere met the view, together with an improved system of agriculture. At the same time, the number of steam-boats that kept moving to and fro on the bosom of the mighty Danube, the Save, and

the Theiss, carrying the produce of the country into foreign lands, and returning with the manufactures and luxuries of France and Great Britain, gave evidence of the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country.

For all these blessings, Hungary is principally indebted to the high administrative talents and indefatigable activity of Count Széchényi; to whom no difficulty appeared insurmountable, no enterprise impossible, when it had for its object the regeneration of his country. Having succeeded in breaking down all the barriers that existed between the noble and the peasant, in abrogating all the feudal rights and privileges enjoyed by the former, he extorted from the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, the recognition of the constitutional rights and independence of his country—an independence that, in obedience to the despotic court of Vienna, had been so long and unjustly withheld, so far as it could be done by refusing his sanction to convoking the Diet.

How deserving of praise, what a prudent legislator, was this great Hungarian, when we remember that all this was achieved without violence and without any infringement of the law; yet this extraordinary man was neither an elegant orator nor a brilliant writer; but he possessed in a high degree what so many popular leaders want—practical good sense, and a disinterested earnestness which those who differed from him in opinion, nay even his worst enemies, could not but acknowledge. In short, he was the man suited to the times; he knew the energy and the ardour of his countrymen when they once took up a question, and his great mind became at once convinced that the institutions of his country required reform, and to deny it would only pave the way to revolution and anarchy.

After having, by almost superhuman exertions, triumphed over every difficulty, and acquired the confidence, respect,

and affection of all classes, he determined to attempt the restoration of the Magyar language, which up to this time had been entirely neglected by the higher classes, who, despising the national language as barbarous, spoke nothing in the drawing-room but German, English, and French; while the Latin language was employed in the debates at the Diet, and in all legal and official documents.

As may be supposed, in a country like Hungary, composed of so many nationalities—Croats, Germans, and Servians, with Wallacks and other Slavonian tribes, each speaking a different dialect, and all opposed to the Magyarizing efforts of the great Hungarian reformer—the attempt to establish a uniform language was necessarily an undertaking of great difficulty and danger to the repose of the country.

The Magyars being the rulers of the country, the lords of the soil, and the most numerous of all the nationalities in Hungary, naturally desired the general adoption of their language; still the proposition was met by those among the Magyar nobles who were accustomed to bask in the sunshine of courtly favour at Vienna, with the most decided opposition. Count Széchényi, however, was not the man to hesitate when any measure beneficial to the national interests was required, and, being fully aware of the mysterious influence a national language possesses over the imagination and affections of a people—its tendencies to create an attachment for their country, its liberties and independence—boldly determined to brave every obstacle, and bring the matter to an issue. For this purpose he rose in his place as a senator, at the Diet held in Presburg, and in a forcible oration in the Magyar language, the most eloquent, it is said, that he ever delivered, took his opponents by surprise. The nervous energy of his diction, so different from the cold phlegmatic German, or the powerful but less vivid Latin, electrified his

audience. But he was now speaking the language he had lisped on his mother's knee—the language of his Parthian ancestors—that in which Attila, Arpad, Zoltan, Zoxis, and a hundred other heroes and chieftains of his race, gave laws to the surrounding nations, when they held half the rulers of Europe and Asia as their tributaries.

It is hardly necessary to say, that Count Széchényi gained the day, and that the language of the Magyars, which had survived every attempt made during a thousand years by the Slavonian, the Turk, and the German to destroy it, was found to be, not only one of the most vigorous, expressive, sonorous and flexible spoken by any nation, but admirably adapted as a vehicle for expressing their thoughts by the historian, the poet, the philosopher, and the orator. Hence, by the unanimous consent of the Diet, it became that authorized by the state in all affairs connected with the administration of the Kingdom of Hungary; and funds were soon raised to promote its general dissemination, by establishing schools and colleges in every city, town, and village throughout the country.

The abandonment of the German and Latin languages in everything connected with the administration of Hungary, was a great triumph of the Magyars over the influence of Austria; this being one of the means through which that unprincipled power had sought for centuries to destroy the nationality of a people she could never subdue by force of arms. Peremptory commands were repeatedly issued to all her civil, military, and political officers, to use no other than a foreign language in the official acts of the government; and to render it still more stringent, no official document was considered valid unless written in the Latin or German language. Still all her arts, intrigues, and menaces, could not prevent the Magyar language, now that the movement

had commenced, from becoming the medium of conversation in all the circles of fashionable life, and with every man, whether Magyar, Croat, or Serb, whose soul aspired to freedom; while those who neglected to speak it were considered by their countrymen as the slaves of Austria.

In short, the spirit of the people was now thoroughly aroused; and such was the rage of all classes to acquire the language of the Magyars and declaim in it, that in an incredibly short space of time, there was not a gentleman in Hungary, of whatever race, who did not use it. The clergy adopted it in the pulpit, the counsellor at the bar, while the orator in the Diet made the old walls of the Senate-house at Presburg echo and re-echo with the same passionate heart-stirring strains which summoned to arms the ancient Parthians when their country was invaded by the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans. But this was not all; printers could not be found in the whole of Hungary and Austria in sufficient numbers to execute the literary works that were daily placed in the hands of the publishers at Pest, Presburg, and in all the great towns and cities of the kingdom—all original, and written with a view to illustrate some of the most heroic and exciting periods in the history of the Magyars. At the same time the theatres were nightly filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic people, who received with loud and continued plaudits the slightest allusion to any subject connected with the valour of their forefathers, or the rights, liberties, and independence of Hungary.

Up to this time, and so long as Count Széchenyi guided the popular mind, the affairs of the country went on prosperously. Even the despotic Emperor of Austria, the enemy of liberty and reform in any shape, could not refuse, as King of Hungary, however much it might militate against the policy of his cabinet, a reluctant consent

to the demands of the great Hungarian legislator, who, without going to extremes, sought only to remedy those abuses which every impartial man could not but admit required redress.

A new leader, however, rose to celebrity about this time, differing in character and opinions from any that Hungary had hitherto produced. This was Louis Kossuth; as distinguished for the extraordinary talents he evinced as an orator in the senate of his country, as for the boldness and vigour he displayed as a writer. Sprung from the ranks of the people, he soon became their idol; his popularity entirely eclipsing that of the veteran reformer, Count Széchenyi, or any other of the champions of the liberal party. This event, however, unhappily had the effect of dividing Hungary into three great political parties.

The Austrian, or conservative, were for preserving the old order of things. The adherents of Count Széchenyi aimed at establishing a constitutional monarchy, similar to that of England; while Kossuth and his followers, who may be termed the extreme democratic party, were for remodelling society on a basis which would ensure to the people for the future equal rights, protected industry, and impartial justice.

With great adroitness, Kossuth at first succeeded in winning over to his cause some of the most influential magnates of the land; and at the same time, in restraining the violence of the masses; but neither his eloquence nor influence availed in the end to allay the general enthusiasm; the people had learned to know their power, and nothing short of the most sweeping reforms in everything that pressed on the energy and industry of the country would satisfy them.

The fever of popular excitement was at its height when we arrived at Pest, in the year 1847; it also happened to be

while one of those great annual fairs was being held in that town, which always attract an immense concourse of people from every part of Hungary and the adjoining states. The motley multitude filled the spacious market-place and all the principal streets, the inns and public places, and by their animated impassioned manner, appeared as if they had met by common consent for the purpose of discussing their grievances. Kossuth's name was on every lip—the rallying cry for the rights of Hungary, liberty, and independence.

An election scene in England is undoubtedly highly characteristic of the customs and manners of a free people, and sometimes not a little exciting; but these Asiatics as we now saw them, with their bronzed complexions, fiery eyes, and expressive features, shaded with the broad sombrero hat, devouring every word that fell from their political leaders, and frequently responding with a loud “*Eljen a haza!*” showed that the heart of the Magyar people was stirred to its inmost depths, and that the most trifling incident—the slightest opposition on the part of the magnates and the government to redress their grievances—would kindle a blaze not easy to extinguish. It was the first delirium of freedom, the outburst of an entire people, who had toiled and suffered, fought and bled for centuries, only to uphold the oppressive rule of a line of princes alien to their race, their country, and to their creed.

Count Széchenyi, the first originator of the movement, trembled at the storm he had evoked; and finding he had lost his influence, left the field to Louis Kossuth, and resigned himself to the most gloomy anticipations. He knew his countrymen—their virtues and defects, their open-heartedness and contempt of danger—and felt confident, now they had thrown off all restraint, that they must fall victims to the perfidious policy of Austria. These were the last words

we heard from this great Hungarian patriot when we parted from him in the autumn of 1847.

Alas! they were too soon verified. Poor people! while they were indulging in the contemplation of a happy future, when all their grievances were to be redressed, there was an under current at work, gradually but surely sapping the welfare of the country, and the fact of the Magyar language having become by authority that of the state, was made the pretext for exciting jealousy and discontent in all the other races subject to Magyar rule, which spreading from place to place, at length produced one of the most savage and sanguinary wars of races perhaps on record, hardly exceeded in ferocity by the far-famed Sicilian Vespers.

The real facts of the case are these. Austria, Russia, and all the petty despots of Germany and Italy, were alarmed at the extraordinary progress the Magyars had made, not only in civilization, but at the ability they had displayed in giving to their institutions a more liberal character than any they had hitherto attained. They saw with dismay that an energetic people were springing up in the east of Europe, who, in consequence of some remarkable similarity in their temperament or character, exhibited in every period of their history the same dogged resolution, the same love of self-government, as the Anglo-Saxons of the west—the only people who clung with unchanging tenacity to their freedom and independence. To have an enemy to despotism in the west, truly was bad enough, but to behold a similar bugbear arise in the east, could not be borne by any irresponsible ruler. Besides, should it happen by any unforeseen combination of events, that these two nations should form an alliance offensive and defensive, the reign of despotism would be terminated, at least in Europe. The decree therefore went forth that constitutional Hungary, the lesser enemy, must be destroyed.

The manner in which the horrible mandate was executed forms a lamentable episode in the modern history of the world. On our return homeward through Hungary in 1850, we found the entire country a wide-spread scene of desolation, her children slaughtered with fire and sword, and too many of those dear friends whose hospitality we had enjoyed only a few years previously, were now languishing in prison, driven into exile, or dead, having met the death of heroes on the battle-field. These were indeed patriots in the fullest sense of the word—their love of country pure and unalloyed, without that dreaming crotchety philosophizing cant which we find in some countries passes current for patriotism. They had offered life, fortune, honour, family, all at the shrine of their country's independence, and if they raised the standard of revolt against the rule of the half-witted prince of the house of Habsburg they had crowned king of Hungary—or more properly speaking, against the perfidies of the Vienna camarilla which then ruled in his name—it was not till the whole Magyar people had been driven to desperation by its cold-blooded atrocity, in having, as we before said, armed and excited to rebellion all the various creeds and races, which at this time acknowledged the sovereignty of the Hungarian Government.

This circumstance should always be borne in mind when judging of the insurrection in Hungary; we ought also to remember that an Austrian sovereign is not by hereditary right the king of Hungary; the crown is elective, and the country as independent of all foreign influence as England, and its inhabitants as free to reform their institutions, their laws, and their system of government, when authorized by a decree of the Senate.

Hungary, however, has been amply avenged, in the succession of disasters, humiliations and disgraces that have

since accumulated, and continue to accumulate on the Austrian empire, which no system of administration can now save from utter ruin. Hungary was the last link in the chain that held together the heterogeneous assemblage of nationalities of which that empire is composed, and having severed this, all chance of preserving it has become hopeless. She may for a time linger on, so long as she does the bidding of her imperious taskmaster, the Slavo-Tatar Tzar of Russia, but her fate is certain, and must be that of every power whose system of administration is founded on the most uncompromising despotism, intolerance, and oppression.

But to return to the state in which we found Hungary in 1850. The scene of ruin and desolation which everywhere met our view was perfectly appalling, whether we wandered on the banks of the Danube, the Save, or the Theiss, or in the high lands of Transylvania, we beheld traces of the barbarian hordes of half wild Croats, Wallacks, and Serbs, and we may add Austrians and Russians, who had so lately rode roughshod over the entire land, and by imperial authority massacred every human being of Magyar origin who fell into their hands; and even at this time, when it might be supposed that the worst passions of man's nature would have been satiated by indulgence, there was scarcely any abatement in the cruelties exercised by the government towards this unfortunate people. The brutality of the soldiers was unrestrained, the vexatious insolence of the police unendurable—the sufferings of the unhappy prisoners who filled the dungeons of the fortresses and all the strong places were such as revengeful tyranny alone delights to inflict. In short, the whole country was in a state of siege,—spies civil and ecclesiastical, not only exercised their surveillance over every public assembly, but invaded with impunity the sanctuary of the hearth; while martial law superseded a constitution

which had survived the shocks and storms of a thousand years.

We know there has been a great deal of discussion, and many opinions have been expressed by men of all parties with reference to the causes which have led to this terrible *dénouement*, some of them by no means favourable to the national character of the Hungarians. Still, no honest traveller, acquainted with the real facts of the case, can come to any other conclusion than that Austria was the aggressor, instigated, as nobody pretends to deny, by Russia, whose projects of aggrandisement in Eastern Europe would certainly have been checked if Hungary had been allowed time to consolidate her new-born institutions, especially to redress the wrongs and win the affections of the other races, not of Magyar origin, who acknowledged her sway. In this alienation of feeling among so large a portion of its population consisted the real weakness of the Magyars, for which she paid the penalty in the hour of trial.

With respect to the assertion so frequently made by certain parties in England, that Louis Kossuth was mainly instrumental in hastening the catastrophe, we are inclined to think the conclusion is erroneous. That he was less prudent, less trusted by the great, influential magnates of the land, and many of the superior officers of the army, than his predecessor, Count Széchényi, because more democratic in his tendencies, when he arrived at power, there can be no question; yet, it is much to be doubted whether he, or any other living man, could have restrained the headlong violence of so excitable a people as the Magyars, when they learned the full extent of the perfidy of a sovereign, who had sworn, not only to defend their rights and liberties, but to protect them from the aggression of a foreign foe. In fact, from the moment the Ban of Croatia, Jellachich, received the commands of the

Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, to invade their country, and destroy the inhabitants with fire and sword, any further remonstrance was useless. They then saw clearly that the question could only be decided by force of arms; and how long and how gallantly they defended their rights and liberties will form one of the most interesting episodes in the modern history of Europe.

Many of the officers of the Hungarian army, as well as private individuals with whom we conversed, will not admit that General Görgey was a traitor. Granting this, however, in our opinion he most assuredly exhibited the greatest amount of imbecile folly that ever disgraced a commander. For what inconceivable purpose did he surrender his army, helpless and disarmed, into the hands of an enemy, without obtaining some guarantee for a general amnesty?

In this case, where men were fighting, as it were, with a halter around their necks, if he could not ensure their safety, at least he ought to have allowed them the satisfaction of dying on the battle-field. Besides, the position of Hungary at that moment was not so desperate as to warrant such a disgraceful capitulation. There was a gallant army, flushed with recent victory, still unsubdued, and a brave, enthusiastic people, ardently hoping that another victory would decide the question in their favour, as the rainy season must shortly commence, when the inclemency of the weather would be sufficient to sweep their enemies from every part of the country, and give them time to open the campaign in the spring with redoubled force and energy.

Of all the brave men who fought and bled for the rights and liberties of Hungary, Görgey alone received a free pardon; but of the numbers condemned to death, sentenced to imprisonment or exile, by the sanguinary tribunal composed of Austrian officers, established by the Austrian Government,

after the capitulation of the Hungarian army, history records a fearful list: men, for the most part, of the highest rank, not more deserving our admiration for their public and private virtues, than for the humanity they displayed in succouring and protecting the Austrian and Russian prisoners from the vengeance of an outraged people. Happily for mankind, the world has been but seldom cursed with a traitor so heartless as Gorgey, or a government so merciless as that of Austria.

Of this we have sufficient proof when we say, that, out of thirty-three generals who led the Hungarian armies to battle, and fought and conquered on many an eventful day, twelve were shot, or died a felon's death; the others were either sentenced to imprisonment, or escaped to foreign lands, there to linger out their existence in hopeless peril. Colonels and majors, nay, every branch of the service, shared a similar fate; nor were unoffending women exempted from the most merciless treatment, since several even of the highest rank were dragged from their homes, and publicly stripped and flogged, like the lowest order of felons, amidst the jeers and scoffs of Austrian and Russian officers. The recollection of these atrocities, executed by command of that disgrace to the profession of a soldier, General Haynau, and with the sanction of the Austrian Government, will never be blotted from the memory of the Hungarian, unless by a retribution the most terrible.

But, of all the judicial murders perpetrated in the name of the law, not one has left so deep an impression of Austrian perfidy upon the Hungarian people as that of Count Louis Bathyani, one of the richest landed proprietors in Hungary, and universally revered for his patriotism and the excellence of his private character. He was the friend of Count Széchenyi, and, like that great legislator, a man of moderate views,

cautious in his language, and favourable to a union with Austria, believing it to be the most effectual barrier against Russian aggression; and like him, he did everything in his power to arrest an appeal to arms by accepting the dangerous office of mediator between the King of Hungary and the people.

Notwithstanding he neither cherished nor aided the design of separating Hungary from Austria, and never took up arms against his sovereign, having been detained a prisoner from the commencement of the war, he was accused of high treason, and condemned to be hanged.

His real crime has never transpired, unless it might be that, while exercising, and with the sanction of the King of Hungary, the office of prime minister, he despatched an army to oppose the Ban of Croatia, though at this time that chief of the Croats had been declared a rebel and a traitor by the Government at Vienna. The prospect of so ignominious a death plunged the unhappy nobleman into such a state of dejection, that he made several desperate attempts to destroy himself, by cutting his throat with his penknife; and although his life was despaired of, he was lifted from his bed by these merciless ministers of Austrian justice, and borne to the place of execution, when, finding it impossible to carry out the sentence by hanging, the punishment of their victim was of necessity commuted to being publicly shot as a traitor.

Eljen a haza! were the last words of the noble patriot, as he fell pierced to the heart by the bullets of the Austrian soldiers. *Eljen a haza!* as sure as there is justice in Heaven, will be the knell of Austria! Crimes such as this are certain to be avenged.

Independently of any considerations arising from the justice of the cause, or motives of humanity, now that all is

over, and the sword of the Tzar and the Kaiser has destroyed the thousand-year monarchy of the brave Magyars, the conviction is reluctantly forced upon us that our own government did not act on this occasion with that vigour the importance of the crisis demanded.

Let us view the question in whatever light we may, recent events compel us to admit that we have not been sufficiently alive to the importance of preserving Hungary independent, as a check to Russian ambition. Under no pretence whatever should that power have been allowed to interfere with the sword in the quarrel between Austria and Hungary. It was, in fact, a repetition of the same suicidal policy which permitted Poland to be blotted out from among the nations of Europe, and so many of the fairest and most fertile countries in Europe and Asia, annexed to the dominions of a power whose history has exhibited, from the time of the first Peter, a series of aggressions on the territories of her neighbours, in contempt of all existing treaties, alliances, and conventions with the great powers of Europe. Hence we now see her frontier extended from the steppes on the Don and Wolga to the Araxas in Central Asia, every inch of which has been obtained by fraud and violence, in the same manner as she has now seized upon Wallachia and Moldavia; and, under the pretext of religion, threatens Turkey herself with utter subversion.

Happily for mankind, irresponsible power has a direct tendency to inflame the passions, harden the heart, and deaden the intellect; the possessor almost universally indulging in an arrogant infatuation that he is above all law, consults no other counsellor than his own will, and is too apt to believe that mankind will submit implicitly to his dictation.

It may be that some such extravagant belief as this has

prompted the self-willed Autocrat of the North to dare the united force of two powers possessed of the immense resources of France and England, who by their combined action, have now an opportunity of vindicating the supremacy of truth and justice over barbarism and overbearing might. On the other hand, if by the dread of consequences, or any other fear, they decide upon concluding a peace hostile to the interests of Turkey, or connive at the sacrifice of an inch of her territory, a distrust will be engendered in the minds of the people against their rulers, which, like any other moral epidemic, will spread into the neighbouring countries. A crusade will then be preached against princes, and who can tell what will be the end of such a struggle? May it not terminate in a European republic, and thus fulfil the well-known prediction of Napoleon?

CHAPTER II.

National traits of the Magyars—Different races inhabiting Hungary—Characteristics of the Magyars—Their early history—Their wars—Their love of free institutions—Accession of the princes of the house of Austria to the throne of Hungary—Their demoralizing rule—Reflections on the policy of the princes of the house of Habsburg.

WHATEVER may have been the cause, whether pride of race, or any peculiar feature inherent in the character of the Magyars, they have never sought or desired to amalgamate with any of the races over which they have been called to rule. Hence, we find in the present day, although more than a thousand years have elapsed since their forefathers conquered the country they now inhabit—the ancient Pannonia; they are as distinct in their features, manners, dress, and language as when their ancestors first struck their tents on the plains of the ancient Parthia. It is entirely owing to this want of unanimity and friendly feeling, which exists in a greater or less degree among all the nationalities that inhabit Eastern Europe, that the Germans on the one side, and the Turks on the other, have succeeded in keeping in subjection some of the most warlike tribes in the world.

The different races which now inhabit Hungary consist of the Magyars, and several tribes of Slavonians, called Croats, Serbs, and Sclawaks together with Wallacks, and a few hundred thousand Saxons and Gipsies, giving altogether a population of about 15,000,000, of whom 6,000,000 are Magyars, and if to these we add the Szeklers—a mixed race, who pride

themselves on being called Magyars, and who are in fact descended from the fierce warriors that first settled in this country under their great leader Attila, the far-famed king of the Huns, we may compute the Magyar nationality at upwards of 7,000,000, and perhaps even more when we call to mind that at the last census, to the great surprise of the Austrian Government, there was scarcely a family in Hungary, whatever might be their race or tribe, that did not manifest a desire to trace their descent from Magyar ancestors, even though the alliance might be very remote, thereby showing how much this nationality has advanced in the estimation of the other races since their glorious struggle for liberty in 1848 and 1849.

There can be no doubt, and modern travellers confirm the assertion, that this heroic race, the Magyars, derive their origin from the ancient Parthians; and it is very remarkable, that they brought with them from Asia—at every period of the world the home of despotism in its worst form,—a free Constitution, to which they have clung through all the transitions of war, invasion, and revolution with a tenacity scarcely surpassed by that of the Anglo-Saxon race, and like them, as the natural consequence of living under free institutions, embraced at a very early period the principles of the Reformed Church.

Under their first leader, Attila, a man who to extraordinary military talents united an iron will, great energy of character, and who was at the same time as remarkable for his great physical strength and symmetry of form, they may be said to have divided the empire of the world with the ancient Romans. The whole of the Scythian, Illyrian, and German tribes acknowledged the sway of the Parthian chief, and not a few of the chieftains of France, Burgundy, and the northern nations, became his tributaries. He declared war and concluded peace on equal terms with the emperors of China and

Rome; kings, princes, and mighty chieftains served him as domestics; and when he took the field he could muster more than half a million of as daring horsemen as ever drew a sword, or wielded a lance.

In short, the career of this extraordinary man was one continued series of successes. Wherever he led his troops, town after town, city after city, country after country, submitted to his sway. In vain one Roman army after another attempted to dispute his passage, they fell like leaves in autumn. He was at length assassinated, according to the Hungarian historians, by the hand of one of his wives, the beautiful Ildico—a young Christian, believed to have been instigated to the deed by Leo, the Bishop of Rome, from whom it is said he received the appellation of the “Scourge of God.”

Like every other power built up by conquest, no sooner had the hero expired who imparted life and vigour to his followers, than the empire of the Huns fell to pieces. Other tribes, however, of the same family, having followed their brethren to Europe, succeeded in establishing themselves in the ancient Pannonia, under the name of Magyars. Equally valorous, and equally predatory as their adventurous predecessors, these also became the terror of Europe under their great chieftain Arpad, and his warlike descendants.

Happily for the peace of the surrounding nations, they were converted to Christianity under the rule of Geisa, whose glorious son King Stephen (surnamed the Saint), in the year 1000, established the Hungarian monarchy on the basis and according to the principles of the civilized law of nations.

From this time, the history of the Magyars was chiefly distinguished for a continued contest between the sovereign for the prerogatives of the crown, and the people for their liberty, who never would tamely submit to be deprived of it;

till at length, by force of arms, they wrung from King Andrew II. their famous Magna Charta Libertatum. From this time, the will of the people reigned supreme, and on the extinction of the line of Arpad their first great heroic chieftain, parliament declared that the crown was to be from henceforth and for ever elective. Under this system of governing, Hungary continued to make rapid strides in civilization, industry, and prosperity, and was looked up to by the surrounding nations as one of the greatest powers in the civilized world.

Among those of her monarchs who reigned under the elective laws of Hungary, Charles Robert of Anjou, and his gallant son Louis, were the most famous. These warlike princes not only improved the domestic administration of the country, but carried her arms successfully into the territory of her neighbours. Transylvania was incorporated with the kingdom of Hungary; Naples was conquered, together with Bulgaria, Servia, Moldavia, Wallachia, Dalmatia, and part of Bosnia; at the same time the powerful Khan of Tatar was forced to sue for peace; the whole of Lithuania wrested from the dukes of Moscow; and alliances highly favourable to Hungarian interests formed with Poland, France, Germany, and all the leading powers of Christendom.

These great monarchs were succeeded by another line of warlike chieftains, the Hungadis, who became by election kings of Hungary. The heroic deeds of king Matthias Corvinus, the gallant son of John Hungadi, one of the greatest warriors Hungary ever produced, who so long and so gloriously defended Christendom against repeated irruptions of the Turks, will live for ever in the page of history. This monarch was not only a successful warrior, but a wise legislator. He raised Hungary to a higher degree civilization than any she had hitherto attained, and also to a still more

elevated position among the nations. Her universities, especially that of Burda, were celebrated throughout Europe for the number of learned men they produced, and as a proof of the high estimation in which the professors were held, it is recorded that the banqueting hall in the royal palace of their patron the king, was assigned for their use, in which they met to discuss any important question of literature, the arts, or sciences, which might then occupy the attention of the world.

With recollections like these cherished in their hearts, can it be supposed that any Hungarian possessed of either pride of race, or patriotism, can patiently continue to see his beloved country degraded to the position of remaining an Austrian province? Can he ever forget that in these days the petty duke of a petty duchy, Austria, was accustomed to wait like a domestic in the ante-room of the Hungarian king, till it should be the pleasure of that monarch to grant him an audience? Some races, it is true, from character, temperament, and various causes are better able to endure the ills of slavery than others,—the Magyars of Hungary do not belong to this category—we may therefore feel assured they only bide their time. In fact, the first germs of the late Hungarian war of independence, were sown 300 years ago,—from the moment that one portion of the Magyars in 1526, contrary to the laws and expressed wishes of the majority of their countrymen, invested the Duke of Austria, Ferdinand of Habsburg, with the crown and mantle of St. Stephen. By this unwise act, which produced a war of succession between the rival kings, they had allied the destiny of their country to a family of princes, who since they took their place among the sovereigns of Europe, became the champions of absolutism and intolerance in every part of the world. How could such an unnatural connexion prosper? The consequence has been, that from this period down to the present

day, Hungary has been the theatre of an uninterrupted contest between the despotic tendencies of the sovereign, and the liberalism of the people.

The advent of this ominous race to rule and power was marked with still greater evils to the country. At this time Hungary had for its frontier the Black Sea and the Adriatic, with the whole of the intermediate provinces annexed to its dominions, all of which were lost, through the incapacity of the ruling monarch, and his host of cowardly German officers, who then commanded the Hungarian armies, and usurped all the great offices of the State, till after a succession of the most ignominious defeats, the Turks acquired possession of more than one-half of Hungary. In addition to which, the inhabitants had to endure all the horrors of religious persecution from the hordes of fanatic priests and intriguing Jesuits that always follow in the wake of a Habsburg ruler. However, as the history of Hungary from this time is no doubt familiar to our readers, we shall draw a veil over the sufferings of a people who deserved a better fate.

Much as we may extol the valour of the Magyars and their love of civil and religious liberty, we cannot award them the praise of being sound politicians, otherwise they would have had the sagacity to follow the advice of Napoleon when their old oppressor, Austria, lay conquered at his feet, and elected an independent sovereign, as their ancestors did on the field of Rakos. Hence, untrammelled by any engagement with the crumbling house of Habsburg, it would have been far more advantageous to themselves as an independent nation, and more satisfactory to Europe in the present aspect of affairs. The liberty and independence of Hungary must have led to the independence of Poland; thus, with two mighty kingdoms adding their weight to the balance of European power, such a barrier would have been formed as

must for ever have prevented any serious encroachments of Russia on the independence of the Turkish empire. What an auxiliary should we have in the present day, in an enthusiastic army of Poles and Hungarians, with their splendid cavalry, rushing to a contest of life and death against the hated enemy of their race and country, Russia !

The remaining portion of the inhabitants of Hungary, who number more than one-half of the population, composed of Wallacks and various tribes of Slavonians, if the truth must be told, have had but little cause to be satisfied with the rule of the proud Magyar, who, although the laws of the country protected the serf from injustice and oppression in its worst form, never neglected to make them understand they were the conquered race, and must obey.

To Count Széchenyi belongs the honour of being the first Magyar who directed the attention of the Hungarian legislature to the situation of these long-neglected races ; but it was not till the year 1848, and chiefly through the exertions of M. Kossuth and his party, that they were elevated to the same social rank as the Magyar. Unhappily, the concession came too late ; and by lending their aid to the armies of Russia and Austria, they hastened the catastrophe which left the Magyars at the mercy of their tyrants.

The inhabitants of Hungary, among whom we may include the whole of the population of the provinces on the Lower Danube, are extremely hospitable and fond of strangers, and, though prone to quarrel among themselves, rarely if ever maltreat a wanderer from a foreign land. Since our first visit to these countries, with the exception of those inhabiting some isolated mountain district, these tribes have made rapid progress in civilization, and very nearly lost that peculiar characteristic expression which long continuance in a state of serfdom is certain to stamp upon a people. In some dis-

tricts, and, indeed, in almost every instance where by inter-marriage they have amalgamated with their Asiatic conquerors, they form by far the finest race in Hungary, and are not surpassed in beauty of feature, symmetry of form, and general intelligence, by any other people in Europe. Kosuth, Görgey, and hundreds of the bravest civil and military officers that distinguished themselves during the late Hungarian war of independence, were the children of Magyar and Slavonian parents.

The *élite* of the Austrian army has always been composed of its Hungarian-Slavonian soldiers, and its ablest generals have been, with few exceptions, of this race; a people that not only far excel the natives of the duchy of Austria in courage and natural aptitude for warlike exercises, but also surpass them in a taste for literature and science, and possess every qualification for attaining the highest rank among civilized nations. From whatever cause it may arise, the fact cannot be denied, that there is no energy, no national feeling, no love of liberty, in the indolent, pleasure-loving inhabitants of that duchy, nor in the ranks of the mercenary army that upholds her power. Perhaps it may be, that from having been from time immemorial the slaves of a despot, and a hierarchy of intolerant priests, they have lost all independence of thought and action. The attempt of the Viennese in 1848 to obtain free institutions affords no argument to the contrary, since that movement originated with foreigners and Germans, not natives of the duchy.

That there has been a great want of foresight and capacity for governing in the rulers of the Austrian empire, and an element in its system of administration altogether hostile to the progressive tendencies of the age, we have a lamentable example in its present position, as contrasted with what it was at the peace of 1815. Then, although suffering from the

exhaustion consequent on a long and ruinous war, there was scarcely a power in Europe whose future appeared brighter. She had received from the Allied Powers a large accession of territory, including some of the most fertile provinces in Italy, especially those formerly belonging to Venice, on the Adriatic. In short, there was nothing wanting to her prosperity but the ability to profit by the numerous advantages so liberally accorded to her by the Allied Powers, with the hope of enabling her to repel any future attempt of either France or Russia to interrupt the tranquillity of Europe.

How far she has fulfilled her mission, we leave to the intelligent reader to decide, when he sees in 1854 the once mighty Austria, the friend and ally of Great Britain, not only the poorest, but the most feeble state in Europe, having converted into enemies every nationality she had been called upon to govern, and dependent for her very existence on the will of an overbearing neighbour, whom she might at any time have driven to his barren steppes, and, at the head of the chivalry of Germany, Italy, and Hungary, pushed her conquests to the Black Sea, and spread civilization among the benighted children of Asia, had she a single man in her government possessed of the foresight to discover the path that must have led to honour, glory, wealth, and to the consolidation of a mighty empire.

CHAPTER III.

Discontent in Hungary—Some account of the Slavonian Races on the Lower Danube—Russian Panславism—Ilyrian Panславism—Political and social state of the Slavonians—Popular Tumults—Prejudices of race—How acted upon by Austria in the Hungarian War—Ilyria—Slavonian Confederacy—Territory occupied by the Slavonians—Its value as a defensive position—Critical position of the Austrian and Turkish Empires.

WHENEVER an impending danger threatens our safety, more mischief arises from concealing facts, or distorting them by misrepresentation or falsehood, than can possibly arise from a knowledge of the truth, however unpalatable. And truly, every man who has recently wandered over the continent of Europe, as we have done, and made himself acquainted with the sentiments of the inhabitants, cannot but feel persuaded that we are on the eve of some mighty change.

Instead of those evidences of paternal rule on one side, and affection on the other, which formerly linked the subject to a sovereign, whose interests, recollections, and traditions were united in one common object—their country—he hears the half-suppressed curses of a people governed by the sword and martial law, the substitute for the civil and religious liberty that had been so often promised, to be again recalled whenever it could be done without danger. In addition to this, he is horrified at seeing peaceable citizens, fathers of families, torn from their homes, and thrown into prison, not for political offences, but what in our day is equally obnoxious to

a despotic ruler—professing opinions on religious matters not authorized by the state.

Can we then wonder at the general discontent, or that, having lost all confidence in their rulers, men should now turn their thoughts to the establishment of republics, as their only hope of freedom?

During our tour in Hungary, we had ample opportunities of witnessing the general prevalence of this feeling among all classes and every nationality of that unhappy country. Austria had now learned, when it was too late, the unpalatable truth—the fruits of her own tortuous and dishonest policy—that instead of having to contend against 6,000,000 of Magyars, whose loyalty might have been won by a simple act of justice, she must now combat 17,000,000 of Slavonians, whose enmity she had provoked by neglecting to fulfil the promises with which she purchased their aid in helping her to subvert the independence of Hungary.

The erection of a Slavonian kingdom on the ruins of that of the Magyars was one of the lures held out to this numerous nationality; and their indignation was but natural when they found that the only return for the sacrifices they had made consisted in the exchange of the mild rule of the Magyars for the harsh despotism and intolerant administration of Austria, with her vexatious bureaucracy, system of passports, army of spies, and overwhelming taxation.

A violent popular tumult, which burst forth among the Croats at Agram and the Serbs of the Voiavodina, was the consequence; and, as may be supposed, the state of popular feeling was not improved by its being replied to with grape-shot, and their country declared in a state of siege. They had also the additional mortification of seeing themselves exposed to the same martial law, and all the horrors of that reign of terror they were instrumental in inflicting upon

their countrymen, the Magyars. But this was not all; they saw, with a curse on the lip, and vows of vengeance in the heart, that the fall of the brave Magyars, ever foremost in the field when a blow was to be struck for liberty, had riveted the chains of their slavery still tighter to a government that knows no other system of rule, no other code of state policy to save it from falling, than exciting against each other the hostility of all the nationalities, creeds, and races, that have had the misfortune to acknowledge her sway.

This was precisely what might be expected on the reaction which followed the war in Hungary, the fate of every government that resorts to such expedients as this to preserve it from ruin. It may serve so long as a people remain in a state of semi-barbarism; but we feel confident, from all we have seen and heard, that in the next insurrection which may take place in Hungary, Magyar and Croat, Serb and Wallack, will be found fighting side by side in the same cause, and actuated by the same motive—the deliverance of their common country from the thralldom of a German ruler. We may also add, that during the late war in Hungary, they have seen enough of the way in which the Tzar rules over his subjects, and suffered sufficiently from the barbarism and rapacity of his Russo-Tatar soldiery, to convince them that, should they be in want of a sovereign, they must not go to the frozen banks of the Neva to seek him, although he may be a Slavonian prince, Autocrat of all the Russias, and style himself Pontiff of the Greek Church.

Perhaps the world never before witnessed an age in which so many cross purposes and conflicting interests were vainly sought to be reconciled as the present; as if we had entered into a new state of existence, that was to have nothing in common with the past.

We have a practical illustration of this, in the sudden change that has so recently taken place in the minds of the inhabitants, not only of Hungary, but of all those vast countries of Eastern Europe peopled by the Slavonian race, so long held in leading-strings by the Emperor of Russia—who, after spending millions of money in moulding them as he thought to his exclusive interests, finds himself, at the moment he expected to realize his ambitious projects, in the same position as the German philosopher that created the demon, trembling before the work of his own hands.

This unexpected result has been produced by the circumstance that Panslavism has become divided into two hostile camps,—the one Russian and despotic in its tendencies, and the other federal and democratic; in consequence of which, the balance of power among this numerous and energetic race, is now oscillating between despotism and civil and religious freedom; one of those singular and unexpected events which sometimes occur in the political life of a people, and baffle the calculations of the most astute and sagacious politicians.

In order to make our readers acquainted with this great political movement of young Slavonia, we must slightly glance at the political and social condition of that section of the Slavonian race, part of whom acknowledge Austria as their ruler, and the remainder, Turkey. And although the vision of some of our rulers and politicians does not usually extend so far, yet of all the great families in Europe and Asia there is none in the present day more deserving the attention of the diplomatist and the statesman; because, let it be remembered, this race is united by the same ties of kindred, tradition, and, for the most part, religion,—a race, thanks to the provident care of Russia, fully and politically educated to fill up the void which the Turk and the Austrian

will indubitably leave in those vast and fertile countries of Eastern Europe.

According to the accounts of the best informed German and Russian historians, the various nationalities of the Slavonian race may be computed, at a moderate calculation, to be about a hundred millions, in different stages of civilization; and to unite these under the sceptre of Russia has been her traditionary policy—the unceasing effort of every Tzar, from the time of the first Peter down to the present day.

To describe the social life of a people who occupy such an immense territory, extending from the Frozen Ocean to Central Asia, and the subjects of various rulers, would be a work of great difficulty even to the most industrious and well-informed traveller. Still, however ignorant, however divided from each other, or domiciliated among other nations, the different tribes may be, they have clung with the most extraordinary tenacity to their language, their traditions, their customs, and their manners,—in short, to all their national characteristics; so much so, that a Slavonian of Turkey, China, or Austria, at once recognises his brother Slavonian, although he may be a native of the far distant regions of the north. Robust and vigorous, brave and enterprising, they form in the present day the best soldiers in the armies of Austria, Turkey, and Prussia.

How impossible is it to fathom the ways of a merciful Providence! The spirit of innovation on the barbarism of an age that can never return, now so active among the inhabitants of the civilized West, has at length found an entrance among the various nationalities of this race, subject to the rule of Austria and Turkey; and this has been brought about in a manner as novel as it was unexpected. Previous to the French revolution of 1830, the agents of Russia, however active they might have been in performing their Panslavistic

mission among the Slavonians subject to the rule of Austria and Turkey, while pretending to seek for materials to complete the history of the Slavonian race, made but little progress, except among the inhabitants of towns and cities. But at a later period, when the republicanism of France and Germany threatened the subversion of monarchy, and the Hungarians agitated for a more liberal system of government,—as a safety-valve from such imminent danger, recommended we presume by Russia, the Slavonians of Austria were elevated all at once to great favour with the cabinet of Vienna,—a people who form more than one-half of the numerical strength of the Austrian empire; and to show the paternal care of the emperor for his chosen people, elementary schools and universities were everywhere established for their education; to which was added a scientific press, also fostered by imperial care.

Thus flattered and encouraged above every other nationality in the Austrian empire, the Slavonians made rapid strides in civilization; and were not only promoted to some of the most important offices, both civil and military, but as professors at their universities, became famous for their learning, eloquence, and the deep research they displayed in elucidating their own early history, which had been hitherto little known or cared for. But as Austria never promotes the enlightenment of her people unless she has some selfish object of state policy in view, when all was prepared, a host of these fiery zealots, animated with all the animosities and jealousies of race, were despatched to all the Slavonian provinces of Hungary, where they might be heard preaching Panslavism, and exciting the hatred of their brethren against the rule of their old tyrants, the Magyars.

This was the commencement of the Slavonian crusade which ended so fatally for Hungary; and, however much we

may condemn the iniquitous policy of the cabinet of Vienna in exciting the prejudices of race for her own purposes, still we must rejoice in any measure that had for its object the intellectual and moral improvement of so large a portion of mankind. How flattering must it have been to a people, so long the bondsmen of the Tatar and the Turk, the German and the Magyar, to be told in their own language, and in their own journals, that they were the descendants of those illustrious Illyrians who won by their valour the glorious epithet of Slavon (men of renown) from the great Macedonian chief—the conqueror of the world! But all this was necessary,—and much more that is fabulous and fanciful in their early history,—to inspirit, to awaken a pride of race among a people who had been long sunk in abject slavery, before they could be encouraged to measure their swords with the fiery valour of a Magyar.

When victory had declared for Austria, how she must have exulted to see the proud Magyar at her feet,—to see all his boasted rights and liberties trampled in the mire of the battle-field! But how much greater was the triumph of Russia, when she saw the sword wrested from the hand of the only nationality in the Austrian empire that had the courage and the will to arrest her aggressive policy in the East! Yet how uncertain are all human calculations: the events of to-day portend that consequences may arise out of the fall of Hungary, and the moral progress of the Slavonians, as fatal to the peace and security of the house of Romanoff as to that of Habsburg; and truly there are too many ominous signs in the war between Russia and Turkey, not to warrant the belief that Hungary and the whole of these vast countries of Eastern Europe are on the eve of some mighty change, which must have a powerful influence on the future destiny of the whole of Europe and Asia.

Happily for the success of liberal institutions, and the progress of civilization, the fanaticism and hostile feeling between creeds and races, which formerly exerted such a baleful influence over the benighted inhabitants of these countries, are fast giving way wherever the people have become sufficiently intelligent to comprehend that their only chance of emancipation from the despotism of their foreign tyrants arises from a union of interests. Acting upon this conviction, the Magyars of Hungary, and the Roumani of Moldavia and Wallachia, hitherto so antagonistic in race and language to their fellow-countrymen, the Slavonians, have joined the Illyrian Panславists, and now form together a gigantic association, advocating a General Confederation (similar to that of the United States of America) of all the tribes and races subject to the rule of Austria and Turkey.

We have been assured, by parties perfectly well informed upon these matters, that the ramifications of this brotherhood extend through Poland, Galicia, the Slavonian provinces subject to Prussia, and even among the Cossacks of the Don, the Ukrain, and Bessarabia. And now, propelled as it is by the fiery spirits of Hungary, Poland, Italy, and the agents of the great European Democratic Propaganda, it must be admitted that we have here a most extraordinary combination, heralding a conflagration, which only requires another Magyar Hunyadi, or a Slavonian Tzerni George, to light up in a blaze. That such a man will come at the hour appointed by fate, and rally around him millions of brave and vigorous warriors, no man can doubt who is at all acquainted with the political and social state of the inhabitants of those long-neglected countries of Eastern Europe.

In other great and wealthy states of the more civilized West, where so much property is at stake, and so many clashing interests are bound up in the general welfare, the name of

liberty, degraded as it has been by the theories of visionary demagogues and political empirics, has partially fallen into disrepute. Here, however, there are no great capitalists, no millionaire manufacturers, no stock-jobbers—a class always inimical to change, and opposing the mighty influence of wealth to the efforts of the people for social amelioration; but a brave, vigorous population, just arrived at that state of civilization which produced a Cromwell in England, and a Washington in America.

The gigantic military force of Russia and Austria, which must now be regarded as one, may for a time coerce and keep down the movement; but the system of patriarchal self-government, so warmly cherished by the Slavonians,—and the principles of civil and religious liberty, introduced into the land of despotism by the Magyars, and which neither the tyranny of an oppressive ruler, nor the intolerance of a bigoted priest, have been able to destroy,—would be certain, were there no other cause, to prevent these races from submitting for any lengthened period to an absolute form of government, even though it should be the paternal one of a Russian Tzar!

At the present moment how many dangers menace the safety of the Austrian empire, composed as it is of nationalities which not only never can unite, but each of which sits gloomily brooding over its wrongs. The tragic scenes enacted in Poland and Hungary, in Galicia and Krakau, in Lombardy and Venice, call loudly for vengeance. Surely the apologists of such a system of government cannot any longer attribute the continued restlessness in every separate state of that unhappy empire to the intrigues of a few Polish malcontents and French propagandists; they must now know that this uneasiness is the effect of that uncompromising system of despotism—that intolerant, illiberal spirit, which

has guided the rule of every sovereign of the house of Habsburg, from its advent to power down to the present day.

But to return to the Slavonians of Austria and Eastern Europe. We cannot feel surprised that this unhappy race, so long trodden to the dust by foreign tyrants, who had no other title to rule than the sword, should now, exulting in their great strength and union, plot and conspire with their brethren in other lands, to commence a movement that shall terminate in their independence; contingencies are all in their favour; the countries they inhabit are also well adapted for a strong defensive position in the event of an insurrection.

In the Austrian empire they occupy the whole of the mountain coast from Fiume on the Adriatic to Trieste, with Istria, and those provinces called the kingdom of Illyria, in the neighbourhood of Venice; the whole of Carniola, and the greater part of Styria and Carinthia. In addition to these provinces, they occupy the whole of the kingdom of Croatia, Military Croatia, Little Croatia, the kingdom of Slavonia, the Voiavodina of Servia, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Gallicia, part of Poland and Krakau. They are also in full possession of all the passes and strong districts in the Karpathan and Riesengebirge Mountains, together with those of Transylvania and the highlands of Moldavia and Wallachia. At the same time, this numerous people—the hardy shepherd of the mountains, and the laborious agriculturist of the valley and the plain—are merely separated from their brethren of European Turkey by the Danube and its tributary, the Save, where they occupy some of the strongest positions of that country, such as Servia, Bosnia, Upper Moesia, the Balkan, Montenegro, Herzegowina, Dalmatia, and nearly the whole of the highlands in Macedonia and Thrace.

Taken altogether, perhaps, there is no part of Europe of the same extent that possesses so many natural means of defence, and none better adapted to maintain a guerilla warfare; with this singular configuration, that while wandering over this immense tract of country, we find it divided into separate districts of extensive plains and valleys, as if formed by nature to be the home of different tribes; but at the same time each connected with its neighbour by some deep gorge, as if inviting a general confederation. In addition to which, if we grasp the whole of these vast provinces at one view, we shall find them defended by an encircling chain of rock, sea, and river. What a glorious future is in reserve for this people, when they have thrown off the yoke of the German and the Turk, either by their own exertions or with the assistance of Russia! and that they will succeed in doing so, can scarcely be doubted.

With a salubrious climate—than which there is none in our hemisphere more healthy and favourable to the physical development of man—they possess lands of almost virgin fertility; command three seas, and several navigable rivers, especially that noble artery of Central Europe, the Danube—to enable them to carry on a commerce with the world. Considered with reference to climate, position, fertility, and the varied and valuable productions of the country, it is by far the most eligible home of the Slavonian race, and worth the whole of the Russian empire, with its barren steppes and inhospitable frozen regions. Can we then wonder at the incessant intrigues of Russia, or at the millions she expended through her Panslavistic agents to obtain possession of this favoured land, and to call its energetic, warlike inhabitants, her subjects?—and how nearly she accomplished her object. After reducing Turkey to the lowest state of feebleness, she degraded Austria from the rank of an inde-

pendent power to a state of vassalage, on the fatal plains of Hungary.

Everything considered, whatever may be the issue of the present war in Turkey, and however favourable its termination may be to that power, we must not delude ourselves into the belief that the storm will be succeeded by a calm; greater perils, we may be assured, will follow; and to provide against them requires all the sagacity and watchfulness of a wary politician. Turkey, undoubtedly, has made a noble stand in defence of her just rights; but the canker still remains—her subjects are divided in religion and race; the same evils, accompanied with the most glaring want of foresight, have made Austria, to all intents and purposes, the slave of Russia.

We regret that we cannot give a more favourable picture of the political and social condition of these two empires, Austria and Turkey,—the crisis may be postponed for a few years longer, but it must surely come. It is true, Illyrian Panslavism is everywhere silently opposing its great rival and opponent, the Russo-Tatar propagandism; but it has to contend with a wary enemy, who will take advantage of the slightest incident that may favour his designs; and we all know with what facility a people may be won over, to whom any change would be a blessing that delivers them from the rule of princes they have every cause to distrust and abhor. Having travelled much in both these empires, and witnessed the system of government established in each, we are inclined, if we had a choice, to give the preference to that of the indolent Osmanli, whose code of laws is the Koran, rather than to that of an Austrian Camarilla, with its army of intolerant priests and Jesuits, and overbearing police, from whose exactions and tyranny there is no appeal.

CHAPTER IV.

Steam-boat voyage down the Danube, in 1850—View of Presburg—Coronation of Ferdinand, King of Hungary—Deplorable effects of the late war—The Fortress of Komorn—Wissegrad—Arrival at Pest—Reign of terror—Woman flogging—Attempt of Austria to Germanize the Hungarians—National pride of the Hungarians—Siege of Buda—Treachery of General Görgey—Enmity between Görgey and Kossuth—Want of decision in Kossuth's Government—Fall of Hungary.

HAVING now, we trust, made the reader in some measure acquainted with the political, moral, and social state of Hungary, and the Slavonian provinces of Austria and Turkey on the Lower Danube, we shall carry him with us on our tour to some of the most interesting countries in our hemisphere, rendered doubly so at the present moment from having become the theatre of a war which promises to effect one of the most extraordinary revolutions the world has witnessed since the fall of the Roman empire. For how can we regard the unexpected union of two mighty nations—the most civilized and enterprising in the world—whether as mediators in the quarrel, or as allies of Turkey, in any other light than as the instruments of a benevolent Providence, in carrying out some great scheme for the civilization of so large a portion of the human race? Without their interference, the barbarian hordes of Turkey and Russia might have continued for centuries to destroy each other without producing any other effect than aggravating national enmity and prejudice; whereas now there will be introduced into

the ranks of the combatants, the discipline, humanity, and intelligence of civilized nations, and the seeds sown of a regeneration in the habits, customs, morals, and manners of millions who have for ages been living in a state of semi-barbarism, the ultimate effects of which it would be vain to speculate upon, further than that they must unquestionably be of the most beneficial character, and may eventually pave the way for the introduction of Christianity into the East, in the same manner as the Roman legions, in the infancy of the Christian faith, disseminated its knowledge in the different dependencies of the Roman empire.

But to resume our tour. One of the most interesting pictures presented to the traveller on entering Hungary, is the fine old town of Presburg; presuming he has adopted so agreeable a means of conveyance as a Danube steam-boat, from the deck of which he sees the beautiful town, here clustering around the base of the hill, there lining the banks of the Danube to the water's edge, and again rising up in a succession of terraces to the royal residence of the kings of Hungary, proudly seated on the last peak of the Carpathian mountains.

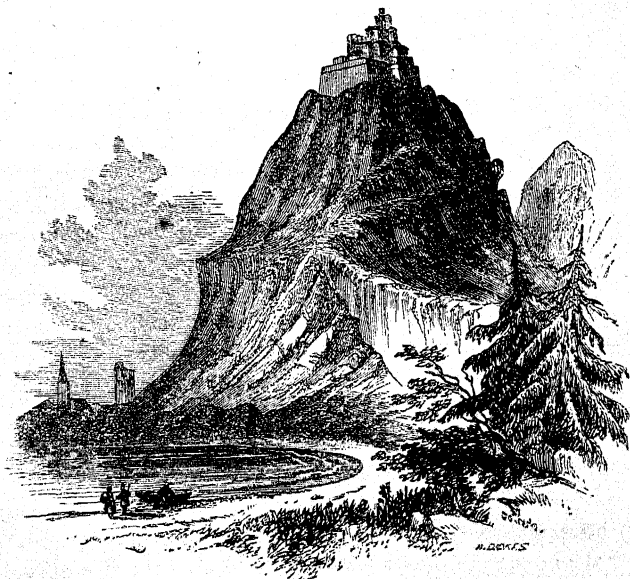
Presburg is connected with many associations dear to the heart of a Magyar. It was here the Diet held its sittings, and here, in its spacious hall, that its senators, untrammelled by the influence of a despot, breathed the language of freedom, at a time when the rest of the inhabitants of Europe lay bound in the chains of slavery. Even England cannot date the complete attainment of free institutions from so remote a period as Hungary. It was here also that the kings of Hungary, after being elected on the plains of Rakos by the suffrages of an independent people, were crowned with the diadem of St. Stephen, the first king of the Magyars, and robed in his purple mantle; and by a singular coinci-

dence, the first and the last king of Hungary of the house of Austria, was a Ferdinand. Will there be another?

We witnessed the coronation of the last king of Hungary, the feeble-minded Ferdinand, emperor of Austria; saw him assume the diadem and mantle of St. Stephen, and heard him swear that he would maintain the constitution of Hungary, her laws, liberty, and religion, and protect his subjects from every foe, even to the death. However, to do this monarch justice, sooner than break his oath by following the counsel of the profligate cabinet of Vienna that then ruled the destinies of Austria, he abdicated. It is needless to say that by that act he released the people of Hungary from the tie of allegiance to the house of Austria. They were without a king; and, as we before observed, the crown of Hungary is not hereditary, but elective. How then could they be considered as rebels? or by what right did the present emperor of Austria call in the aid of the Russians, to help him to subdue a people who were guilty of no aggression on his territories, infringed no law of international right, owed him no allegiance? These are grave questions, to be answered by posterity.

Presburg happily escaped the worst horrors of the late Hungarian war; but every step we made in advance through the country revealed a dreadful scene of desolation, particularly in the vicinity of the town of Raab, the island of Schütt or Cyakollos, and the strong fortress of Komorn. There lay the noble river and its beautiful banks glowing beneath the glorious sun; but every town, village, and hamlet, from here to the city of Pest, bore the marks of the fearful contest. The strong walls of the fort and the castle had been levelled to the earth, convents and churches unroofed, majestic spires rent in twain; even the mighty oak, the growth of centuries, was shattered and torn, as if the lightning from heaven.

had descended to destroy it. The strong fortress of Komorn alone seemed to have defied the power of man to compass its overthrow; there it stood in the midst of a marsh, unscathed and untouched, while everything around it lay crumbling in ruins.



WISSEGRAD.

After passing the fine old town of Wissegrad, with its ruined castle perched on the summit of a lofty rock, once the royal residence of the good king of Hungary, St. Stephen, our steamer at length cast anchor at Pest. Here we remained a few days; but how changed was the town, how gloomy the aspect, since we last saw it in 1847! The beau-

tiful Casino, then one of the finest buildings in the town—where we had been accustomed to meet so many dear friends now no more—with some of the finest palaces belonging to the nobility, had been laid in ruins by an incessant shower of balls from the towering fortress of Buda,—a wanton destruction of property on the part of General Henzi, the German commander, as uncalled for as it was vindictive.

However melancholy might be the appearance of the city of Pest, it was not that circumstance, so much as the deep gloom expressed on the countenance of every individual we met with whose interests were not involved in those of Austria, that arrested our attention. There was the knitted brow, the compressed lip, the sullen discontent lowering in an eye that blazed with the fire of Asia; all indicating a deep, but not the less vehement desire for an opportunity to wreak their vengeance on the tyrants who were at that moment, by a series of judicial murders, decimating their countrymen throughout the whole of Hungary.

In vain Austrian soldiers with fixed bayonets, and troops of cuirassiers with their sabres unslung, paraded the streets. In vain martial law was proclaimed, and hosts of police agents and secret spies took note of every word uttered. The people met as usual in the public places, and discussed politics, apparently reckless of the consequence; commented on the bravery of their own soldiers and the cowardice of the Germans, with a fearlessness surprising even to an Englishman, accustomed as he is to unrestricted freedom of discussion in his own country.

Arrests, however, were constantly made of those who did not exercise some degree of caution in expressing their opinions, in the vain hope of striking terror into the multitude. This was more especially the case with the fair sex, who, unable to repress their indignant feelings, frequently

insulted the military, and often scoffed at, and even ridiculed majesty itself. For these offences, which under any other government in civilized Europe but that of priest-ridden despotic Austria, would merely be punished by a reprimand here their merciless oppressors not only imprisoned them but by publicly whipping them left an eternal stigma on the name of an Austrian soldier.

This brutal method of governing, now for the first time introduced into Hungary, was not confined to Pest or Buda we found it practised in every town through which we passed whether inhabited by Magyar, Slavonian, or Wallack.

Among the various and impolitic measures of the Austrian camarilla that now ruled Hungary, none was more so than the attempt to Germanize the people: they even went so far as to wage a war of extermination against the national colours, and every emblem that reminded the nation of its lost independence; a measure as ridiculous as it was uncalled for, and only calculated to increase the irritation of a people among whom the excitement of war was subsiding into something like peace and social order. The consequences were, that the mania for exhibiting the national colours in every article of their dress, even to the furniture of their houses, which was hitherto principally confined to the extreme democratic party, now became general among all classes; so much so that it was highly dangerous for a stranger while travelling in the country to speak a word of German, or to wear any article of dress that might give rise to the suspicion of being a partisan of Austria.

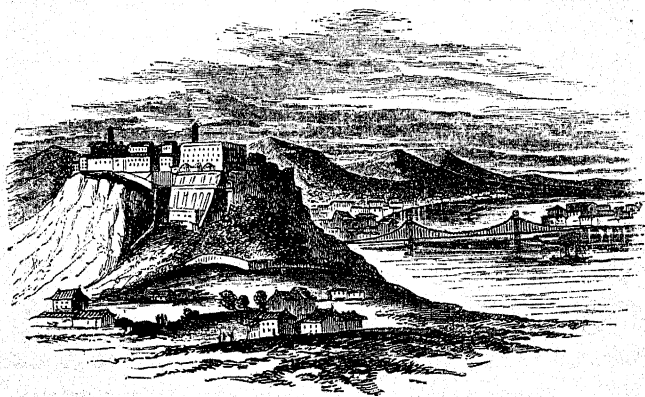
We merely mention these things as indicative, among many proofs that might be adduced, of the culpable policy of the government, and also of the deep-seated bitter feeling with which these people regard Austria; it also shows what she may expect in the event of a repetition of the political con-

vulsions of 1848. In truth, a greater insult cannot be offered to a Magyar than to insinuate the possibility that Hungary will be absorbed in the empire of a German prince. Even those among the influential magnats of the land, who were induced during the late war, out of hatred to the plebeian Kossuth and his party, to adhere to the rule of Austria, not anticipating that they had been thereby instrumental in aiding the destruction of the liberties and independence of their country, have now become the greatest enemies of Austria; another instance, among many, of that power by her Machiavelian policy converting a friend into an enemy.

Whilst conversing with the higher classes, particularly those who had served as military officers during the Hungarian war of independence, we had ample opportunity of witnessing the lengths to which a Magyar will go, when pride of race and patriotism was the question: a noble trait in the character of this people, and which while they retain, they are not only unconquerable, but never can descend so low as to remain the slaves of a foreign prince. This feeling was most remarkably shown in the case of General Görgey, who all the world knows was a traitor to his country. Yet the bare assertion of this—at least, when made by a stranger—was certain to be repudiated with scorn by the proud Magyar, who would never admit that a man who was at once a nobleman, a soldier, and a Magyar, could become a traitor to his race, and to the land of his birth. As an aristocrat, it was admitted, that he and his party, who were rather numerous at that time in the armies and in the senate, hated Kossuth and his adherents; it was also contended that he was more of a soldier than a politician, and in the surrender of his army at Vilagos more sinned against than sinning, having been overreached by the crafty policy of Russia, an enemy that never negotiates but with the intention to betray.

Be this as it may, General Görgey was the evil genius of Hungary, and if we consider his disobedience to superior orders, by stopping to besiege Buda, instead of pursuing the flying Austrians to Vienna, he deserved, to say the least, to lose the command of the army.

Every member of the Hungarian government at this time was a patriot—men of the most unblemished character, of undoubted truth and honesty. Louis Kossuth also, whom the Senate invested with dictatorial power, deservedly enjoyed the confidence of the army and the people. Surely, they ought to have enforced obedience at any risk; and, by neglecting to do so, showed to the nation that the executive was too feeble for the emergency.



BUDA.

Buda, it is true, was taken,—one of the most brilliant exploits performed by Magyar valour during the war. Every recollection encouraged the enthusiasm of the moment. Buda-var, the centre, the heart of Hungary, with its royal castle, the residence of so many heroic chieftains of their race—Attila,

Arpad, St. Stephen, and a hundred others—was again their own. But, alas! every man of the slightest perception saw that in one short week the country had lost all the advantages it had so dearly purchased by six months of the most brilliant victories on record. They saw that Görgey, by his obstinacy in besieging Buda, when he ought to have pursued the flying enemy to Vienna, had given Austria sufficient time to assemble another army, and recommence the work of destruction, while, to make matters worse, the Russian army of intervention had crossed the frontiers in great force. The die was cast; the favourable moment was gone for ever. Suspicion naturally enough fell upon the motives which actuated Görgey; dissensions in the army were the consequence, where he was lauded by some as a hero, and declared by others a traitor. This want of confidence in the ability and energy of the government accelerated the catastrophe so soon destined to crush the Hungarian people.

Kossuth is much blamed by his countrymen for his want of energy on this occasion. They say, he ought at once to have repaired in person to Buda, and compelled the refractory soldier to march on Vienna, and dictate his own terms to a profligate court, that trembled at the approach of the avengers of their country's wrongs. Görgey, favourite as he was with the majority of the army, would not for a moment have refused to obey the commands of the Governor of the Commonwealth. For such was the eloquence of that extraordinary man, Kossuth, and the spell which his mere appearance exercised over all hearts, that both generals and soldiers would have flown to the ends of the earth to obey him. In short, it is said that the energy and persuasion of his words were so irresistible, and his bearing and demeanour so imposing, that Görgey himself, daring and ambitious as he was, would have sunk into a mere cypher in his presence.

But it was not to be ! Disaster followed disaster after the capture of Buda, which increased from the moment the traitor secured to himself dictatorial power ; then, uncontrolled in his plans, he destroyed in a few weeks the bravest army that ever took the field ; and, with the Machiavelian cunning of a demon, placed the unfortunate country it was his interest and honour to defend to the death, beneath the iron heel of an oppressor that knew no mercy, stamped for ever the name of Görgey with the brand of a traitor, left himself alone in the world, a living Cain to be shunned by all mankind—a thing below contempt.

CHAPTER V.

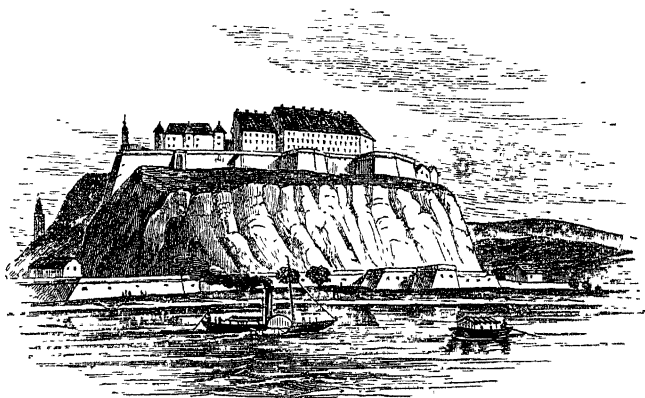
Departure from Pest—Effects of the late war—Total destruction of Neusatz—The Ban of Croatia—His army—Their cruelties—General Mayerhoffer and his robber bands—Austrian vengeance—Military cordon—some account of it—Carlowitz—Historical sketch of the Servian nationality—Their warlike habits—Characteristics of the Servians—Their republican tendencies—Turkish garrisons in Servia—Importance of the fidelity of the Servians to the Sultan—Concluding remarks.

AFTER leaving Pest and Buda with its fine chain of encircling hills behind us, the banks of the Danube presented the monotonous picture of an immense plain, extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. Throughout the whole of this vast expanse, there was not the slightest appearance of cultivation; scarcely a herd of cattle met the view; and the few peasants who still clung to the ruins of their once happy villages, bore about them all the marks of the direst poverty and destitution.

What a terrible picture of the devastation of war! What a memento of the passions of an ignorant, fanatic soldiery, when excited by the prejudices of race, and all the bitter animosities they give rise to!

To those travellers who, like ourselves, passed over the same ground so late as 1847, and admired the industry of the inhabitants, their well-cultivated fields, the great beauty and number of their flocks and herds, which here were to be seen wandering over the richest grazing grounds in Hungary, the sight was peculiarly distressing. But this was nothing to

what we were doomed to witness on arriving at Peterwardein, where we found a large town as completely swept away as if it had been destroyed by fire rained down from heaven. This was the unhappy Neusatz, which previous to the late war contained 15,000 inhabitants.



PETERWARDEIN.

Neusatz had the double misfortune of lying directly under the guns of the fortress of Peterwardein, and of being selected as a position by the Ban of Croatia, when that predatory partisan of Austria came to the resolution of storming one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. No doubt, it suited his views: the hordes of vagabonds from all the neighbouring states attracted to his standard by the hope of plunder, required some prospect that this hope would be realized; and the rich and prosperous Neusatz offered all that could be desired. Besides, the inhabitants, who were known to be enthusiastic admirers of the Magyars, and deeply sympathized with the cause of liberty, in the estimation of this champion of despotism deserved to suffer.

As might be expected, the cannon of the fortress told fearfully on the unlucky town; and what they left undone was soon completed by the incendiary brand of a lawless soldiery, whose real object was rapine. This was the manner in which the paternal sovereign of Austria, as king of Hungary, or rather the Austrian camarilla that ruled in his name, waged a war of extermination against a people who by their bravery and devotedness had so often and so signally saved the Austrian empire from total destruction; and, to add to the infamy of the act, the great bulk of the Hungarian army at that time were absent from their own country, engaged in a war of life and death, in putting down the revolt of the Italian subjects of Austria in Italy. Moreover, at this early stage of the dispute the Hungarians had not resorted to arms in defence of the rights and liberties of their country.

The destruction of Neusatz by the robber bands of the Ban of Croatia was not a solitary instance; several populous cities, such as Nagy-Enyed, Zalathna, Thordan, shared a similar fate. "Language," says the Hungarian hero, General Klapka, in his "Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary," "cannot tell, nor pen describe, the horror that followed, when Wallacks and Saxons, Croatians, Servians, and Gypsies, with hordes of bandits from every part of European Turkey and the neighbouring states, commanded by Austrian officers in disguise, and furnished with money, weapons, and ammunition from Austrian stores, burst like a torrent upon the devoted land." "Such was the love of wanton destruction of these barbarian hordes," says the same writer, "now animated with all the prejudices of race, and intent upon plunder, that the sky for months was crimsoned with the flames that burst from the towns and villages inhabited by the Magyars throughout the entire kingdom."

But this did not satisfy the ruthless spirit of Austrian vengeance; for when the Magyars put forth the whole strength of the ancient valour of their race, and succeeded in clearing alike robber horde and Austrian soldier from the entire land, the Russo-Tatar Tzar was invited to accomplish what the whole force of the Austrian empire and its ferocious allies had been unable to effect. Even then, at the eleventh hour, if Hungary had possessed a hero who to the tact and eloquence of Kossuth added military talent, she might have conquered all her enemies.

Before we conclude our sketch of the Hungarian war, we must not omit to mention, that of all the robber hordes invited by the Austrian Government to the plunder of the Magyars, the bands enlisted and organised by Mayerhoffer, the Austrian Consul at Belgrade, were preeminently distinguished for violence and wanton outrage. These men, for the most part rayah peasants of the Slavonian provinces of Turkey, brutalized by ignorance and superstition, readily believed all that their priests and the Austrian agents told them, to the effect that the Magyars were murdering all their brethren of the same race and creed on the other side of the Danube. Multitudes crossed the river, in spite of the endeavours of the Turkish Government and the Hospodar of Servia to prevent them. The outrages of those mad enthusiasts, headed by priests equally ignorant as themselves, almost surpass belief. Blinded by fanaticism, and believing that they were only performing an act of retributive justice on the murderers of their brethren of the same faith, they burnt on their route every village and hamlet in which they found a church bearing the Latin cross, and massacred such of the inhabitants as could not make the sign of the Greek cross in the manner prescribed by the Greek Church. These poor fanatics, amounting, it is said, to several thousands, the vic-

tims of Austrian perfidy, were nearly all destroyed, Magyar, Croat, Serb, and Wallack, all uniting in their own defence to rid the country of such fearful visitors.

We give this statement, not as the mere echo of public report, but on the testimony of our own Consul at Belgrade, Mr. Fontblanque, and confirmed by Turkish and Servian authorities.

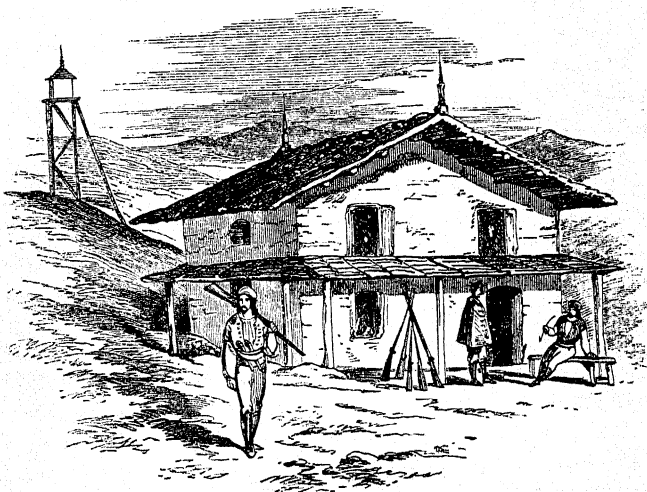
After leaving Peterwardein, we entered the ancient kingdom of Slavonia, one of the most interesting districts in Hungary. We observed scarcely any appearance in the aspect of the country of its having suffered during the Hungarian war. This may be easily explained from the circumstance that we were now in the centre of the military cordon, where every man from fifteen years of age is trained to the use of arms, which enables him, when called upon, to defend his home and hearth.

This famous military cordon was established many years ago by the Austrian and Hungarian Governments, for the purpose of protecting this part of their empire from the predatory incursions of the Turks, and also, by means of a chain of quarantine establishments, to prevent the entrance of the plague. It extends from the Bocca de Cattaro, in Dalmatia, on the Adriatic, to the frontiers of Russia and Poland. These military colonists, composed of members of nearly every nationality in the Austrian empire, have had lands allotted to them, and certain rights and liberties, for which they have to perform such military duties as may be necessary for the defence of the frontier committed to their charge.

The entire population number about a million and a half, forming eighteen regiments of infantry, one of hussars, and a battalion of marines; but in a case of urgent necessity, they can muster from forty to fifty thousand well-disciplined men. Each regiment possesses the privilege of electing its colonel,

who is also, by virtue of his rank, magistrate of the military district to which he belongs.

Every two regiments are commanded by a brigadier-general, and every two brigades by a *general commando*, who acts under the immediate orders of the Minister of War at Vienna.



GUARD-HOUSE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

A range of neat guard-houses has been constructed along the whole line, each sufficiently capacious to accommodate, if necessary, twelve men. Behind the chain are the dwellings of the officers, furnished with alarm-bells, by means of which, in case of invasion, the colonists of the entire population may be assembled at their respective quarters under arms, and ready for marching, in less than four hours.

No stranger is allowed to cross the line without a permit from the military commander of the nearest station; and in

time of war, or during the prevalence of an epidemic, he is liable to be shot if he attempts it. We cannot think it possible to devise a more effectual defence for a frontier than this, or one better adapted to resist the inroads of such savages as we have for neighbours at the Cape. The cost to the government would be trifling, since each man being trained to arms from his infancy, and at the same time a proprietor of land, is doubly interested in repelling the invader.

Carlowitz, one of the military towns included in the cordon, inhabited by a tribe of the Servian race, was the next station we arrived at. Situated at the base of a group of vine-clad hills, it was a pretty picture in the scenery of this part of the Danube. The wine produced here is some of the best in Hungary; and the absynthe, which is made here in large quantities, is well known to the gourmand for the qualities it possesses of creating an appetite.

Carlowitz, above every other town in the Servian Voivodina, acquired notoriety during the Hungarian war of independence, being one of the principal positions of the Servian rebels when they broke out into insurrection against the Magyars; the consequence was, that the whole of that immense district lying between the Danube and the Theiss, inhabited for the most part by Magyars and German colonists, was converted into a howling waste. At a later period, the Hungarian generals, Kiss, Vetter, and Perezell, exacted a terrible retribution on the authors of this wholesale destruction; the rebels were nearly all cut to pieces, and their own country given up, to be ravaged with fire and sword by an enraged soldiery.

We had here another opportunity of witnessing the havoc made by this cruel war, in the ruins of the number of blackened villages and hamlets that everywhere met the view,

and which continued with little interruption to Semlin. When it was too late, the Servians, as well as their neighbours the Croats, saw how treacherously they had been made the instruments of a government, whose only object in exciting race against race, was to break down the strength of the Magyars, that it might rule uncontrolled over the rights and liberties of a free people; but it has left memories rankling in the heart of these people, which will one day exact a terrible retribution.

The only place worth mentioning between Carlowitz and Semlin, is Slankaman, the Ritium of the Romans; here the Theiss, one of the most important rivers in Hungary, after traversing the whole of that country and Transylvania, forms a junction with the Danube. The banks of this river are, with few exceptions, considered unhealthy, partly owing to the sluggish pace at which the stream travels, and partly to the inundations, which on retiring leave extensive marshes; but however injurious to the health of man, the miasma does not appear to have the same effect on that mud-loving animal, the buffalo, which here comes to great perfection. On leaving the Theiss we steered our course between numerous small islands to Semlin, opposite Belgrade, where the Save and the Danube uniting, form the boundary between Turkey, and the Slavonian provinces of Hungary.

Now that important changes may be anticipated in those vast countries situated on the Lower Danube, in consequence of the war between Turkey and Russia, perhaps it may interest the reader if we give him some account of the origin and history of the Servian nationality, the most brave and enterprising of all the Slavonian races. We already see that the belligerents attach the utmost importance to the free principality of Servia, each inclining to the opinion that the side on which this warlike people shall array themselves, will

ultimately triumph. Knowing something of their temperament and opinions, we can venture to assert, that should the war continue, the Servians will not remain inactive spectators of the quarrel; at the same time, we do not believe that so prudent and far-seeing a people will commit themselves to either power without the prospect of securing some addition to their present territory, and their own independence. They already have had sufficient reason to distrust the sincerity of Russia; and they may learn now from Moldavia and Wallachia, the sort of government that power imposes on every people obliged to submit to her rule.

It would appear from the traditions of this bellicose race, the Servians, that they are descended from the ancient Illyrians, and various tribes of Scythians that ruled over these vast provinces, now called European Turkey, previous to the arrival of Cadmus in Greece. Their piesmas and national songs also seem to indicate that they were in some way connected with the Macedonian monarchy, and furnished soldiers to Alexander the Great during his wars in Asia.

From the fall of the Macedonian empire, we have no records of Servia as a nationality till about the fourth century, when the Byzantine chroniclers tell us of a race of freebooters, called the Razi, that made themselves the terror of Greece, and the whole of the surrounding nations; and who inhabited the inaccessible mountain districts of Upper Mœsia, and those countries lying on the Adriatic, where they exercised the trade of pirates.

At length they were civilized and converted to Christianity, by the Byzantine Greeks, to whom they remained in some measure tributary till the decline of that empire, when they formed separate republics, which in process of time became a monarchy under one chieftain. They now assumed the name of Serb or Servian, and their power continued to in-

crease under a succession of enterprising warlike kral, (kings), till the accession of the most warlike of all their rulers, the famous Kral Stephan Douschan, who after subduing province after province, at the expense of his effeminate neighbours the Byzantine Greeks, assumed the title of Emperor of Servia, King of the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Albanians, and Autocrat over various provinces lying on the Adriatic. That this people attained a high degree of civilization previous to the arrival of the Turks in Europe, we have sufficient evidence in the number of beautiful churches now converted into mosques, as well as the numerous ruins of splendid castles, cities, and towns, which we find in these countries that once constituted the Servian monarchy.

Sultan Amurath, the warlike son of Othman, was the conqueror of the Servians. After a succession of sanguinary conflicts, the last great battle was fought on the plain of Cassova, in Upper Moesia, on the fifteenth of June, 1389. The Kral Lazar was killed, and with him terminated all hope of the Servians to arrest the arms of the Mahometan invaders.

Servia, however, might have continued to exist as a tributary state had it not been for the misplaced patriotism of one of her greatest chieftains, Milosh Obilitch, who being admitted into the tent of the hero, under pretence of arranging an exchange of prisoners, took advantage of an unguarded moment to plunge his dagger into the bosom of the Sultan.

Still, if the Servian monarchy was destroyed by Sultan Amurath, the people were never totally conquered; they merely resigned the plains to the Turks, and retreated to the mountains, where in Montenegro, and other inaccessible districts of the country, under the name of Haiducks and Ouskok, they continue to this day to harass the Turks by their predatory excursions whenever an opportunity offers.

This inextinguishable hate, this ardent desire of the Ser

vians to regain their lost independence, is now as fresh in the minds of this people, as it was in that of their ancestors after the fatal battle of Cassova. In after days, wherever there was a battle to be fought against the Turks, whether in Albania, under the Christian hero Scanderbeg, in the Venetian States, or in Hungary, a band of Servian volunteers was certain to be found arrayed in battle against the conquerors of their country.

That they have not degenerated in our day from the valour of their warlike ancestors, or forgot that they were once a free people, we have sufficient evidence in the number of battles fought and won by this people, under the well-known Tzerni George, against their hereditary enemies, the Turks, during a twenty years' war. This struggle of a people to emancipate themselves from the oppressive rule of a foreign prince, is perhaps unequalled for bravery and constancy of purpose in the history of any nation, especially when we remember that it was a very small section of this race that made the attempt, not much over half a million, and that the combatants, composed of a mere handful of swineherds, shepherds, and haidues, had to contend against the whole force of a mighty empire.

Whether to escape from oppression, or the degradation of being ruled by a Mahometan sovereign, multitudes of this race emigrated from the home of their fathers, and settled at a very early epoch after the conquest of Servia, in Hungary, where they had lands allotted them, and the same rights and privileges granted them as the Magyars. They inhabit the whole of that part of the country through which we had been travelling from Carlowitz to Semlin, besides a great part of Slavonia on the Save, together with a portion of Croatia, Istria, and Syrmia, and number with their brethren in European Turkey about 6,000,000. With the exception of between

600,000 and 700,000 Mahometans, principally confined to the province of Bosnia, and 300,000 that conform to the Roman Catholic creed, they are all members of the Greek Church.

Like every people but imperfectly educated, and brutalized by the long sectarian wars they have been accustomed to wage against the Turks, the Servians are exceedingly fanatic, and very easily persuaded into becoming an instrument either of good or evil in the hands of a clever demagogue, or an intriguing priest. Of this we have had a lamentable example in the atrocities they committed in 1848-49 on their unoffending neighbours, the Magyars. Still we must not confound the Servians of the Voivodina of Hungary with the 20,000 or 30,000 ruthless bandits and assassins that followed the standard of the Austrian consul, Mayerhoffer.

Up to this time the Servians of the Voivodina were the warmest advocates for liberal institutions; far more republican in their tendencies than the Magyars: no members of the senate of Hungary were more opposed to the arbitrary measures of the Austrian government, and none more strenuous supporters of reform and of whatever was calculated to improve the condition of the people. When the articles of the new constitution of Hungary, in 1848, were promulgated, securing the same rights and privileges to the peasant as to the nobleman,—union and liberty! liberty and union! was then the cry throughout the entire land. But, alas! this prospect of a happy union between these rival races was entirely destroyed from the moment the cry went forth from the Sacra Consulta of the Servian Archbishop Rajachich, the pensioner of Russia, that the Greek Church was in danger! that the Magyars were in full march to overthrow the religion and nationality of their Servian subjects. From that moment there was no reasoning with the ignorant masses,—the demon was let loose that sealed the fate of Hungary.

Happily for the world, there is an innate love of truth and justice in man, however darkened his intellect may be, which is certain eventually to correct whatever false impressions may be given him. Of this we were now a witness in the friendly feeling that had everywhere sprung up in favour of the Magyars, whose good intentions were now appreciated as they deserved; while, on the other hand, the Archbishop Rajachich, and his camarilla of lying demagogues and suborned priests, were everywhere held up to contempt and scorn; and these sentiments were not confined to the educated, but generally diffused among all classes.

We found the same feeling existing among their brethren on the other side of the Danube, in the principality of Servia, where, living under a government of their own that allows free discussion, they are every day becoming more civilized and tolerant in matters of religion. This they owe in a great measure to the number of well-educated political refugees of their own race from every part of the Austrian empire, that found a refuge among them, whose ideas being propagated, and intelligence diffused, cannot fail of producing a most salutary influence on the rising generation.

Notwithstanding this defect in the national character of the Servians,—the result of being so long the priest-ridden slaves of a Church like the Greek, at once fanatical and exclusive, and which must disappear as the people become more intimately acquainted with the civilization of the West,—they possess many eminent virtues; and that they contain the elements from which may one day be combined a mighty nation, no traveller can deny who has studied, without partiality or prejudice, the character of the people.

As an example of how easily this people are trained into the habits of a civilized community, the traveller in Servia may journey from frontier to frontier without meeting with

the slightest molestation; and if he should solicit their hospitality, he may depend upon meeting in the poorest hut with a kind reception; and however primitive may be their habits, however defective their knowledge of the great European world, they can appreciate and practise those important social virtues—truth and honesty. He will also find schools established in the towns and villages, lyceums and gymnasiums in the capital, provided with talented and well qualified professors.

This is the more praiseworthy when we reflect that their long and fearful struggle for independence has only recently terminated; to which we may add the ordeal through which this people had to pass during the reign of the brutal Milosch, whose expulsion from the country must have created disunion and separate interests—those great obstacles to the advancement and prosperity of a country.

There is also about this people a degree of natural good sense, which serves as an effective substitute for political experience; this, we trust, will not desert them on the present trying occasion, embarrassed as they must be with the allegiance they owe to the Porte as a tributary, and the tie of a common religion, which in some measure binds them to Russia. The fact of the present Prince of Servia being indebted to the Sultan for his throne, who determined to support the choice of the people, in opposition to the nominee of Austria and Russia, Prince Milosch, and the threat of war,—may not be without its influence.

But there are other contingencies to be foreseen; and among these, if the war continues, the impossibility of restraining so warlike a people as the Servians from taking a part in the contest; or, perhaps, if they saw the means, of striking a blow on their own account. A people having once emancipated themselves, by a succession of the most brilliant

victories, do not readily give up the hope of recovering the entire land of their forefathers from the grasp of a foreign prince. That this feeling exists we had ample opportunities of witnessing; for whether we conversed with the swineherd, the priest, or the soldier, they all concurred that a Servian must not sheath his sword till the Servian empire included the whole of the territory ruled over by their greatest king, Stephan Douschan.

It is true, the Turks, by having garrisons in all the fortified towns and strong places, hold military possession of Servia; and we might conclude they could have nothing to fear from the hostility of a people scarcely numbering 1,000,000; but then we must remember that, being situated in the midst of a population unfriendly to their cause, in the event of any general rising, their supplies would be cut off, when their garrisons must of necessity surrender, or die of starvation. Besides, in a country where every able-bodied man, from the age of eighteen to fifty, is trained to arms, they can bring into the field an army of 60,000 men ready equipped for battle, and in case of necessity at least 100,000; we must therefore admit, if we take into account the well-known bravery of the people, and the natural strength of the country, that the Servians would prove a most formidable enemy; and that any rising among them, whether to serve their own interests, or in favour of Russia, would be attended with the most disastrous consequences to Turkey.

Russia knows this; and we may be assured that every expedient intrigue can suggest, even to promises of increased territory and complete independence, will be resorted to, in order to gain over to her interests this warlike nationality. Then, as protectors of the new commonwealth, how easy would it be, first to excite dissensions; and then, by interposing with an armed intervention, we should see a repetition

of the game so successfully played in Poland, Krim-Tatary, Georgia, and so many other states,—annexation to her already overgrown empire.

Up to the present time, the tributary Servians of the principality of Servia have refused to make common cause with the Turkish government against the aggressions of Russia, under the flimsy plea of an identity of race and creed. What then is to prevent a victorious Russian army, should they succeed in taking possession of Kalafat and Lesser Wallachia, from entering Turkey at Kladova, or an Austrian force at Belgrade, should the *force of circumstances* render it necessary that the latter power should violate her neutrality, and make common cause with her ally?—and we cannot see how it is possible she can maintain it, paralysed as she is by Russian influence.

To facilitate such an invasion, there are capital roads, leading through the principality of Servia, well adapted for the march of an army with all the materials of war, to Nissa and from thence on one side to Sophia, across the Balkan by the pass of Irajai; and on the other, by the route Sigenitza to Novi-Bazar, two military positions of the first consequence to an invading army, as they command the whole of the passes in this direction leading to Constantinople; and being inhabited by Christian tribes of the same warlike race as the Servians, the bitterest enemies of the Moslem and his creed, would be certain to hail with enthusiasm any invader who would guarantee to them a speedy emancipation from Turkish rule.

The occupation of Novi-Bazar by an enemy, with its mountain plateaus and strong defiles—one of the most important military positions in European Turkey—would be attended with the most disastrous consequences to the Porte. Besides completing the connecting link of the chain the

unites the Servians on the Danube with their free brethren in Montenegro, it severs Bosnia and Herzegowina, with part of Upper Albania, from any communication whatever with the other provinces of European Turkey belonging to the Sultan; while at the same time it offers every facility to an enemy of descending on Macedonia and Thessaly, and calling the Greek nationality located there to arms.

Tzerni George, the hero of Serbia, appeared to be fully aware of the military importance of this stronghold of the Krals of Serbia, when, in 1809, he took Nissa, and having called to arms the rayahs, laid siege to Novi-Bazar, and must have taken it had he not been diverted from his purpose by an invasion of the principality of Serbia by the Turks. Singular to say, when we visited this town in 1851, the breaches in the walls had not been repaired!

Taken altogether,—and we speak from a perfect knowledge of the country and the feeling of the inhabitants,—we cannot divest our minds of the impression that the rule of the Turks in Europe is drawing to a close; for we do not see how they can maintain themselves, surrounded as they are by enemies at home and abroad seeking their total overthrow. Still it is some consolation to think that in the Servian nationality we have all the elements necessary, if properly managed by the allied powers, for forming a barrier against any future aggression of Russia in this part of Europe. A people whose tendencies are all republican, who admit of no aristocracy, no hereditary titles, and with whom all men are equal, would not be likely voluntarily to become the serfs of Russia.

This attachment to self-government prevails more or less with every other nationality in European Turkey who derive their origin even in a remote degree from the Illyrian race,—the Bulgarians, the Albanians, and the Roumanie of Moldavia

and Wallachia; all of whom might be formed into a strong confederative government like that of Switzerland, composed of several independent communities. But as we have alluded to this subject more at length in our late work on European Turkey, we shall for the present leave the Servians to their fate, and continue our route.

CHAPTER VI.

Belgrade—Servian peasantry—Semendria—Scenery on the Danube—The Iron Gate—Its peculiar features—Dangerous navigation—Whirlpools—Loss of a steam-boat—Widdin and its fortifications—The importance of Kalafat—First view of the Balkan—Town and fortress of Nicopolis—Sestova—Rutschuck and its fortifications—The fortress of Turtukai and Ottenilza—Importance of Silistria as a fortified position—Town and fortress of Rassova—Tchernawoda—Projected canal to the Black Sea—Opposition of Russia to its construction—Disgraceful condition of the navigation of the Danube—Fortress of Harsova—Matschin—Isakitchi—Toulitcha—Delta of the Danube—Observations upon the war between Turkey and Russia.

BELGRADE, with its picturesque old castle, its domes and minarets, first announces to the traveller on the Lower Danube that he has entered the territory of the unchanged and unchanging Land of the Crescent. The citadel, erected on a bold promontory between the junction of the Save and the Danube, is, in a military point of view, most formidable; and, if kept in good repair, and garrisoned with a sufficient force, might, aided by the fortifications on the low ground at the junction of the two rivers, which command every approach by land or water, defy the utmost efforts of an enemy to take it.

In addition to this, the Turks are in possession of six other fortresses in Servia, Semendria, Sehabats, Sokoll, Adakall, Usc-hitza, and Febzlau, giving them in reality military possession of the principality. But, to render every justice to the Ottoman Porte, the Servians are left in full enjoyment of their liberties, and as uncontrolled in the administration of the country, as if these forts did not exist.

On leaving Belgrade, the scenery on the Servian side of the Danube continued to improve in picturesque beauty: we had alternately forests, corn-fields, pastures, and vineyards; while the Austro-Hungarian side presented a vast plain, with nothing to relieve the monotony except a continued range of guardhouses belonging to the military cordon, to which we before alluded.



SERVIAN PEASANTS.

The half military dress of the Servians, their drab-coloured jacket with red facings, cap and sash of the same gay colour,

the latter stuck full of pistols and poniards, gave them an animated appearance, and at the same time proclaimed their warlike tastes and tendencies. The costume even of the women was somewhat Amazonian, the jaunty braided jacket, and red cap, with a large blue silk tassel waving in the wind. The population on the Austrian side of the river offered a strong contrast, in the arrangement of their toilet, to the Servians. The dress of the men consisted of a simple tunic, made of coarse linen, and ample shalwars of the same material. Pieces of untanned hide, strapped on the feet with leather thongs, formed the substitute for shoes; and a cap of curled wool, somewhat resembling a mop without a handle, did duty as a cap. The attire of the women was *bizarre* enough, as, attached to the short woollen petticoat of many folds, was a broad plaited fringe of variegated colours, which, when the fair creature stepped, or the wind blew, rattled about a pair of stout supporters that would have done credit to a drayman.

They appeared to perform the whole of the agricultural labour, in addition to the care necessarily required for their children and household affairs; but, if their lords are lazy, they do not, as in countries nearer home, repay their exertions with ill-usage, as no man, especially if he is of the Slavonian race, of these provinces, even dreams of inflicting a blow upon a woman.

The next object that arrested our attention was the town and castle of Semendria, situated on the Turco-Servian side. The castle, a singular-looking building, of a triangular form, with numerous small towers, joined together by a curtain of apparently solid masonry, does not come within what may be called a regular fortification of the present day. Still, we have no doubt that the Turkish garrison which holds possession would make an obstinate defence, so long as they had

any of the wall remaining between them and the enemy. We passed a succession of these little forts, more or less dilapidated, before we arrived at Orsova; and, although they present no serious means of defence, they are just sufficiently strong to annoy an enemy that might attempt to cross the stream.

There was now an entire change in the aspect of the noble river, that had been our companion throughout the entire length of the land of the Magyar and the Slavon. Hitherto its width had varied from about one to three English miles, studded with innumerable islands, of various sizes, and possessing a depth of water sufficient to float a man-of-war; but we had arrived at the frowning portals of the renowned Demirkapi ("Iron Gate"). At this point the lofty chain of the frowning Krapak approaches, as it were in defiance of its equally gigantic neighbour, the dark and cloudy Balkan, driving the boiling waters of the impetuous stream before it against the granite sides of its mountain rival, whence they recoil with still greater fury, and, finding no other outlet, roll their seething volumes with an angry roar through the narrow pass; now swelling like the waves of a broken sea, now struggling in a fearful whirlpool, and anon scattering their wrathful spray in showers over the dark unyielding rocks that bar their headlong course. At the same time, the wild character of the scenery, the crumbling ruins pinnacled on the summits, the lonely eagles hovering over the struggling waters, or seated on the beetling crags, combine to form a picture of singular grandeur and sublimity.

It is not so much the violence with which the noble river rushes through its contracted channel that renders the navigation so dangerous, as the number of whirlpools formed by the meeting of opposing currents. In these no vessel could possibly live; for if once involved in their unceasing gyra-

tions, it must inevitably be drawn towards their centre, and swallowed in the unfathomed gulf that yawns below.

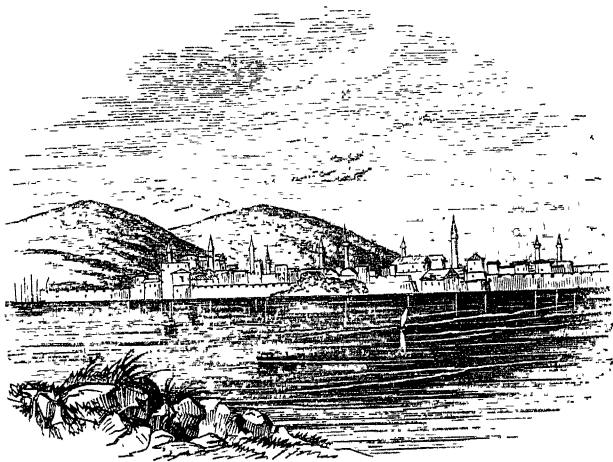
Here we left the steamer, and continued our route by a road cut in the rocks to Kladova; for, notwithstanding the Directors of the Steam Navigation Company have caused some of the most dangerous rocks to be blasted, the passage is still considered too hazardous for a steamer to attempt, particularly when the water is low; the vessel is therefore lightened of its heavy baggage and passengers, and then drawn by horses along the bank, through the channel which offers the fewest dangers.

Several of the passengers here gave us an account of the loss of a steamer some years ago, which never became generally known. The vessel, it appears, struck against a rock, and became unmanageable, when, being caught in a whirlpool, it was instantly submerged, and was never again seen. Crew, passengers, all, met a watery grave. Probably it was not the interest of the directors and shareholders that the details of the catastrophe should be made public.

At Kladova we rejoined our steamer; and now, having passed all the perils of the Danube, we glided smoothly onward between the rocky steeps which here form the boundary between Servia and Lesser Wallachia. Kladova is merely one of those small Turko-Servian towns we find near the river, surrounded by an earthen rampart, deep ditch, and oak palisade, sufficiently strong to resist a tumultuous mob armed with no better weapons than gun or pistol. We found, however, the fortress of New Orsova, situated on an island, a very strong position, and kept in good repair. It is the residence of a pacha, who commands the garrison, consisting of several hundred men.

The Danube here makes a most extensive curve, bringing us back nearly to the spot whence we started, opposite the

island of New Orsova. At Burzo-Palanka, a small fortified town, the river Timok, which rises in the Balkan, after forming the boundary between the tributary principality of Servia and Bulgaria, joins the Danube, which, having recovered from its struggle at the Iron Gate, now rolls majestically onward through the centre of a vast plain, here and there interspersed with tiny islets, covered to the water's edge with brushwood apparently impenetrable, the haunt of winged game of every description.



WIDDIN

We now reached Widdin, one of the most important fortified towns belonging to Turkey on the Lower Danube. The population is upwards of 25,000, and the garrison in time of peace 5,000 men. The fortifications appeared to be remarkably strong, and in good fighting order, showing a formidable front along the banks of the river, protected at intervals by

a strong bastion, and also by a fortified castle, and two redoubts in the islands, besides an extensive marsh, which adds considerably to its other defences.

In a strategetical point of view, Widdin has been very much strengthened since the Turks have succeeded in establishing themselves at Kalafat on the opposite bank of the river; a most important acquisition, because it not only severs the Russians from holding any communication with their Panslavistic friends in Servia and Austria, but, should their army attempt to cross the Danube, it will be obliged to pass under the guns of these two fortified positions.

Kalafat, that has recently gained so much notoriety, is nothing more than one of those straggling places, composed of farm-houses, peasants' huts, residences of landed proprietors, and mercantile establishments, that one meets on the banks of the Lower Danube scattered here and there, without a street or any other indication to tell the traveller whether it is a town or a village.

But to return to Widdin: at the time we saw it, it wore a peaceful aspect. Several Turkish and Greek vessels of large burden were lying at anchor under the guns of the fortress; others loading or reloading their cargoes,—altogether exhibiting an appearance of activity, from which we might infer that the blessings of commerce and industry were becoming gradually introduced into a country so long the home of ignorance and sloth. The Russians, also, who had held military possession of Wallachia and Moldavia since the Hungarian war of independence, had returned to their own barren steppes, much to the relief and joy of the inhabitants. So far, all promised a long continuance of peace; but how vain is all human calculation!

On leaving Widdin, we enjoyed a splendid prospect of the vast range of the Balkan, over which towered in all its

grandeur the stupendous Kazan. The country did not offer any other remarkable feature, save the tortuous windings of the river, and the monotonous plains of Wallachia, till we arrived at the town and fortress of Nicopolis, originally built by the Romans under the emperor Trajan.

The situation of Nicopolis, lying partly on the brow of a range of chalky cliffs, and partly on the shelving banks of a narrow valley, through which runs the river Oswa, is extremely picturesque. The population, independently of its garrison, amounts to about 10,000. Although Nicopolis is not considered a strongly fortified place, it serves to cover every approach to the Balkan by the pass of Grahova, and as a point of observation to watch the movements of an enemy on the other side of the Danube, at Turna, in Wallachia, the Russians, those eternal enemies of the true believer, took it in 1810, and again in 1829.

A little lower down the river, we came to Sestos, or Sistova, a large commercial town, surrounded by a wall flanked with towers, and commanded by a castle, but of no importance as a place of defence.

On leaving Sestos, the Danube continues to expand, till by the time we got to Rustchuck, it was at least a league in breadth. This town, one of the most important Turkish military positions on the Lower Danube, has a strongly fortified castle, which completely commands the river, and the only pass in this direction to the Balkan, that called Grahova, serving at the same time as a *tête du pont* in front of Giurgevo, a large Wallachian town on the other side of the river.

Rustchuck contains a population of about 50,000 besides its garrison, which is always considerable; and, like most of the towns belonging to Turkey on the Danube, has suffered repeatedly from the predatory wars of the Russians, particularly in 1828, when its fortifications were entirely dis-

mantled, and the town mulcted of a large sum to save it from being sacked and burnt by the enraged soldiery.

On leaving Rustchuck, the Danube, which had hitherto flowed on in a regular continued channel, now divided itself into a number of streams, inundating the country for miles on the Wallachian side of the river, where there was nothing to be seen but patches of low marshy soil, pools of stagnant water, and small islets overgrown with reeds and bulrushes; whereas the Turkish side of the river in Bulgaria still continued to present the same bold outline, even rising up in some places to the height of a little mountain, and wherever danger might be apprehended bristling with cannon.

The next fortified town we come to is Turtukai, the theatre of many a bloody battle between the Turks and Russians, owing to the facility with which the river may here be crossed by an invading army; the banks are also exceedingly low. It was taken by the Russians in 1810, and again in 1829, who each time left a sad memorial of their unwelcome visit. At the commencement of the present war, it was from here that the Turks boldly crossed the river to Oltenitza, on the Wallachian side, and carried hostilities into the camp of the enemy.

We now arrived at Silistria, which may be termed, from the great extent and strength of its fortifications, the citadel of the Danube, forming as it does, with Rustchuck and Schoumla, a connected triangle, which must be broken before any enemy could attempt the passage of the Balkan in this direction with safety.

Silistria was taken in 1829 by the Russians, after a protracted siege of nine months; and truly we cannot too highly appreciate the valour of the 12,000 gallant Turks that held it so long against an overwhelming force of 50,000 men, when we remember that at this time the fortifications merely

consisted of long weak curtains, with a few miserable bastions badly planned and worse built. We saw it in this state when we journeyed down the Danube for the first time, in 1835. Since then, the town has been strongly fortified, and now, with its castle bristling with cannon, it offers a bold front against an invading army: it has spacious well-built barracks, and a population of about 20,000, and appears altogether to be one of the most prosperous and commercial places on the Danube, if we might judge from the neatness of the houses, the well-supplied markets, and shops amply furnished with whatever could conduce to comfort or luxury; to which we may add, there were a number of vessels loading and unloading their cargoes in the harbour.

After leaving Silistria, the Danube again divides into several streams; the Bulgarian hills had also completely melted into a monotonous plain; and now we passed onward through an immense expanse of water, more resembling a sea studded with innumerable islets than a river; and this continued till we got to Rassoza, a small fortified town, defended in front by an impassable marsh.

The next place we stopped at is the little port of Tchernawoda, where the steam-boat passenger may land, who desires to avoid the malaria of the marshes, and the mosquitoes, and continue his journey by land to Kistendjeh, on the Black Sea, by which he will escape a long and tedious voyage through the Soulina channel, the only navigable outlet of the Danube.

The emperor Trajan, it is said, entertained the idea of making a canal from this place to the Black Sea, which, if completed, would shorten the navigation of the Danube from this point to Constantinople by nearly 100 leagues; at the same time, the length of the canal would not exceed thirty miles, which might be effected at a trifling expense, especially

when we remember that the ground is quite level, and the Karasou lake in the centre of sufficient depth to assist the undertaking. The late Sultan, Mahmoud, undoubtedly a man of talent and energy, caused the ground to be measured and marked out when we were here in 1835, and would have completed the work if he had not been threatened by a war with Russia. Thus, between the selfish policy of Russia on one side, which seeks to ruin the commerce of Austria and Turkey on the Lower Danube, and the weakness of those powers in submitting to her dictation, the poor mariner has no other alternative than to adopt the long and tortuous Soulina channel, which, owing to the accumulation of sand at the bar, can only receive vessels of 100 tons burden. Besides, if he should be fortunate enough to escape being shipwrecked on some of the numerous sandbanks that obstruct his passage, he is almost certain to carry with him the seeds of an intermittent fever that will never leave him.

What can more decidedly prove the barbarism of Russia than this? A Pagan monarch, and a Mahometan monarch, would have had this canal cut to benefit the commerce of the world; whereas, the Tzar, who calls himself not only a Christian sovereign, but a pontiff, made even the attempt to do it a *casus belli*! We may ridicule the inertness of the Turk, but how can we sufficiently express our contempt for a mighty emperor, and all the dukes and electors, princes and margraves, kings and landgraves of Germany? who have tamely permitted such an infraction of the rights of nations—who have allowed this noble river, which flows through their own dominions, which rises in the very heart of Germany, to be reduced to a state nearly useless to all purposes of commerce! Can we then wonder at the general discontent in Germany, and every other country, where men find themselves the subjects of princes who seem to have lost all the

chivalry and patriotism of their forefathers, and to regard their people only as a machine to be worked for their exclusive benefit?

But to continue our voyage. At Rassova the mighty stream once more leaves its bed, and scatters its waters over an immense district, forming here and there stagnant pools, and breaking up the land into tiny islets, the whole overgrown with reeds and sedgy grass, the home of malaria, mosquitoes, and every poisonous insect.

At length, we came to Hirsova, a species of oasis in the desert, prettily situated on an undulating eminence, with a fortified castle, and a large garrison; its chief importance arising from the circumstance that it covers every point in this direction where an enemy might attempt, to effect a landing in that rectangular peninsula called the Dobrouji, inhabited by a remnant of that unfortunate tribe of Tatars, the Nogay, who were nearly all destroyed by the Russians, when they seized upon the Crimea, and those vast countries on the northern shore of the Black Sea. The poor Tatar follows the same occupation here that his forefathers did, the breeding of horses, for which they have been always famous. We spent a few days among this people some years ago, on a shooting excursion, when we found them strictly honest, truthful, and trustworthy.

The next fortified place we came to on the Turkish side of the river, was Matschin, rather important for lying almost opposite Brailow, a large town in Wallachia; it protects, in conjunction with Hirsova, the passage of the Danube, and the route by land to Varna and Schoumla.

Shortly after leaving Brailow, we passed the river Szereth, which forms the boundary between Moldavia and Wallachia; here the river again unites into one undivided stream, and we are rapidly carried forward to Galatz, the only port Mol-

davia has on the Danube. After passing this town, the river again divides into several streams, and so continues till we come to the little town of Reni, on the Pruth, where we enter the territory of Russia. Somewhat lower down is Kartal, opposite the Turkish town of Isaktchi, the most ominous spot in the Lower Danube to the Turks, for here, in days of yore, the Russians were accustomed to throw across their bridge of boats when they desired to carry fire and sword into the land of the infidel. Most truly the locality is remarkably well adapted for crossing, owing to the contracted bed of the river, and the number of shallow streams and islets with which this district abounds.

This position, with its more important neighbour Toultscha, are now well fortified and garrisoned with a considerable number of men, for being the last of the forts belonging to the Turks on the Lower Danube, they serve as posts of observation to watch the Russians, who have, partly by force, but more by fraud, obtained possession of nearly the whole of that immense district extending from hence to the Black Sea, and known as the Delta of the Danube.

From here, there are six outlets or channels to the Black Sea; of these, only one is navigable, and this, owing to the wilful negligence of Russia in allowing the sand to accumulate at its mouth, is now nearly impassable, except for vessels of light burden. This has been done expressly to destroy the navigation of the most important river in Europe; and yet Europe continues to look on with the most laudable degree of patience!

We have now traced one of the most magnificent lines of defence that any country could possess on its frontier, consisting of a range of connecting forts, from Belgrade to the Delta of the Danube, erected for the most part on an elevated bank, with the broad deep Danube—the moat which must be crossed—rolling beneath them; while the towering Balkan,

with its deep defiles and forts, presents another formidable barrier to any invading army who might have the hardihood to attempt the conquest of the Eden beyond.

It may also be observed that the whole of these forts and fortresses have been repaired since our last visit to the Lower Danube in 1851, and additional defences constructed on the most approved principles of modern science; and now that the Turks, with a burst of Asiatic energy, have thrown off their former sluggishness, and are aided by the disciplined valour of a number of clever European officers who have taken service in the Turkish army, we may venture to hope that the Russians will bitterly repent the buccaniering war they have commenced. Still, we cannot deny the difficulty of protecting such a long line of frontier against so powerful and dangerous an enemy as Russia. The different garrisons required amount to many thousand men; add to which, vast resources are necessary to enable any empire, however strong, to carry on a protracted war.

Widdin, Silistria, Rustchuck, Varna, and Schoumla, cannot be reduced, supposing their garrisons to be gifted with but ordinary courage, except by a regular and lengthened siege. It must also be remembered that the passage of the Danube from the Wallachian side to the Turkish is especially difficult, owing to the circumstance that nearly the whole of the Turkish fortified positions are, as we have shown, constructed on an elevated bank, and so placed as to command the river and the low lands of Moldo-Wallachia. In addition to this, the Russians, as the aggressive party, want fortified positions on their side, to serve as bridge-heads, for the purpose of covering and protecting so difficult an operation as crossing a river in the face of a well-manned fortress. However, what they have done so repeatedly is not now impossible.

The operative base of Widdin is Sophia and the Sumagh

passes of the Balkan. If this fortified town were to fall, together with the fortified camp at Kalafat, Servia and the whole of the western part of European Turkey would then be at the mercy of the Russians; because it is to be feared, with a Russian army ready to assist them, the whole of the Servian nationality would fly to arms, when they might make common cause with their warlike brethren the free mountaineers of Montenegro, whose territory is only separated from the Servian frontier by a small strip of land by way of Prejropolje, about thirty-five English miles in length. This would be in every point of view most disastrous to the Turks, as it would cut off all communication between the Bosnian Mahometans and the rest of the Turkish empire, who would, we fear, brave as they undoubtedly are, be obliged to succumb to an armed host of fanatic Christians twice as numerous.

Lower down the Danube, the Turks are in a far better position to arrest an invading army, the fortified towns of Rustchuck and Silistria being well supported in the rear by Schoumla, behind which, on the other side of the Balkan, they possess, as we before observed, in Tatar-Bazardjik and Adrianople, admirable positions for a reserve army to cover the route to Constantinople.

Rustchuck is not so systematically fortified as Silistria, because, lying on a dead flat on the banks of the Danube, and commanded behind by high hills, an invading army in possession of these, Rustchuck, however bravely defended, could not sustain a siege for any length of time. It is to be hoped, therefore, that these hills have been fortified by strong redoubts since our last visit. This is the more to be desired, as Rustchuck, being the seat of the Danubian Government, with a population of 50,000, it is important that it should be put into a complete state of defence. If this were done, the Turks would thus have a solid angle in Rustchuck to the

triangle we before alluded to in Schoumla and Silistria. Still, the great danger to Turkey lies in the Russians getting possession of Widdin and Kalafat, as all the other fortresses in Servia held by the Turks would avail nothing to prevent the march of an invading army.

In order to be prepared against contingencies, we cannot but think that an expeditionary force of French and English troops might be employed to great advantage in that species of promontory we described as extending from the fortified town of Rassova to Kistendjeh on the Black Sea, with this advantage, that they could be conveyed there by sea, and placed in a position to enable them to take the Russians in the rear, should they force the passage of the Danube, and move on Adrianople.

At all events, whatever may be the final issue of the present war, we may be assured the resistance offered by the Turks will be far more formidable than that of 1828. At that time the Janissaries, who formed the most effective military force of the Turkish empire, existed no more; the battle of Navarino left the Turks without a fleet; and several Albanian and Bosnian chiefs were in open revolt; yet it took the Russians eighteen months' fighting before they reached Adrianople. How much greater is the difficulty in the present day! they have now to contend against a well-disciplined army, commanded by a chief so experienced as Omar Pacha has proved himself to be; and though the Asiatic hordes who have crowded to the defence of the Sultan have not been trained to European discipline, still it is in a great measure replaced by the ardour of fanaticism and their own wild valour.

CHAPTER VII.

Demoralizing influence of Russia—The Moldo-Wallachians—their origin—their early history—The ancient Dacians—their wars with the Goths, Huns, and Turks—How they became annexed to the Turkish empire—Russian intrigue to obtain possession of the Principalities—Disastrous effects of a Russian protectorate—Sufferings of the Moldo-Wallachians during the Russian military occupation of the country.

HAVING already given an account of the defensive position of the Turks on the Lower Danube, and expressed our regret at seeing them the victims of the most unjust and unwarrantable aggression recorded in the history of nations, we will now bespeak the sympathy of our readers for the miserable inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia. The Turks at least have the satisfaction of being allowed to meet their enemies with arms in their hands; but these poor people are obliged, not only to feed, clothe, and lodge the soldiers who invade their country, but to fight with them against their own sovereign, or be shot as traitors.

Happily, such a system of demoralization, such an abuse of power, very rarely occurs even among the most barbarous nations. Public opinion is, however, at length aroused; and though the despotic princes of Europe may be anxious to prevent war, they cannot restrain popular indignation when justly provoked; and now that the sword has been drawn, we are inclined to think it will not be again sheathed till Russia has been taught, to her cost, that honesty is the best policy.

For almost every other war, even those among the most barbarous nations, there has always existed some ostensible cause, whether justifiable or not; in the present instance, however, there is absolutely none, for the plea of interfering in behalf of the Christians of European Turkey, by a power so intolerant of every other religion but the Greek Church in its own dominions, is too flimsy even to deserve a moment's consideration. If Philip of Macedon and his heroic son subverted the liberties of Greece, moderation at least guided their counsels, and the latter had the honour, through his Greek soldiers, of spreading civilization to the remotest parts of the known world. The same maxim guided the arms of the Romans in all their conquests. But the audacious power that would now give its laws to the world ranks, so far as regards civilization, in the very lowest scale among the nations of Europe—a power that only conquers to enforce a despotism still more galling than that of the bungling, exclusive Mahometan, striking as it does at the root of all civil and religious liberty.

Again, if Russia were a great maritime nation, with her ships on every sea, and her commerce extending into every land, her people civilized, and in full possession of their rights and liberties, we should ourselves rejoice to see such a power take the place of the indolent Turk, who during his long rule has taught nothing, established nothing; but when we know that she is the reverse of all this, we tremble at the possibility of her acquiring possession of some of the finest countries in our hemisphere. Such a position would enable her to hold in her hands the keys of Europe and Asia, and must be regarded as one of the most disastrous events that could happen. The Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Baltic, would then indeed be Russian lakes; the Danube, that fine outlet of Central Europe, entirely her own; while, with the

Adriatic on one side, the Egean, the Dardanelles, and the Mediterranean on the other, with an accession to her strength of millions of the most warlike races in the world, she might thus indeed dictate laws to half the world.

But to return to Moldavia and Wallachia. It has been the misfortune of the inhabitants of these principalities, that, like the Magyars of Hungary, amidst all the changes and revolutions to which they have been exposed, they have never fraternised with their neighbours, nor formed alliances that could enable them to make head against the continued encroachments of a powerful enemy; and notwithstanding they have sprung from a common origin, and speak the same language, they have most unwisely divided their community into separate states, established separate governments, pursued separate interests, and, as the natural consequence of division, they have weakened their power as an independent people.

At present this nationality numbers, according to their own computation, not far short of 10,000,000. Moldo-Wallachia, it is said, contains 4,000,000; the adjoining countries belonging to Austria,—Hungary, Transylvania, and the Bukowina,—3,000,000; while the remaining 3,000,000 are scattered in Russo-Bessarabia, and in the provinces belonging to Turkey on the other side of the Danube.

We have the authority of Herodotus for saying that these people were the original inhabitants of the whole of Dacia and part of Pannonia, before those countries were conquered by the emperor Trajan in the second century of the Christian era. We are also told by other Roman historians that they were to a certain extent civilized, and so well acquainted with the art of war, that it required all the force of the Roman empire, and the skill of their best generals, to subjugate them. The valour and misfortunes of their last king, Decebalus.

so long the terror of the Roman armies, are still recounted in the traditions of the storyteller, in the songs of the bard; and, like the memory of our own Caractacus, will live for ever in the page of history.

Happily for the world, the Romans were a civilized people. Wherever they carried their arms, no sooner was resistance at an end than the work of civilization commenced. Under their fostering care, cities of the most magnificent proportions were founded, roads constructed, and swamps and steppes converted into luxuriant pastures and smiling gardens. They had also the wisdom to amalgamate, as far as it was practicable, with the people they had subdued.

The beautiful and fertile Dacia must have been a favourite colony of the Romans, since we find it frequently alluded to in Roman history as the most flourishing and commercial of all the provinces of the Roman empire. But, unhappily for its welfare, the glory of the Roman empire was at this time on the wane; and as Dacia lay directly in the path of all the numerous hordes and races of Northern Europe and Northern Asia, as they marched to the sack and pillage of the Eternal City, it became the theatre of some of the severest struggles recorded in history, its inhabitants having to contend alternately with the Goths, the Huns, the Avars, the Bulgars, and the Scythians.

At the time of the inroad of the Magyars into Pannonia, the Dacians had again become a powerful, united people, governed by their native princes, whose territories, in addition to what is now called Moldavia and Wallachia, consisted of Transylvania, the Bukowina, Bessarabia, with the whole left bank of the Danube nearly from Semlin to the Black Sea. Their sovereignty was, however, of short duration, for they speedily fell, like the inhabitants of Pannonia, under the yoke of the Magyars, and so continued till a chieftain, it is

presumed, of the name of Wallah, made his appearance, who, by force of arms, wrested from the conqueror the territory believed by this people to be the cradle of their race, which they occupy to this day, and have been ever since called Wallacks. At a subsequent period, unhappily for their own interests, they separated, the river Moldau furnishing a distinctive appellation to one portion of the principality,—Moldavia.

Notwithstanding the separation of this part of the ancient Dacia into two principalities, the inhabitants continued to preserve with little difference the same form of government, language, and religion,—the Greek; and in the present day differ but little from each other in any of their national characteristics. Nor do we find that they have ever been engaged in mutual hostilities. Formidable from their union of interests, their alliance was courted by the kings of Hungary and Poland; and they continued to preserve their character as independent states until the advent of the Turks in Eastern Europe.

These terrible warriors were led on by Sultan Bajazet, surnamed Ilderim (lightning), who by his fiery impetuosity spread the terror of the Turkish arms throughout the whole of Christendom. After conquering Anatolia, Iconium, Servia, and Bulgaria, he crossed the Danube to seek new foes in Moldavia and Wallachia. The inhabitants of these provinces, surrounded on every side by their formidable enemy, in the name of Christianity sought the aid of their Christian brethren in Hungary and Poland. But the age of chivalry was past, that of religious intolerance had commenced; as they found to their sorrow when they appealed to the Christian benevolence of the Pope, beseeching him to command a crusade to be preached in their favour against the general enemy of Christianity. The reply of his Holiness was, that unless they

entered the true Church, and acknowledged his supremacy, they must be left to die as heretics.

Being thus abandoned to their own resources, the long and bloody war that these poor people waged against their ruthless invaders, is perhaps unequalled for heroism and obstinate resistance, if we except the Holy War of Scanderbeg, carried on against the same enemy, in the mountains and defiles of Albania. Year after year they saw their fields desolated; their substance wasted; their towns, cities, and villages sacked and burnt; their wives and daughters carried into captivity. Still they continued to resist, so long as there was a man able to wield a sword. It seemed as if the old Dacian blood engrafted on the noble Roman, had produced a race that could only be subdued by extermination. The Turks appear to have entertained this opinion, since we find that the war was at length concluded between Solyman the Great and the Wallacks; the latter consenting to become tributaries under an agreement which left them independent in every respect except the obligation to pay an annual sum to the Ottoman Porte.

From this time, the inhabitants of Moldo-Wallachia continued in the undisturbed enjoyment of all their privileges till the reign of Sultan Achmet, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when that monarch under the pretence, ill or well founded, that they had facilitated the invasion of Turkey by Russia, under Peter II., not only deprived them of the right of electing their own sovereigns; but arbitrarily deposed the reigning princes; and subjected the country to every species of extortion and degradation, short of the total loss of their liberty and national institutions.

Coerced by a powerful army stationed in strong fortresses on their frontier, it from this time became the practice of the Turkish sultans to farm the sovereignty of the principalities

to the highest bidder, generally a Greek of the Fanar, who assumed for the time being the title of Hospodar. These foreign harpies, having no interest in the country beyond that of enriching themselves during their dangerous and generally short-lived rule, resorted to every species of chicanery and oppression that a Greek could invent to drain their miserable subjects of their last para.

The grievances of the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia were at their height when Peter the Great ascended the throne of the Tzars; but that astute monarch had the wisdom to see that the time was not yet ripe for detaching these semi-independent states altogether from Turkish dominion. He made them, however, subservient to his interest, by his secret negotiations with the Hospodars, who connived at the passage of his armies through their territories, in his subsequent wars with the Ottoman Porte. But as the power of the Russian empire increased, his successors were not so easily satisfied; and as the wrongs of the inhabitants continued unredressed, they formed a plausible pretext for the Russian cabinet, in the name of humanity and religion, to impose a protectorate; in which they so well succeeded, that in a very short time the authority of the sultan over these provinces became little more than nominal. He could neither remove nor appoint a Hospodar without the consent of the Russian government in its right as protector, nor march an army into the principalities, even in his own defence, without committing a breach of treaty, and perhaps provoking an armed intervention.

Whereas, on the other hand, the intrigue had been so dexterously carried on, that the Tzar on his part might march an army into the principalities whenever the Hospodars demanded it, either in their own defence, to suppress a local insurrection, or repel any aggression of their sovereign

lord and master the Sultan, which might be construed into an infringement of their religion, their privileges, their rights and liberties. But all this would not satisfy the ambition of a cabinet whose real aim was actual possession. It was, however, necessary to proceed with caution; if there was an identity of religion, there was none of race, or language, between the Russians and these descendants of the old Roman-Dacian, who prided themselves on their origin; still it was advisable that they should become familiar with the military occupation of their country by the troops of the Tzar; and to carry out this effectually without exciting either the jealousy of Austria, the neighbouring power, or the hostility of the Sultan, as suzerain,—an emeute was occasionally got up, sufficiently alarming to the Hospodars and the Boyards for them to appeal to their powerful protector for his assistance.

But the most clever manœuvre of this far-seeing cabinet was the promulgation of a liberal constitution for Wallachia and Moldavia, manufactured at St. Petersburg! which among other provisions contained the following:—

A general assembly for each principality, formed of a certain number of senators, in whom was vested the right of electing the reigning prince, and of examining the acts of the government. Freedom of commerce, liberty of conscience, the responsibility of ministers, the establishment of a quarantine, and a sanitary cordon to protect the public health, the organization of an army on the European footing, together with the erection of civil and criminal tribunals for the better administration of justice.

All Europe admired the disinterestedness of the court of St. Petersburg, and the extraordinary liberality of the young Tzar Nicholas, who had wrung from the Ottoman Porte so many important concessions, and who so generously constituted himself the protector of the principalities.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the Boyards; the peasants were wild with joy at the prospect of so much happiness—at the golden age then about to dawn upon their country; while strangers from the adjoining provinces, attracted by the great fertility of the soil, and a desire to live under a government that promised so many blessings, became naturalized, and purchased land. At the same time, merchants and manufacturers, from England and other parts of the continent, were continually travelling over the country to select positions adapted for commercial speculation and the erection of manufactories.

Brailow in Wallachia, and Galatz in Moldavia, both situated on the Danube, were eagerly seized as most favourable positions; and it was the general opinion of these enterprising men that, considering the great fertility of the soil of these principalities, and the growing wants of the crowded cities of Western Europe, they must as a consequence become in process of time as great rivals in trade as Genoa and Venice in the days of their power and prosperity.

How delusive are the hopes of nations! How fallacious the expectations of nations! The ink of the treaty with the Ottoman Porte and the cabinet of St. Petersburg, which guaranteed a constitution that promised so much good, was scarcely dry when the Russian troops, in 1828, crossed the Pruth, to invade Turkey. From that moment the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia were taught to estimate at its proper value the protection of a Tzar of Russia!

To enter into the various details, the complicated intrigues, by which Russia contrived to further her own interests in each separate branch of the administration, and render nugatory every article of the so-called constitution, would alone fill a volume. Under the mask of philanthropy—a desire to rescue its co-religionists from the oppressive rule of a Maho-

medan sovereign, the real intentions of that unprincipled cabinet were concealed from the eyes of the deluded inhabitants, who found to their sorrow, when the curtain was withdrawn, that two despots instead of one appeared on the stage, to rivet still more firmly the chains that enslaved them.

We cannot, however, in 1854, describe more truly the effects of a Russian protectorate than by extracting a passage from our own work on these countries, written in 1836;* in which the reader will find that there is no prospect of removing the incubus which has so long oppressed this unhappy people, unless it is effected through the joint intervention of the two great Western powers, now that an opportunity of doing so is happily arrived.

"Although," said a Boyar to me, whose name we forbear to mention, "our country, through the thralldom of our old tyrants the Turks, was reduced to the verge of ruin, still, with a soil so fertile, and in possession of a constitution that guaranteed our liberties, we looked towards the future with confidence and hope. How illusive were our anticipations! From the moment we were cursed with Russian protection—from the moment that power interfered in the administration of our affairs, every measure adopted by the senate or the government has been subsidiary to her views and interests. But this is not all; the country has been inundated with Russian agents, avowed and secret; no public assembly, no private dwelling, from the cot of the peasant to the palace of the prince, is exempt from their intriguing influence. The trading classes are told that the country will never be prosperous till it is united to the grand empire. The peasants are taught to look upon their seignorial lords as tyrants. The vanity of the rich man is flattered by

* The Western Caucasus, vol. ii. p. 253, published by Colburn & Co.

jewelled crosses; the poor and venal noble barter the welfare and independence of his country for a bribe; while our Hospodars are nothing more than the most servile slaves to the will of the autocrat. Lastly, our much-vaunted constitution, from which so many advantages were to be derived, has become a dead letter, because every decree of the senate, although approved by the reigning prince, is null, unless sanctioned by the protecting powers, Russia and Turkey; and however mortifying the conviction, we feel assured that Russia will never cease her intrigues and machinations till our principalities are incorporated in her already overgrown empire; unless indeed the great Western powers interfere to prevent an act of such flagrant injustice; for any opposition on our part can never avail to prevent it."

However severe may be the sufferings of the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, in consequence of their country having become the principal theatre of the war between Russia and Turkey, yet this circumstance may be productive to them of much future good, because it will tend to place most forcibly before the political world of Europe the anomalous position in which they stand—owing allegiance to two foreign powers, and yet submitting to the rule of native princes whose weakness prevents their being anything more than mere puppets to the mighty autocrat of the north.

In addition to a succession of disputes, quarrels, and wars, in which their country has been embroiled during the last fifty years with Russia and Turkey, they have had the misfortune to see it devastated by the locust-like armies, first of one of these protecting powers, and then of the other.

But this is not the only evil. We must also take into account the paralysing effect this has had upon every species of industry, and the demoralization that ever follows in the train of armies far more civilized than the semi-barbarian hordes

that follow the standard of the Tzar and the Sultan,—a demoralization so disastrous that even were this unhappy people to be immediately reinstated in the full enjoyment of all their rights and liberties, more than half a century must elapse before anything resembling confidence and security could be restored to a country so long cursed with the protection of two such powers as Russia and Turkey. Independent of the numerous evils to be rectified in every branch of the administration, the peasantry have become so brutalized as to be almost insensible to their degraded condition; and the better classes dead to all the higher feelings of our nature.

We had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of a Russian military occupation of these countries, in all its horrors, first in 1835, and again in 1851. The fearful details of the first we fully described in a former work; the latter, although by no means so calamitous, had however the effect of producing a scarcity of provisions, that almost amounted to a famine. This will be easily understood by those who are acquainted with the elements of which a Russian army is composed, and the violent means resorted to by a Russian commissariat when the imperial mandate is issued for provisioning a large body of troops. Every demand is then made at the point of the bayonet; and when all is devoured, the very grain which had been reserved for sowing is seized upon.

Can we then wonder that these principalities, notwithstanding the advantages they possess of soil, climate, and situation—together with the noble Danube, navigable for all the purposes of commerce—should be at the present moment still lying for the most part in a state of nature, owing to the want of inhabitants to till the soil; or that the population should have been reduced within the last century, by

war, pestilence, and famine—to nearly one half of its original amount; and that a people who were then the terror of the Turks, and could bring into the field 200,000 men-at-arms, should in our day become the veriest slaves of slaves, with scarcely a remnant of the courage, the patriotism, and the love of liberty that distinguished their noble ancestors?

We have not made these statements without sufficient authority; the public statistics of the country will prove that since the infliction of a Russian protectorate, the population has diminished nearly one-fourth.

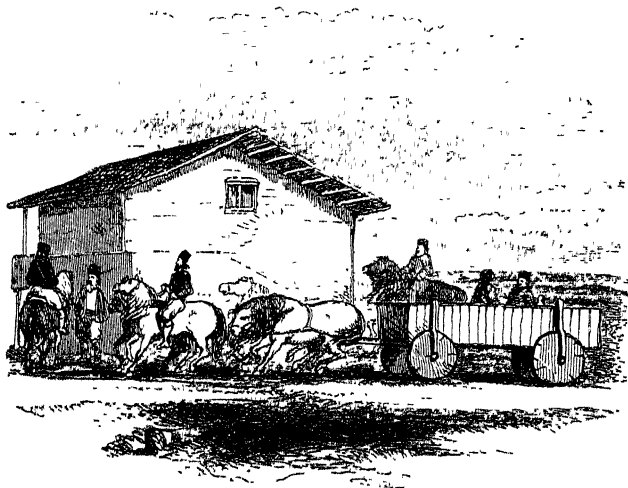
CHAPTER VIII.

Moldo-Wallachia considered with reference to its agricultural and commercial capabilities—Mode of travelling—Characteristics of the Moldo-Wallachians—Wallachian Inns—Villages—Monasteries—Their great wealth—Superstitions of the people—Demoralizing effects of the Greek religion—The various races that inhabit Moldo-Wallachia—Boyards and peasants—Their costume—Their language—Indications of their Roman origin—Distinguishing traits of the Gypsies and the Jews—Their habits, manners, and customs.

IN nearly every other country we had visited on the Lower Danube, with the exception of these unfortunate principalities, cursed as they are with such a multitude of Protectors! we found great changes had taken place for the better since our last tour in 1835-36. Galatz, Brailow, and one or two other ports on the Danube, have indeed somewhat advanced; Bucharest, and Jassy, may also be said to be in a progressive state; but the country in general, and its inhabitants, might have lain in a trance during the whole intervening time for any improvements we could discover.

Agriculture is still carried on with the same carelessness, as if the husbandmen were ever in dread of the visit of some marauding hordes; and when you do meet with cultivated fields, they do not succeed other as in other countries in unbroken succession, but generally lie enclosed by some dense forest, waste land, or impassable marsh, as if it were intended to conceal them from the eye of a stranger. Maize is still the favourite production, and yields with scarcely any labour the most prodigious return; for nothing can exceed

the fertility of the lowlands in Moldavia and Wallachia, and such is their vast extent, that nothing is wanting but a sufficient number of labourers, and a government that will give some security to property, to render these countries what they were in the time of the ancient Romans, one of the principal granaries of Europe. The soil is everywhere of the same dark rich colour that we see in some of the most fertile districts in Hungary, reminding us of the lands on the Mississippi, with this great advantage, to an agriculturist, that it requires no manure, and from its peculiar qualities scarcely any labour in its cultivation.



ARRIVAL AT A WALLACHIAN INN. •

In our excursions through the country we found the public vehicles had undergone no alteration ; we had only to choose between the great diligence called the Kerontza, a sort of

waggon, roofed with leather, and capacious enough to make it a home by day or night; or the Karouchor, which the postmaster furnishes to the traveller, a nondescript affair, resembling a long narrow box without a lid, poised upon four wheels, frequently of solid wood—not a single nail or piece of iron being used in its construction, and entirely without springs.

The harness for the horses, both of this and its more gigantic rival, the Kerontza, is of the most primitive description; to a single shaft, four, and sometimes ten or twelve horses, according to the state of the road, are fastened by means of long ropes, and driven by postilions, who altogether dispense with either saddle, bridle, or stirrup.

In our excursion, we were contented with the Karouchor, a pair of horses, and a ragged postilion, clothed in a sheep-skin jacket, with a towering lamb-skin cap, which reminded us of our old friends the Tatars; and to render the resemblance complete, there was the same bundle of hay in the centre, to serve as a sofa by day, and a bed by night. As for roads, except the remains of such as had been constructed by the Romans, nearly 2,000 years ago, there are none, unless we dignify with the name those beaten tracks through the fields and forests, which become in summer intolerable from dust, and in rainy weather, a mass of mud.

Our tour being made at a time when the sun had burnt everything to powder, if we were blinded with dust, we had at least the satisfaction of escaping the fate of many a luckless traveller, who in some lonely district finds his vehicle sticking fast in the mud, with the prospect of being devoured by wolves, unless an additional number of horses could be procured to drag him out of the mire. But we had entirely forgotten a danger equally alarming, that of being consumed by fire, for in consequence of the rapid rate at which we

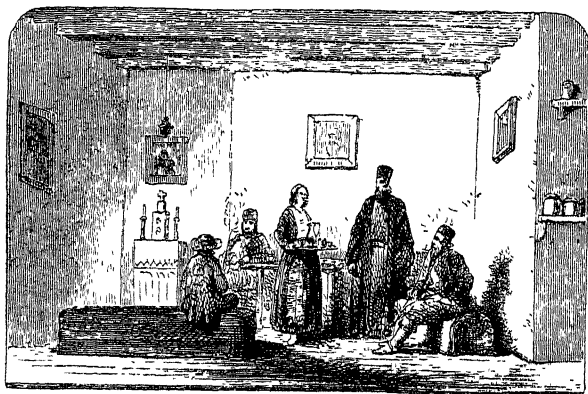
travelled over a plain smooth as a bowling green, the axle-tree more than once took fire ; still the accident, however alarming to us, did not in the least disturb the equanimity of our Dacian Jchu, as he drove the carriage into the first marsh he came to ; and then rattled on, smoking his short pipe, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, occasionally repeating the operation to prevent a recurrence.

The villages through which we passed, consisting for the most part of huts half buried in the earth, presented the same wretched appearance as those we had seen seventeen years ago ; nor were the inhabitants less miserable. Poor people ! this was the species of hut adopted by their ancestors, when, after the fall of the Roman empire, their stately towns and villages were sacked and burnt by the Goths and Huns ; but as these marauders were followed in regular succession by hordes of Magyars, Bulgars, Tatars, Turks, and now Russians, no doubt the plan of concealing their homes has never been changed. Nay, in some districts, these subterranean villages have been so effectually concealed, with grass growing on the top, that were it not for the tell-tale smoke we see making its way upward from the earth, like a spent volcano, we might ride over them without suspecting that several human beings were living beneath.

Near each of these human warrens may be seen a very remarkable building, rising to a height of about six feet from the ground, and extending to a length of from 300 to 500 feet ; this is the village granary, made of open trellis-work, for the purpose of drying the maize ; a capital plan, by-the-bye, the efficiency of which is one of the reasons why the maize purchased in these principalities keeps so well, and does not get injured during its exportation.

As to towns, they are few and far between ; and when at length we do come upon one, the streets, like the roads, are

unpaved, except indeed in the principal ones; which, like those of Russia, are frequently laid down with boards; but as the common sewer runs underneath, and is never cleansed, save by a thunder-shower, we require no other explanation to account for the origin of the fevers that decimate the inhabitants of a Moldo-Wallachian town during at least six months of the year.



INTERIOR OF A WALLACHIAN INN.

With respect to the inns, they are as yet in no way superior to the Turkish hans on the other side of the Danube; neither are the arrangements for personal comfort any better. A board, elevated a few feet from the ground, furnished with a round piece of wood, or a bag stuffed with hay as a pillow, serves for a bed; while the larder furnishes no dish more savoury than the *mamalinga*, a porridge made from maize flour. There are, it is true, a few chairs and a table in those of a better description; and the pious traveller may pay his devotions to the Virgin (*Panagia*), whose picture is suspended

over a little altar at one end of the room; or he may admire the gaudy prints of all the renowned saints in the Greek calendar, which hang suspended on the walls.

Some of the richest monasteries in any country are to be found in Moldavia and Wallachia: how they escaped when the country was ravaged and plundered so repeatedly by the armies of Russia and Turkey, is difficult to explain.

The clergy of the Greek church, here, as in every other country we visited, are remarkable for the ignorance they display in conversation; indeed it is no exaggeration to say that their education is far inferior to that of the clergy of any other sect of the Christian church; neither do we know of any other form of worship burdened by so many degrading superstitions; and no mode of faith that tends more to debase the intellect, and degrade man for ever to a willing slave.

Among the hosts of saints and angels to be propitiated, the Almighty seems to be entirely forgotten. Absolution, and a payment of a fee to the priest, relieves the conscience of a man from the weight of any crime, however heinous.

Miracles are believed to be performed by the images of saints. Holy water is used as an antidote against the evil eye, witchcraft, the plague, and every disease to which man is subject. It also preserves the cattle in the field from thunder and lightning; the trees from blight; a house from taking fire; a ship from being lost at sea, &c. Still, perhaps, of all the influences which corrupt the public morals, none exercise a more pernicious effect, particularly among the higher classes, than the facility with which this church gives its sanction to the dissolution of the marriage tie.

A stranger, in wandering through these countries, must not look for specimens of the ancient Roma-Dacian race among the rich boyards—a class as much degenerated from their warlike ancestors, as is the modern Spanish Hidalgo from

those of ancient times; neither must he seek them in towns, where he will find for the most part a mixed population of Jews, Germans, Greeks, Russians, Armenians, and a hundred other nationalities, speaking as many languages as the builders of Babel; differing as much in their costume as the figurantes at a Carnival ball. He is to be found in the forest as a wood-cutter; on the vast prairie as a shepherd; everywhere as a tiller of the soil; and on the mountain top, free and independent as the air he breathes, for to this last home of the conquered brave, the Hun, and the Goth, the Tatar, and the Turk, were never able to pursue his warlike ancestors. These are the men from whose incessant toil is wrung the wealth that supports the dissipated boyard and the lazy priest—the provision that supports the half-famished armies of their protecting sovereigns, Russia and Turkey, when they select these plains as the theatre of their interminable wars!—

However weather-beaten their features may be, however ragged their sheepskin jackets, however wild and uncouth they may appear with their black hair, streaming in the wind; we cannot forbear every now and then admiring the fine manly forms, broad shoulders, and expressive countenances of these peasants, indicating them to be exactly the sort of men to make capital soldiers, and support the fatigues of war. In some of the rural districts, the boyard of the olden time may still be seen; he is a fine athletic, handsome fellow, who, disdaining the French foppery of the town, retains the national costume—an immense turban-like cap of black Astrakan fur, and a capacious mantle, either of fur or sheepskin, usually worn with the fur inwards; the outside, especially the sleeves, back, and collar, being embroidered in the gayest colours, with various devices, such as the Greek cross, bouquets of flowers, &c.

If we regard the costume of these peasants, both men and women, from the sandal on their feet to the covering on their head, it may afford a contradiction of the supposed truism, that change is necessarily the characteristic of man; since the dress of this people is, to this day, with little variation, similar to that worn by the peasantry of the Roman empire, in the neighbourhood of the capital. Again, the corrupted dialect of the Latin, which is the language of the inhabitants of Moldo-Wallachia, is a convincing proof that they have some claim to be considered of Roman origin.

In fact, the features of the peasantry constantly reminded us of the ancient Romans, especially those who occupy the high lands. It is very evident, however, that there is a great mixture among them—the descendants of the various predatory hordes who passed through this country, held it for a time, and then disappeared; for we as frequently see the fine blue eye, and light brown hair of the Goth, as the raven locks, bright dark eye, and high cheek bone of the followers of Attila.

Among the other inhabitants of these principalities, we may reckon the tribes of gypsies, who must be very numerous, for they are to be seen in every part of the country, and said to amount to more than 200,000. Here, as elsewhere, they speak a jargon of their own, and tell you they are the people of Pharaoh. The Moldo-Wallachian governments, aware of their mischievous propensities, without encouraging them to settle, tolerate them; and, as in other countries, they contrive to maintain themselves without becoming a charge to the community. However rigorous may be the weather, or however numerous the wolves that prowl about these half deserted countries in winter, they ever encamp in the open fields; and like the wandering Arabs, arrange their tents in a semicircular form,

placing that of their chief in the centre. It is only those who pay an annual tribute to the state, that is, a specific sum for each male arrived at maturity, that are allowed to pursue their wandering life; the remainder belong to the Boyards, who employ them as domestic servants and labourers in the field.

The migratory Hebrew also form a considerable portion of the inhabitants, but they are chiefly to be found in the towns, engaged in some species of commerce: they are easily known by their eastern costume—a high fur cap, and long pelisse, confined at the waist with a shawl. They bear about them all the characteristics of their race in other lands; are said to be wealthy; and according to their traditions, they came from Persia, and settled here after the destruction of the Persian empire. The government imposes a tax upon them, called *tolerance*, by which they purchase the privilege of living in the country.

CHAPTER IX.

Observations on the present state of Turkey—Condition of the Christian population under Turkish rule—Necessity for a reform in the laws relating to them—Disaffection of the Christians—Their democratic tendencies—Critical position of Turkey—Turkish legislation—The Government of Russia and Turkey contrasted—Proposed Colonization in Turkey—Insurrectionary movements of the Moldo-Wallachians in 1848—Hostility of the liberal party to priestly interests and influence—Their attempt to form an alliance with the Hungarians—Friendly disposition of the Greek Clergy and the Boyards towards Russia—Omar Pacha and the foreign refugees in Turkey—Probable effects of their influence.

Now that the attention of the political world is happily turned towards those hitherto nearly unknown countries belonging to Turkey, on the Lower Danube, we think we are justified in saying there is at length some hope of a brighter future dawning upon them, some alleviation of that long unbroken series of evils which has been their lot since the fall of the Roman empire. Surely it is impossible, nay, we cannot bring ourselves to believe, that in whatever treaties shall be concluded between the belligerents their interests will be forgotten. At all events, we trust they will not again be surrendered to the demoralizing yoke of a Russian Protectorate.

Again, the regeneration of the Turks is not to be effected by fighting their battles, and then leaving them to relapse into their former indolent barbarism, but by using the pruning knife, till we have cut away from their social and political system those varied evils which have rendered their govern-

ment a curse to all the unhappy people who have had the misfortune to fall under its blighting influence.

As it has ever been our aim as a traveller neither to distort nor exaggerate facts, we regret we cannot coincide with some writers who represent the Turks as a pattern of liberality and toleration. Civilization has been hitherto unhappily confined to the inhabitants of Western Europe: the East still lies under the yoke of the most pitiless oppression—the same now as it was 3,000 years ago, the haunt of barbarism and fanaticism—the home of superstitions and incorrigible despotism.

It is true a material improvement has taken place of late years in the administrative system in Turkey; and the condition of the rajah has been considerably ameliorated wherever the government possessed the power of enforcing its reformatory measures. The reign of the bowstring has also ceased, and personal freedom is placed under the protection of the law, such as it is, while something resembling ministerial responsibility has been recognised; add to which, the abolition of certain abuses has been succeeded by more civilizing institutions—all this is a decided improvement on the barbarism of former days, and for which we feel thankful; but unfortunately the Turk is still too ignorant and fanatic to lead the way in the regeneration of a country. He has been too long the uncontrolled oppressor of the Christian to throw aside all at once his prejudices, and render equal justice to a class he has been taught from his infancy and by tradition to regard as beneath contempt.

We all know the bitterness of sectarian prejudice, and the evils resulting from it, even in our own country; but how much more aggravated is the feeling when ignorance and the most debasing superstition combine to poison it. The sultan and his government, with the best intentions, may invest the

members of each creed, Christian and Mahometan, with equal rights; still the evil remains—the prejudices of caste and creed, to frustrate the plans of the most just and equitable ruler that ever existed. In addition to all this, and to increase the difficulty, the whole machinery of the government is conducted by Mahometans; while the position allowed to the Christian is that of a mere helot. Hence, it only requires the advent to rule, and power of the old fanatic Osmanli party, to see the entire order of things reversed—the Christian again trodden to the earth—the inevitable consequence of the decrees of former sultans, who, to win over proselytes, and thereby increase their strength and power, invested every believer in Mahomet with the dignity of a free man and condemned the unhappy Christian to remain a slave, without a hope for the future, or an interest in the country that gave him birth.

We do not make these statements with a view of weakening the sympathy expressed by every humane enlightened man for a people compelled to resist unprovoked aggression—far from it,—but what is already too well known to the enemies of Turkey ought not to be withheld from her friends in England. Our only object in exposing the grievances of the Christian subjects of the sultan has been, now that the crisis is actually come, to have them removed, in order that nothing should be left which might hereafter serve as a pretext for Russian interference. This, in fact, is the rock upon which Russia has built her hopes, for the overthrow of the Turkish monarchy. This is the groundwork of the present quarrel; and by investing it with the character of a holy war, she expects to draw to her standard millions of the fanatic members of her own church; and eventually, through their assistance, to absorb into her own dominions the whole of these beautiful and fertile countries called European Turkey, whose population for the most part conform to the tenets of the Greek Church.

It must therefore be evident, unless there is a total reform, a thorough change in everything relating to the political, religious, and social state of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, Russia will never desist from her intrigues—never cease exciting their hatred to the government of a Mahometan ruler. Even if there were a peace established between Russia and Turkey to-morrow, it could only be a suspension of arms, to be broken with still greater chance of success on the part of Russia at some more convenient opportunity. Knowing this, France and England—the two powers most interested in arresting the encroachments of Russia—ought to insist, if necessary, that the Sultan should endow his Christian subjects with such liberties and privileges that they would not, even had they the choice, accept the despotic ruler of Muscovy as a sovereign.

It is not too much to say, at this perilous moment, that the destiny of the Turkish empire depends upon the wisdom of the policy of France and England. They have to deal with a subtle enemy, powerful beyond all calculation, whose strength lies in the barbarism and fanaticism of that nationality—the most numerous in the world—which obeys her rule; a power that has attained just the necessary knowledge of European arts and improvements to enable her to make them subservient to her designs.

To break up this nationality—to divide its political interests in such a manner that its various tribes could never coalesce—has become more than ever advisable now that the ambitious projects of the Muscovites are thoroughly understood. The Slavonian Poles are already the hereditary enemy of the Russian. The 17,000,000 of Slavonians who acknowledge the rule of Austria, are sufficiently educated to comprehend what would be their fate if their destiny was controlled by a power who rules by the sword, and would reduce them to

the same state of slavery as that of her own serfs. They have learned a lesson from the fall of Hungary—hence their endeavours to form among themselves an Illyrian confederacy. The Roumani of Moldavia and Wallachia have ever evinced a desire to link their fate to that of the Magyars, and would to a certainty have joined them in the late Hungarian war of independence had not Russia taken the precaution to occupy their country with an overwhelming army; but the 7,000,000 of Slavonians in European Turkey, united by the same ties of religion and race to Russia, and for the most part ignorant and fanatic, have been long schooled by their priests and Russian agents to regard the Tzar as their protector—the man sent from God to deliver them from the thralldom of an infidel ruler.

We alluded in our late work on European Turkey to the wide-spread disaffection we found everywhere existing among this people; and their fixed determination, either by their own efforts, or by the aid of the Russians, to throw off the yoke of the Porte altogether, unless their grievances were redressed—that is to say, unless they were placed in the same position as the Mahometan with respect to their political and civil rights. We again directed public attention to this subject in a series of articles in the “United Service Magazine;” and although the movement has been checked by the continued successes of the Turkish army, we fear that this numerous nationality only wait for a favourable moment to carry their designs into effect.

As the present war has arisen from the refusal of France and England to surrender the protectorate of the Christians, and consequently the future destiny of the East, to Russia, these powers have made themselves responsible for the future security and good government of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire. It is therefore highly important at

the present crisis that they should exact from the Porte every necessary concession; in short, the Christians should be placed in the same position as the Mahometans in whatever relates to their social, political, and religious state. This must be done, and done quickly, if they would prevent insurrection, which at this perilous moment would be certain to produce the most fatal results to the cause they have undertaken to support.

Up to the present time, every attempt to give stability to the Turkish empire has failed, because the canker still remains that has been eating gradually into the very vitals of the state,—a canker that can only be removed by emancipating the Rayahs, by elevating them to the dignity of freemen, and by encouraging colonization from Western Europe on so gigantic a scale as to build up at once a bulwark against any future aggression of Russia.

What avails it if Turkey possesses the most extensive countries, fertile to exuberance, with a salubrious climate and everything that can conduce to the happiness of man, if they remain unpopulated? A desert they are, and a desert they will continue so long as no modification of the Turkish code in favour of Christians is effected.

Western Europe, with its superabundant population of active, intelligent men, requires an outlet in her own hemisphere; and why should she seek to people a new world, when a railway-carriage or a steam-boat will convey her children, after a pleasant journey of a few days, or weeks, to some of the most fertile, beautiful, and salubrious countries in the world? If this project were carried into execution, and the settlers assured of safety, protection, and freedom, in a very few years we should people the Turkish wilderness with a population of intelligent agriculturists, enterprising merchants, and active traders—men of the world, who would

add by their industry not only to the resources of the Turkish empire, but by their example infuse a portion of their own life and vigour into the few remaining inhabitants. We should then hear no more of a Slavo-Tatar protectorate; and surely if our assistance has been solicited and tendered in the hour of danger, we ought to be allowed some influence in the government of a country we have contributed to uphold—some right to introduce such measures as may be deemed necessary to its future welfare.

The Turks themselves, if they are ever to learn wisdom from adversity, must be aware that all the victories they have hitherto achieved over their adversaries the Russians, in the present war, have been owing to the indefatigable enterprise, daring, and military talents of the foreign officers in their army.

In our last work on Turkey we entered more fully into the state of the Turkish empire, and only repeat some of these suggestions with a view of drawing the attention of the intelligent reader to the present state of these interesting provinces of Turkey, which taken as a whole for strength of position and capabilities of defence by sea and land, may be termed the Gibraltar of Eastern Europe. We have also endeavoured to place in a prominent point of view their political importance, and the danger that would result to civil and religious freedom, industry and commerce, should countries so highly favoured by nature, through any unexpected turn in the chapter of accidents, pass from the sceptre of the race of Othman, to that of a power which up to the present time has only conquered to destroy free institutions, which she can neither appreciate nor tolerate, since if they once take root among any of the states on her frontier, one of the most fearful revolutions on record may burst forth among her own millions of degraded serfs.

Knowing this, and the perilous state of the Turkish empire, we must not be influenced by the statements of fanciful writers with respect to the weakness of Russia as a military power; neither must we allow our sympathy for the cause of the Turks to blind our judgment as to the probable result of the struggle. Russia has been long bent upon mischief; we may therefore be assured, and time will prove the correctness of the conclusion, that the Turks have entered on one of the most critical periods of their troubled history. In a word, there is not the slightest chance of success for Turkey in a protracted war with Russia, unless she receives the most energetic assistance from France and England; neither can there be any well-founded hope of her future welfare without an entire change in her domestic administration. The Turks must be taught that they are not the elect. They must also learn that they have been slumbering while other nations with less resources have been adding to their wealth and power.

We have already alluded in a former chapter to the important positions the Christians occupy in the interior of the country, as agriculturists, shepherds, and mountain haiducs; and how seriously they might annoy the Turkish government, as guerrillas, in the event of their being armed and commanded by Russian officers. Such a calamity is by no means improbable should the Russians succeed in establishing themselves on the right bank of the Danube; the Turkish army would then be in a critical position between two fires. Besides, how easy would it be for Austria, should she assume the offensive, or desire secretly to aid Russia, to supply the revolutionary Christians with arms and ammunition from her arsenals in Dalmatia, Croatia, and Hungarian-Servia—provinces lying on their frontiers. In such an emergency, how valueless to the Ottoman Porte would prove the naval

fleets of France and England; and even were these powers so inclined, they could not march an army through the interior of a country which has neither roads nor bridges, and which everywhere abounds with dense forests, frightful gorges, and defiles,—where a mere handful of sturdy mountaineers would be sufficient to annihilate the best appointed army.

We repeat, therefore, our firm belief that the destinies of the Turkish empire, at least in this part of its dominions, depend on the fidelity of the Christian subjects of the Sultan; and when we remember the wrongs they have so long endured from their Moslem rulers, can we wonder if they should hail the Tzar, despot as he is, or any other Christian adventurer, as their deliverer?—the fruits of that absurd law of the Koran which elevated one religious sect and degraded the other to hopeless servitude; and until this and every other enactment founded on Mahometan fanaticism, to the prejudice of the Christian, is removed, the rule of the Sultan, even if mighty Russia never existed, rests on a volcano.

Aware of this great defect in the legislative system of the Ottoman Porte,—the political and civil disabilities of its Christian subjects,—and knowing how slovenly the machinery of the Turkish government is worked by those who direct it, we have ever been apprehensive that the rule of the Turks in Europe would be terminated by some sudden *coup-de-main*, when an enemy so subtle and unscrupulous as Russia was lying in wait to seize upon a territory she so much coveted. Anticipating that this event would be accomplished in some such summary manner, a few years since, when the question of the extradition of the political refugees from Turkey, revealed to the world the weakness of the Turkish empire, we made an appeal to our readers in a pamphlet, entitled “What is to be done with Turkey?” and

although our views at the time were opposed by some, we have at least the satisfaction to know that our observations have not been without effect,—that the opinions we then expressed, now coincide with those of the leading politicians of France and England. The substance of the work was to this effect,—“That the 12,000,000 of Christians in European Turkey should be formed into separate states, according to their several nationalities, to be governed by their own laws, and put in possession of all their rights, civil, religious, and political—still however under the rule of the Sultan.” The present crisis is now found to justify the carrying into effect some such measure, which would call into existence a numerous and enthusiastic people, who would be found prepared and willing, in the event of invasion, to defend their country, their laws, and institutions.

Had this been done, or some such scheme carried into effect for the emancipation of the Christians, before the Tzar had time to mature his wily ambitious projects with such wonderful sagacity, the Turkish empire would not now be trembling between Russia's might and Turkey's right. Still, however defective Turkish legislation may be, particularly on the score of religion, the government of the Sultan is far preferable to that of the uncompromising despotism of the Tzar. The Turks, even in the worst of times, never countenanced serfdom in their dominions; if they denied political and civil rights to those that differed from them in creed, they did not interfere with their personal freedom; at least they were so far free that they might dispose of themselves as they pleased, without incurring the penalty of being seized like runaway slaves, half beaten to death, or, as the case might be, sold to the highest bidder—as in Russia.

Indeed, we have every reason to believe that the majority of the Christians in Turkey, however much they may detest

the rule of the Moslem, would not submit to the vexatious despotism of the Tzar without a struggle. We say this the more confidently, because, having lived among them, we know the strong attachment they entertain towards their own peculiar form of government—so patriarchal and republican in its tendencies—and which to a certain extent they enjoy without molestation, wherever the mild rule of the Sultan is administered by an enlightened, conscientious Mussulman.

The Moldo-Wallachians, a hardy warlike race, are exceedingly anti-Russian, and so indeed are the Greeks and the Albanians; but it does not therefore follow that they may not make a movement on their own account in the event of the Turks experiencing a succession of defeats; and we know that Russia never undertakes any enterprise without providing her agents with the means of corruption.

Since the insurrectionary movement of 1848 in Moldo-Wallachia, and the openly declared intention of the liberal party to appropriate to the wants of the state the enormous landed estates belonging to the convents and monasteries, the clergy have become much more inclined to support the ascendancy of despotic Russia. This can be no matter of surprise when it is considered that they are the proprietors of not less than one-third of the land of the whole principalities, together with the peasants who live on it. Several of the rich Boyards, in their dread of the liberal party gaining the ascendancy, have also become the zealous partizans of Russia. On the other hand, the great bulk of the population, aware of what their fate would be if they became the serfs of Russia, look up to the Turk, since he has announced himself the champion of civil and religious liberty, as their deliverer; and now that the sufferings of the peasants, from the continued military occupation of the country by Russia,

have become past all endurance, it is impossible to say what a day may not bring forth, should the liberals succeed in arousing them to arms in favour of the Porte. Truly, of all the wonders of a wonderful age, this is not the least, that a Christian in the nineteenth century should look up to a Mahometan as his deliverer from the serfdom and tyranny of a Christian prince. Everything considered, it is by no means improbable that this may be the intention of Omar Pacha and the other Polish and Hungarian officers in the service of the Sultan. And when we remember the volcanic state of Austria—the inflammable materials everywhere existing in that unhappy empire—a rising of the democrats in Moldo-Wallachia would soon extend to Hungary—to the Illyrian-Slavonians, to Poland and Italy; when we should see again the race of Othman the terror of all the intolerant priests and self-willed despots of Europe. And it is very likely, if all other expedients fail, that the Turks, ruled as they now are by those refugee generals, may adopt this plan as a last resource to prevent their empire from being annexed to that of their hereditary enemies the Russians. At all events, if Russia, the great Goliath of despotic rule, falls—supported as the Turks now are by the only two liberal governments in the old world—the despotic form of government will have met with a check from which it can never recover.

CHAPTER X.

Moldo-Wallachia in a Commercial point of view—Its Exports—Productions—Government established by Russia—Faults in its Administration—Venality of its Agents—The Hospodars—Prince Bibesco Sturbey of Wallachia—Prince Gregory Ghila of Moldavia—Their Characters—Great Fertility of Moldo-Wallachia—Desolate appearance of the Country—Facilities and Advantages for Colonization—Tour from Galatz to Jassy—Description of Jassy—Roads in Moldavia—Posting—Caught in a Snow Storm—A Nocturnal Battle—Arrival at Boyana—The Valley of the Pruth—Tzarnowitz—Observations on the Austrian Buckowina.

IN our remarks on the political and social state of the Turkish empire we must not forget our commercial readers. We shall, therefore, before we take our leave of Moldavia and Wallachia, devote a chapter to the commercial advantages that these interesting countries open to British industry—countries which, the variety of their productions, their admirable situation, and the great fertility of their soil, must elevate sooner or later to an important position among the minor states of Europe. We may also add in their favour, that they present great facilities of access, either by railroad or steam navigation, to the inhabitants of the crowded cities of Central and Western Europe. It is our own fault, therefore, if we do not impart to them something of the active industrial spirit of the West; for every amelioration in the social condition of a state, every advance towards wealth and intelligence, tends to multiply its wants and increase its commerce, and furnishes us with an additional ally in the great work of civilization.

We have said that the population of Moldo-Wallachia is about 4,000,000, which, when we take into consideration the great fertility of the country, is about one-fourth the number of the inhabitants we meet with in the same extent of territory in Western Europe.

The exports consist principally of corn, wool, tallow, linseed, hemp, honey, wax, tobacco, ox-hides, sheep, goat, and hare-skins, salt, meat, potass, soda, leeches, and cheese. Braila, in Wallachia, and Galatz, in Moldavia, both situated on the Danube, are well adapted for ports, as ships of 250 tons burden can enter them with the greatest facility; and being protected by islands, the space between the towns offers a safe harbour for vessels during winter, since they are not liable to come in collision with the large masses of ice that are carried down the river in spring. Navigation, however, is generally interrupted by the frost for two or three months, but rarely during a longer period.

The custom-house duty is about three per cent.; the money is the same as in Turkey—paras and piastres; the ducat at Galatz, when we were there, was worth thirty-nine piastres, and at Bucharest and Brailow thirty-one and a half.

It is usual for the foreign merchant in his trading transactions with the natives to make contracts with them before the tribunals of commerce established at Galatz and Brailow, and with foreigners settled in the country in presence of their respective consuls. If any difference arises, it would be advisable for the foreign merchant to come to an amicable arrangement if possible, as there are several courts of appeal, as in Russia, and the law processes are both protracted and expensive.

Corn at present forms the principal article of export. The quality of the wheat is equal to that sold at Odessa. Maize is of the same species as that cultivated in Persia. The barley

and oats are not equal to those of Russia, but this is said to arise from the want of care and attention to weeding on the part of the agriculturist.

A very considerable improvement, however, has taken place in the cultivation of these articles of late years, because corn of every description can be grown in these provinces capable of bearing a comparison with that of any other country, as it is impossible to surpass the fertility of the soil.

Wool is the product next in importance, which finds its way chiefly to Austria—the same may be said of tallow; however the exportation of these articles to France and England is on the increase, and would be still greater were it not for the continued military occupation of the country by Russia, and the obstacles that power is continually throwing in the way of the navigation of the mouth of the Danube, and thus endeavouring to cut off all communication with the Black Sea.

Hemp and linseed thrive everywhere, and are considered superior to the same articles purchased at Odessa. Honey and wax also form important articles of commerce; the latter is considered the finest in Europe, particularly that produced on the high lands of Moldavia,—it is very much prized by the Turks, who use it as a perfume. The tobacco, similar to the Hungarian, is usually bought up by the Greeks to be manufactured into cigars.

The greater part of the ox and goat hides find a sale in Austria, but those of sheep, being used by the peasants as clothing, are not likely to be a profitable speculation to the merchant, but he may purchase almost any quantity of hare and rabbit skins.

The exports in potass and soda are still inconsiderable, and cannot be had unless a contract is previously made. Should leeches, however, be desired by the trader, he can have them

in any quantity ; and cheese, of which there is various kinds, supplies the markets of the Levant. The culture of the vine is much neglected, still the wine made in Moldavia has a high character, and finds a ready sale at Odessa and all the Russian ports on the Black Sea.

When we take into consideration that the whole of these native products are exchanged for foreign merchandise, how lucrative must be the commerce !

Like every other people ignorant of any refined or intellectual enjoyments, the rich boyards and trading classes indulge in great extravagance of dress ; consequently the rich furs of Russia, the finest stuffs and muslins, embroideries of silver and gold, the most showy colours in satins, silks, velvets, and printed calicoes, find a ready sale, together with jewels, pearls, watches, and trinkets. The demand for fine woollen cloths and linen is also very great ; to which we may add iron wares, coffee, tea, sugar, and various other articles.

Since Russia assumed the Protectorate of these principalities, she has been gradually introducing her own vexatious systems of administration, and in many instances demoralization. To each district, as in Russia, she has appointed an *Ispravnick*—a superior magistrate, with numerous subalterns attached to his office, whose duty it is to keep the peace, enforce the orders of the executive, collect the taxes, and investigate matters relating to criminal and civil cases.

This would be all very well were it not for the oppression these petty tyrants exercise over the people : taking their cue from the employés in Russia, they resort to the same species of bribery and corruption to support a station not justified by the mediocre salary allowed them by the government.

The superior courts of justice are also placed on the same footing as those of Russia, and, as in them, every step made to advance the suit must be purchased by fees and bribes,

which not unfrequently ruins both litigants, or enables the man who can offer the judge the highest bribe to obtain a favourable verdict, no matter whether it is consonant with justice or not.

It is by this means that Russia demoralizes every people over whom she acquires an ascendancy, and she is enabled to carry out her nefarious schemes by the utter want of principle in too many of her civil and military officers, who are often nothing better than clever adventurers—mere mercenaries, without either honour or patriotism. When we visited these principalities, the Russian Consul Budberg, and his coadjutor, Halehinsky—the one a German, and the other a Pole, the faithful and long-tried agents of the Tzar, completely ruled these countries, Prince Stirbey, of Wallachia, and Prince Ghika, of Moldavia, retaining nothing more than the title of Hospodar.

The former owes his elevation to the rank of Hospodar to the revolution of 1848, when he succeeded his brother George. The family of the Stirbeys are by no means popular in Wallachia, not so much on account of their obscure origin, as their entire subserviency to the court of St. Petersburg, and the low intrigues through which they arrived at power.

The revolution of 1848 also proved the means of elevating the latter to the dignity of Hospodar, when he succeeded Michael Stourdza. The Ghikas, who trace their genealogy as far back as the ancient princes of Dacia, are highly popular. During the brief reign of the representative of this family, Gregory Ghika, he effected many important reforms, particularly by establishing schools, with the view of reviving the spirit of the ancient Roumaic-Dacian nationality, but he was constantly thwarted by the priests and the Russian party, who soon came to the conclusion, if the Dacian prince

were allowed to continue his work of regeneration, there would be an end of the influence both of the priest and the Tzar.

The whole of Wallachia, particularly in the vast plain extending from the banks of the Danube to the base of the Karpathians, is exceedingly fertile, and well adapted for the production of every species of grain and fruit found in such a latitude; the grape, which we find here and there adorning the sunny slopes of the hills, would produce an excellent wine, were the peasants better skilled in the art of making it. Whether it is owing to the insecure tenure upon which wealth is held in these countries, if a man be so fortunate as to acquire it, or to the indolence of the people, they do not trouble themselves to raise more of any crop than is requisite for their own use—that is to say, as much as will serve to realize a sufficient sum for the payment of the rent and taxes, which are not oppressive.

According to the late regulations of the government of these principalities, each head of a family surrenders a tenth of the produce in kind to the landed proprietor, in addition to which he is bound to give him twelve days' labour in the year, or pay him a sum of thirty-six piastres. For this consideration he is allowed to cultivate as much land as he feels disposed.

In some districts bordering on the Danube there are tracts of land as large as a German kingdom entirely devoted to grazing, without a single habitation, save the hut of the shepherd. In the vicinity of the mountains are to be found some of the finest forests in Europe of oak and beech, intermingled with the wild pear, the apple, and the cherry, the maple, the senna, and the yew, some of them of the most prodigious size, forming together a tangled mass, here overthrown by the tempest, there torn up by the rushing torrent, presenting

to the traveller a scene as solitary and wild as if he was wandering in some unknown region of Australia.

What a misfortune is it to Western Europe that two powers so opposed to the progress and enlightenment of the world as Russia and Turkey, should have acquired the dominion over this, as well as some of the finest countries in our hemisphere! What avails their fertility, their noble rivers, their seas and harbours, so long as they command them? If the insatiable ambition and scientific despotism of the one have steadily opposed the progress of civilization, the other has proved equally hostile by its indolent barbarism, its exclusiveness and fanaticism; hence these fair countries have been of little value to the enterprising and energetic inhabitants of the West, and the scanty population that now remain have become so debased from centuries of slavery, and so wanting in general intelligence, that before we can hope to derive any advantage from commercial intercourse with them, colonization must be resorted to as an indispensable necessity, and that from lands whose peoples have attained a high scale of civilization.

Some years ago, the Government of Moldo-Wallachia promulgated the *règlement organique*, allowing foreigners to become naturalized and purchase land, which undoubtedly offered strong temptations to strangers to settle in a country where land might be had at nearly the same price as in the back settlements of America. But what man from the civilized West would seek a home in a country of which Russia is a protector? or in Turkey, so long as her legislature persists in denying to a Christian political and social rights? It is, therefore, much to be hoped, in any arrangement that may be made, by the belligerents, the Western powers will see the expediency of placing the inhabitants of these countries at least in a position to be able to maintain their

independence. What the people themselves have long desired is, that the two principalities should be united under one of their native princes of the Ghika family; when they say that their numbers, union, and geographical positions, would enable them to form a barrier sufficiently formidable to repel any future aggression of Russia, at least till their suzerain the Sultan could send troops to their assistance. If this were done, it is more than probable that multitudes of industrious men, of every trade and calling, from the civilized West, would settle in countries offering so many advantages.

The traveller who confines his tour in Moldavia and Wallachia to a steamboat voyage down the Danube, and sees apparently an interminable plain, without a hillock or even a pebble to relieve the monotony of the view, can have no idea of the beautiful country that lies beyond it, shelving up in a succession of bold, picturesque hills to the highest summit of the Karpethian mountains, inhabited by a very different class of peasants from their unhappy brethren of the plain, so long the victims of tyranny and oppression.

Some years ago, on our homeward tour from the East, we passed through Upper Moldavia and the Buckowina; and, although the journey was made at the commencement of winter, when the trees had lost their foliage, and the snow lay thick on the hills and mountains, we could not but admire the romantic beauty of a country alternating in lake and river, forest, glen, defile, and mountain, with now and then a beautiful valley, offering the most admirable sites for towns and villages, and all the various industrial establishments of a civilized community.

As in Russia, the whole charge of posting to the place of destination is paid on starting, for which a written acknowledgment is given by the Ispravnik of the district to the traveller, and which also empowers him to press into his

service the horses of the first peasant he meets, should it be deemed necessary. He can likewise, by paying for it, secure the services of a relay of mounted pandours to guard him on his way, if he apprehends danger; and situated as this district of Moldavia is, on the frontier of Russia, and Austrian Transylvania, and the Buckowina, thereby affording every facility for the escape of a highway robber, the precaution is by no means superfluous.

The open Moldavian car we selected for our conveyance at least afforded the opportunity of seeing to advantage the surrounding country. Cold it was; but to a man whose veins were still fevered with the fire of Asia, this was rather agreeable than otherwise. Besides, we had purchased at Galatz a heap of well-tanned sheep-skins with the wool on, sufficiently warm to protect us from the effects of a Siberian winter.

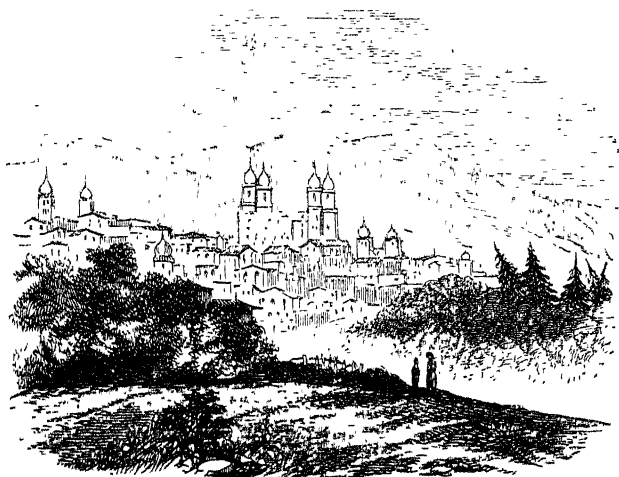
On leaving Galatz and the monotonous plains of the Danube, we entered a beautiful undulating country, which continued to improve as we approached Jassy, the capital of Moldavia; and few towns appear to greater advantage when seen at a distance than the once far-famed Jassiorum Municipium. The environs with their extensive gardens, have a most picturesque effect; while the town, being partly situated on a rising eminence, and partly lying in a pleasant valley, with its extensive suburbs scattered about on the surrounding heights, and mingling with the pretty forms of domes and spires, impress the traveller with the belief that he is about to enter a rich and populous city. But, alas! whatever Jassy might have been in the days of the ancient Romans, it is now reduced to the level of all the other wretched towns and cities we have seen in the Turkish empire.

The streets are still unpaved, except one or two of the principal ones, and these are merely boarded. Still a wooden

pavement, if kept in good repair, possesses some advantages: carriages roll over it with great rapidity, and it certainly adds very much to the comfort of an invalid; but here, a channel of dirty water runs underneath, that is never cleansed except by a shower of rain, and consequently proves very deleterious to the health of the inhabitants; for the air is poisoned by a miasma which generates those low fevers and agues that prevail in Jassy, Bucharest, and, indeed, all the large towns, in a greater or less degree, throughout the year. There are, however, some signs of improvement at Jassy, since we see here and there an elegant mansion recently erected, and others in the hands of the builder. We can also admire the pretty palace of the reigning prince, and that belonging to the real sovereign, the Russian Consul; but as these stately structures are in juxtaposition with the hut of a tallow-chandler, or that of a dealer in old clothes, the incongruous picture reminds the beholder that he sees civilization struggling with barbarism, which is the real character of all these countries, and their towns and cities, on the Lower Danube, so long devastated by wars between the horde of Othman and the horde of Muscovy. It is, however, in contemplation (!) to pave the town; and roads are actually being made in the environs, which are intended to form a network throughout the entire principality. Then the little army, officered by Russians, and drilled according to the most approved system of that great disciplinarian, the Tzar of all the Russias, reminds the traveller that they are only waiting to be joined by their companions in arms at a more convenient season.

Altogether, Jassy offers but little to interest a stranger beyond a glance at its motley inhabitants. There are Boyards and Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Slavonians, and Jews, to be seen, all adhering as strictly to their own language and

peculiar costume, as if their very existence depended upon the cut and form of their garments. Each of these nationalities



JASSY.

also occupies a separate district in the town. The Jews are so numerous as to form about a third of the whole population, rather good-looking than otherwise, more especially the women, whose appearance was much improved by their half oriental dress. The velvet tiara, set with pearls and precious stones, is said to be of the same form as that worn by the court beauties in the days of King Solomon; which proves that the fair daughters of Israel in those days were so far coquettish as to invent a mode of head-dress well adapted to their peculiar style of beauty, as it certainly makes a pretty face look still more captivating; and I was assured by my Jew banker, whose guest I was during my

stay at Jassy, that one of these head-dresses is not unfrequently worth five hundred pounds sterling, and descends as an heir-loom in the family. Nay, added my informant, it is not improbable that one of these costly coronets was made by the court jeweller of the wisest of monarchs! In addition to this, they wear on state occasions, such as a marriage feast, &c., a gold lace stomacher, also set with pearls and precious stones; to say nothing of necklaces, bracelets, and rings.

These poor people, the Jews, to whose industry and enterprise as merchants, traders, and shopkeepers, the state is indebted for a great part of its revenue, and the country for whatever little commerce still remains, occasionally suffer severely from the fanaticism of the inhabitants, who are credulous enough to believe the most absurd reports that can be conceived; and nothing is too wicked, no crime too revolting, to be attributed to the descendants of the people who crucified the Saviour. Still, the Jews of these countries, however averse they are in general to fighting, do not submit to be led like sheep to the slaughter; they are always prepared, if necessary, to repel force by force. Unhappily, these contests with the Christians of the Greek Church, both here and in Russia, are too frequent and sanguinary; and, singular enough, their rallying cry, *Gewalt! Gewalt!* is in the German language; and when this is heard, the whole Hebrew population, men, women, and children, arm themselves with some weapon of defence, and rush to the scene of action.

On leaving Jassy, the frost having set in with increased severity, we rolled onward with great rapidity, as if our postilion was running a race against time; and although the horses were small, they went at the rate of fifteen wersts an hour. While we remained within a few miles of the town, cultivated fields, villages and hamlets, neat gardens and vine-

yards, alternately met the view; but these pleasing objects once past, there was the same want of population we before observed, and the country increased in solitary wildness when we entered the mountain district.

At one time our route lay through a dense forest, then along the banks of a charming lake; now we wound round a steep precipice, then plunged into a dark and dismal abyss, to emerge into a beautiful valley, watered with the meandering stream or rushing torrent, given by the bountiful hand of nature to fertilize the soil.

What might not be done here, if this highly favoured country were occupied by a colony of our scientific husbandmen from Western Europe! Every one of these sunny-slopes would then be laid out in vineyards; the valley, in corn-fields, pastures, and meadows; and the hills and mountains stripped of their impenetrable forests, to make way for numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Still, the desolate aspect of the country does not prevent many a Boyard from adding considerably to his revenue by the sale of leeches, which are found in some of the rivers and marshes of this mountain district.

Hitherto our journey had been most prosperous, till arriving at the vast forest that separates Moldavia from the Buckowina, we were overtaken by one of those sudden snow storms so fatal to the traveller in this wild inhospitable district. Happily our postilion, prognosticating from the lowering aspect of the heavens the danger that threatened us, galloped madly forward to a ruined chalet, the usual resting-place of such caravans as journey in this direction.

On arriving at our place of refuge, we found it to be a miserable wooden hut, surrounded by a dilapidated paling, filled with travellers, their packs, horses, and a flock of sheep; and as continuing our route to Boyana, the next post-station,

was completely out of the question, we made preparations to pass the night. Our poor horses being badly off for shelter, our first care was to repair the shed with a quantity of loose timber, in which operation we were aided by the snow when making a roof, for it froze as fast as it fell.

With respect to provender for man and beast, we had taken good care to provide an ample supply in case of an accident, and as the other travellers felt inclined to be merry, a fat sheep was selected and roasted for the occasion; we were moreover favoured by a change in the weather, for the night became clear and bright, though it still continued to freeze hard.

The reader must now suppose we had supped, and smoked the *tchibouque*, but, before retiring to rest, we took precautions, lest any stray wolf should pay us a visit during the night,—and to guard against this mishap, it was determined that our whole party should in turn mount guard, and replenish the blazing fire we had made in the centre of the enclosure, intended for the twofold purpose of keeping our cattle warm, and scaring away any dangerous intruder.

Things went on very well till about the middle of the night, when we were awoke from the land of dreams by the discharge of fire-arms, and, lo! our young *pandour* rushed into the hut, exclaiming he had fired at a wolf and wounded him, and that the animal fled howling back to the forest.

“Rash, foolish boy!” cried one of our fellow-travellers, jumping up from his lair of sheep-skins, “we shall have the whole hungry pack down upon us in less than half an hour, for they will devour him, and then track his blood to the place where he was wounded.” Unfortunately for our slumbers the old man was right, and now we had to make preparations as quickly as possible for the encounter.

We have already said that our night-quarters was a

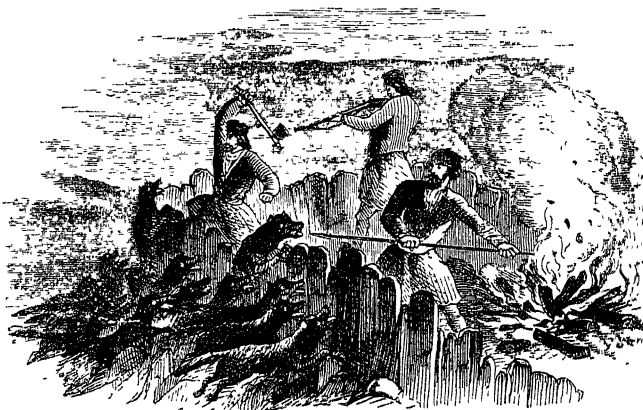
miserable hut, a few feet from the ground; consequently our first object was to barricade it with pieces of wood, so as to render it, in case of need, sufficiently strong to resist any attack that might be made upon it by the wolves; but our poor horses and the flock of sheep in the open shed were exposed to certain destruction, and our next care was to take measures for their defence.

On inspecting our fortress, we found several breaches had been made in the paling of the enclosure; these we filled up with piles of wood, and then placed our little garrison as sentinels at different points, to beat back our enemies should they attempt to climb over the enclosure. Our party consisted of seven; a butcher and his help, the owner of the flock of sheep, from Tchernowitz; two caravan drivers with their packs of wool, on their way to Jassy; the postilion, the pandour, and ourselves. As to weapons of defence, our fellow-travellers had none other than the long knife and light hatchet they carried in their belt; this we remedied by converting pieces of wood into ponderous clubs. As for the pandour and ourselves, we were armed to the teeth, with plenty of ammunition at hand if necessary.

Half-an-hour or more had probably elapsed, when we first perceived the enemy, in greater force than we considered agreeable, stealthily marching around the glare of the immense fire we kept blazing in the centre of the enclosure, as if debating whether it would be prudent to cross the gleaming boundary.

At length a powerful fellow made his appearance, probably the commander-in-chief, who, after reconnoitering our position, being no doubt strongly tempted by bleating sheep and neighing horses—the unerring instinct of the poor animals telling them that danger was near—dashed boldly forward, followed by the whole pack, and with a bound attempted to

clear the paling. Stout hearts and strong clubs, however, soon drove them back, laying many sprawling on the ground: we reserved our fire, in obedience to the advice of our captain, the old shepherd, who recommended us not to use our fire-arms unless an opportunity should be afforded of inflicting certain death, in order that none might escape again to the forest, and bring back a reinforcement.



NOCTURNAL BATTLE WITH WOLVES.

Our ferocious assailants, not liking the blows from our clubs, retreated, and apparently, after holding a consultation, it was resolved to attack the enclosure in different directions, and in some places where it was weak two or three succeeded in climbing over the fence, when they were instantly dispatched by our fire-arms and the long knives and hatchets of our fellow combatants, when we hurled them over the fence

to be devoured by their famishing comrades beneath. The fate of our first invaders, however, did not deter others from following their example, and in the morning we counted the skeletons of eight or nine who had become the victims of their temerity.

Happily the dawn of day caused our unwelcome visitors to return to their woods, leaving us at liberty to pursue our journey, and with mutual congratulations for our providential escape our party separated. The day was fine, the snow as hard as a bed of ice, and after a drive of a couple of hours we came to the long-wished-for Boyana.

The Austrian Buckowina is here separated from Moldavia by a deep narrow river, across which is thrown a wooden bridge, terminating in a ponderous gate, upon which is blazoned the imperial eagle, with two necks; and if a stranger were to judge of the reception he was likely to meet with from the ferocious countenance of the royal bird that here protects the frontier, he would pause before he ventured to enter a territory so fiercely guarded. After passing the ordeal of the passport-bureau, the custom-house, and the necessary fumigation that every traveller is obliged to undergo who arrives in Austria from the land of the infidel, we were allowed to dispose of ourselves as we pleased, and the nocturnal combat with the wolves having by this time become known through the loquacity of our postilion and pandour, we were invited to dine with the officers of the detachment quartered here, among whom we had the pleasure of finding a countryman, Lieutenant Isaacson.

Our route from Boyana lay for the most part through the valley of the Pruth. The road on entering the Buckowina is one of the best that could be found in any country; and in a few hours we arrived at the capital, Tchernowitz, to us a perfect oasis in the waste, so long had we been accustomed

to the narrow streets with their wooden huts in Turkey, and the equally straggling ill-planned towns of South Russia.

In truth, we do not often find a prettier town than Tchernowitz;—the buildings are nearly all of recent erection, the streets are just the right breadth, and as most of the houses have a little garden and vineyard attached to them, this appendage must impart during summer a delightfully rural character to the town. The situation also is much in its favour, being prettily placed on a rising hill overhanging the Pruth, surrounded by agricultural fields and high lands well covered with wood. In addition to all these advantages, German cleanliness is everywhere the presiding deity; and seeing all this, and comparing it with what we had seen in Russia and Turkey, we could not help wishing most heartily that the Teutonic races were more inclined to conquest, for wherever they penetrate, whether as conquerors or colonists, they carry improvement with them, by introducing industry, cleanliness, and order.

Previous to the year 1777 the Buckowina formed part of the principality of Moldavia, since which time it has been incorporated with the kingdom of Galicia. The inhabitants, with the exception of a few hundred German colonists, are the same race as those of Moldo-Wallachia, speak a dialect of the same language, and are quite as primitive in their habits and manners. Still, even among these, the reclaiming hand of the German ruler is everywhere visible in the neatness of their villages, and the tidiness you perceive about their huts and agricultural fields.

Taken altogether, the Buckowina, broken up as it is into valleys and hills, rising in a gradual elevation to Mount Lue-zina, one of the highest summits of the Karpathians, is a very charming province. The soil is in general fertile, and many of the sunny slopes produce a very tolerable wine; but the

country is still very thinly populated, and many of the districts in the interior remain in a state of nature. In addition to the fertility of the soil, the Buckowinian mountains are rich in minerals; the silver and lead mines at Kirli-baba, and also the copper mines of Passoritzza, are said to be extremely productive.

CHAPTER XI.

Steam-boat voyage from Galatz to Constantinople—The Delta of the Danube—Cossack bivouac—Insalubrity of the Delta—Observations upon the Navigation of the Black Sea—Varna—Sizopolis—Thracian Bosphorus—Annual diminution of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azow—Causes—Buyukderé—Therapia—A coast view of Constantinople.

AFTER this slight sketch of Upper Moldavia and the Karpáthian districts of the Buckowina, we shall return to Galatz, and, in a steam-boat voyage, convey the reader with us to Constantinople.

On arriving at the Pruth, which forms the boundary between Besserabia and Moldavia, we perceive the little town of Reni; here the Russian dominions commence; a little lower down is Kartal, nearly opposite the Turkish fortress Isaktscha—a fatal spot in the annals of the Turkish wars, for it was here the Russians were accustomed to cross the Danube when they had decided upon carrying fire and sword into the land of the infidel.

On passing the great lake of Julburg, we catch a glimpse of the ill-fated Ismail, the scene of a most brilliant feat of arms of General Suwarrow. It is much to be regretted that the brave but barbarous Cossack sullied his laurels by one of the most cruel massacres of an unoffending population on record.

Previous to this wholesale destruction, Ismail ranked among the most beautiful and commercial towns in the East of Europe, adorned with elegant palaces, charming gardens,

and mosques, and containing a population of 30,000. On passing the ruins of Ismail the Delta of the Danube commences, where there is nothing to be seen save a wide-spread wilderness; a connecting line of Cossack guard-houses alone relieving its monotony.



COSSACK GUARD-HOUSE.

What a melancholy fate is reserved for these poor victims to the military despotism of Russia, exposed as they are to the miasma of one of the most unhealthy districts in Europe, besides being constantly tormented with clouds of mosquitoes and other poisonous insects! The smoke from the immense fires they keep here and there burning might relieve them from this enemy; but it was easy to perceive in the swollen countenances of those who approached our steamer, when we stopped at one of their little military stations for a few

minutes, that the poisoned air had already destroyed their health, never to be completely regained during life.

We were ourselves sufficiently annoyed by the mosquitoes and hornet flies; but as we rushed forward with the aid of steam, and a current running at the rate of 20,000 feet an hour, this was the only inconvenience we suffered; and it was with no little satisfaction we hailed the distant prospect of the Black Sea, if for nothing else than a deliverance from our insect tormentors.

As usual we were hailed at the mouth of the Danube by a Russian officer of the quarantine establishment, who, finding our papers perfectly correct, allowed us to pass the Russian guard-house, and without any further molestation we entered the Black Sea.

This vast expanse of water, now become of the most vital importance to the whole commercial and political world, is about 203 leagues in length, and its greatest breadth on the meridian of 31° East, 110 leagues. The Turks call it *Karadenghis*; and the Russians, *Tchernemor* (Black Sea). This appellation was given to it by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in consequence of the frequent occurrence of thick black fogs, caused by the surrounding mountains intercepting the vapours when they arise from its surface. Owing to the prodigious quantity of fresh water poured into it from its numerous tributaries, the water is brackish rather than salt; hence it freezes with a moderate degree of cold, and in severe winters the whole of the northern coast, more particularly near *Odessa*, presents a vast field of ice.

The navigation of the Black Sea, especially during the early months of summer, is attended with some inconvenience to small sailing vessels, on account of its being continually fed by some of the largest rivers in Europe, which produce violent currents; that caused by the Danube was

now most observable, our steamer being hurried forward with extreme velocity; while the noble stream which had so long borne us continued to preserve its yellow turbid character for an immense distance, as it rolled through the clear dark blue waters of the sea. The dangers of these currents to an ill-built vessel are still further increased when they are met by an opposing wind, which produces an angry, short chopping sea.

It may also be observed, that when a vessel during a strong gale is unable to lie-to, or obliged to run before the wind, or, through the ignorance of a commander finds it impossible to make a port, she is in considerable danger of being wrecked; for though the sea itself presents no object to jeopardize her safety—there being neither shoals, rocks, nor islands, with the exception of Serpents' Island, near Odessa—yet the high rocky shore, particularly on the coast of the Crimea and Circassia, offers an aspect full of peril. The lofty heights of the Caucasian Alps also form another source of danger to the mariner, by attracting thunder-storms, which occasionally rage here with the utmost violence; often when there is no presage of their approach, as we found to our cost during three separate voyages we made to that perilous coast—having each time very narrowly escaped shipwreck.

Our steamer remained about an hour at Varna, so well known for the gallant defence made by its garrison during the Turkish war in 1828-29, and also for the treachery of its governor Useff Pacha, who delivered it up to the Russians for a stipulated sum; and although the traitor was condemned to death by the laws of his country, the poor Sultan, at the command of the Tzar Nicholas, was forced not only to pardon, but invest him with the pachalik of Belgrade:—so much for Russian morality and Turkish independence!

On leaving Varna, the coast of the Black Sea became highly interesting. The great ridge of the Balkan mountains was already distinctly developed on the distant horizon; and the shelving hills, diversified by valleys, forests, bays, and promontories, formed a variety of the most beautiful landscapes.

We next passed Burgaz and Sizopoli, the ancient Apollonia. This town has a most commodious harbour; and being the only one that really offers a safe and convenient anchorage on the whole line of coast from the mouth of the Danube to the Bosphorus, any other people than the Turks would have rendered it long ago a rendezvous for their naval force in this part of the Black Sea. It is situated on a small peninsula, and, judging from the ruins of a wall, was at one time fortified. Varna, it is true, from being built at the confluence of several small rivers, or rather an extensive marsh, has decidedly an advantageous position, and, if properly fortified and well defended, might prove a strong bulwark against an invasion of the Russians; but the bay does not offer a safe anchorage for large vessels.

At Sizopoli we became distinctly sensible of the current of the Bosphorus, which is computed to run at the rate of four miles an hour; and as its course is from the north to the south, it materially facilitates an invasion of Constantinople by Russia, should she at any time choose to take advantage of wind and current; the temptation is still greater when we remember that its whole length does not exceed twenty English miles, and might be traversed in little more than an hour by a fleet of steam-boats.

The current continued to increase in force on passing Ignada; and at length we entered this far-famed strait. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion on viewing this breach in the Thracian mountains, than that it was formed by some dreadful convulsion of nature. Indeed,

traces of the volcanic action are still visible that rent them, and formed the channel through which the waters of the Black Sea were conducted into the Mediterranean, inundating Thrace, and thus forming the islands of the Grecian Archipelago—whose forms, rising abruptly towards the south and sloping to the north, sufficiently attest the powerful action of an invading flood from that quarter. Without altogether relying upon the equivocal legends of the Argonauts—who tell us that their chief, Orpheus, actually sailed from the Euxine to the Baltic, being then one vast ocean—Diodorus Siculus mentions that even in his day the tradition of the inundation was preserved by the inhabitants of Thrace and the islands of the Archipelago. Again, we have only to look at the rivers that empty their waters into the Black Sea, to feel convinced that they are annually diminishing in volume. That the Mediterranean is considerably lower than the Black Sea, is a matter of fact proved by the prodigious mass of water that is continually flowing into it through the Thracian Bosphorus.

We have abundant proofs of the extraordinary changes that have taken place in the physical conformation of all those countries in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea and the Baltic, and which still continue, since that great irruption. Before this time the Crimea was an island; even now the waters of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azow annually experience a certain diminution, particularly the latter, since we find ships that only a few years ago sailed to Taganrog and the mouths of the Don, are now unable to approach either one or the other. This is more particularly observable during the prevalence of east winds, when the waters retire, leaving a passage of dry land to a distance of nearly eight leagues, which the inhabitants of Taganrog take advantage of, and pass over to the opposite coast.

With these facts before us, which every traveller can witness who visits these countries as we have done, perhaps it would not be hazarding a vain conjecture to admit the possibility, that at some future period both the Black Sea and the Sea of Azow will become successively a series of marsh lands, and finally fit for cultivation.

On the other hand, if the waters of these seas were ever again to rise to their former level, and of which we see traces in the strata of marine shells found in these countries, particularly in Besserabia, the Crimea, on the Lower Danube, Poland, and great part of South Russia, we should then behold the Black Sea united with the Baltic.

A similar stratum as that which extends from the Black Sea and the Sea of Azow to the Baltic, may be distinctly traced to the Caspian Sea and the Lake of Aral, and throughout the whole of the vast plain of Eastern Tartary; hence we may conclude that this immense district was at one time an ocean.

Let a traveller come from whatever country he may, east, west, north, or south, and he is bewildered with admiration the moment he first sees the Thracian Bosphorus and its enchanting scenery. There is an airiness, a lightness, and a gaiety in every object he beholds, whether it be the fairy-like palace, and the kiosk on its banks, or the light caik that skims the water. He has also the swelling dome of the mosque, and its slender white minaret, in their most graceful forms, here rising up in the midst of hanging gardens, blooming with fruit-trees, olives, and vineyards; and there mingling with the dark groves of the plane-tree and cypress. In short, neither artist nor writer can do justice to the witchery of the smiling banks of the Thracian Bosphorus; it is, in fact, a panorama of Oriental pomp and fairy scenery, which must be seen to be appreciated; and, by attempting to give a picture of one part, we are unjust to the whole

We will, therefore, give a slight description of its most striking points as we pass onward.

The first objects that strike the traveller on entering the Bosphorus are the white-washed castles of Europe and Asia, more remarkable as monuments of antiquity than formidable as forts to repel an enemy. They, however, serve as light-houses to the mariner, and embellish by their majestic forms the beautiful landscape.

A little further on we come to the pretty painted houses of Buyukderé, extending for nearly two miles along the water's edge, overhung by verdant hills, flower gardens, and shady walks. Nor was the Asiatic side less picturesque and imposing, presenting a fine range of hills, covered with every description of tree and shrub that could lend their aid in imparting romantic beauty to the landscape; and if it was less thickly inhabited, each pretty kiosk being surrounded by its own park-like grounds, the scene, was thereby rendered more charming and picturesque.

Buyukderé is well known as the country retreat of most of the foreign ambassadors and wealthy Franks of Constantinople; and being entirely inhabited by Christians, their taste and wealth have contributed to embellish it by a combination of European and Oriental elegance, visible in the style of the buildings and well laid out grounds, which render it a delightful residence.

Therapia, which has also been selected as the abode of ambassadors and wealthy Frank merchants, is equally charming to the eye of the spectator, as a picture of united European and Asiatic luxury, with its gaily painted houses, here encircling the creek, and there rising up into an amphitheatre of terraces, the whole embosomed in the rich foliage of a thousand varied trees and shrubs. At every angle the prospect changed; each moment, as our vessel moved onward,

new beauties were developed in the landscape, or something novel in the architecture of the numerous kiosks that met the view, all so light and airy that it seemed a blast of wind would be sufficient to hurl them into the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus. Nor are the inhabitants of this fairy strait less amusing and interesting to the stranger, who sees them for the first time in their Oriental costume, and with true Oriental listlessness, here seated under the cool shade of a verandah smoking the eternal *tchibouque*, there languidly and silently sauntering about their garden, as if they were equal strangers both to occupation and amusement. Sometimes, indeed, the monotony is relieved by some gilded *caik* darting to and fro, but he may be nearly certain it contains a restless Frank.

About a mile beyond Therapia we came to the ancient Pithicus, opposite the Gulf of Amycus, marked by a deep, verdant valley, and adorned with an avenue of magnificent beech-trees. This is one of the most delightful spots in the environs of Constantinople, and none more visited by the inhabitants.

We next passed the little bay, Balta-Leman, famous for being the spot where Mahomet, the conqueror of Constantinople, constructed the bridge of boats which enabled him to cross the strait when he besieged that city. This is the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, supposed also to be the place where Darius the Mede throw over his bridge of boats when in pursuit of the flying Scythians. In modern days it has been no less celebrated as the watery grave of many an unhappy victim to Eastern tyranny.

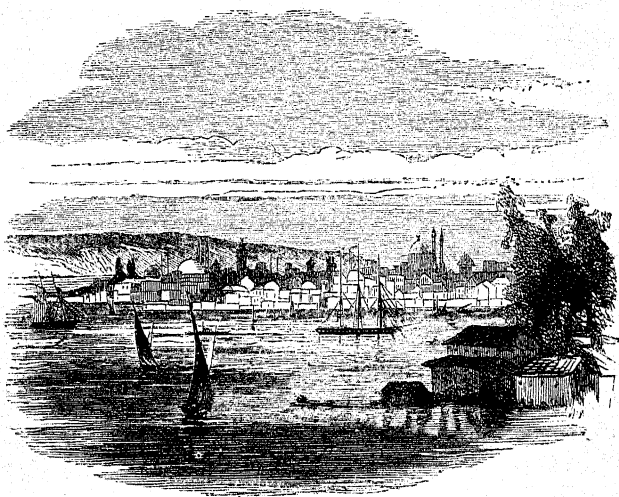
Still, however much we may admire the ever-changing panorama of the Thracian Bosphorus, its beauties fade into insignificance when, on doubling the Dolma Baghtché, the view first bursts upon the traveller of the crescent-crowned

city of the Sultan, mirrored in the clear blue waters of the Golden Horn. Having contemplated with feelings of the warmest admiration this most picturesque of all cities,—having glanced from palace to seraglio, from mosque and minaret to chiosk and brightly painted summer villas, from cypress, plane, and vine-clad hills to the mysterious recesses of Scutari's interminable cemetery, the romantic acclivities of Bulgurlu, and the blue mountains of Asia Minor,—we reluctantly stepped into a light caulk, and, darting rapidly across the Golden Horn, arrived at Galata.

Alas ! how we regretted that we could not have remained in a blissful trance, dreaming of its beauties ; for, on landing at Galata, the spell was broken ; we found the promises of a splendid Oriental city altogether unfulfilled ; and whoever would paint the horrors of semi-barbarism in their most vivid colours, has only to seek for his pictures in the streets of Constantinople.

To arrive at Pera, our place of destination, we had to wade through the narrow unpaved streets of Galata, covered with every imaginable description of filth and dirt ; and, if this was not bad enough, the whole canine population—thousands of half-starved, mangy, wolf-like curs—followed, barking and snapping at our heels, as if they meant to devour us ; for as these wretched animals are considered by the Turks as unclean, they are left to wander through the streets, their only sustenance being the offal they can find, and even this is disputed by those other scavengers of the city, the vultures.

At length, after passing through the Turkish *Père-la-Chaise*, a dense grove of gloomy cypresses, crowded with tomb-stones, we entered Pera, one of the cleanest and best built of all the suburbs of Constantinople, and took up our residence at our old quarters, the pensionat of M. Guisepino, in the *Strada Santa Maria*.



CONSTANTINOPLE

CHAPTER XII.

Islamism as a creed—Its effects upon the civilization of a people—Population of the Turkish Empire—Christians and Mahometans—Difficulty of settling the Turkish question—Expediency of concessions to the Christians—Primitive Christians in Turkey—Probable conversion of the Turks through their agency—Anticipation of what the present War may effect in Turkey.

It is scarcely necessary to state, what is already well known to the Eastern traveller, that neither the Turks nor any other Mahometan people are or ever can be progressive. The City of the Sultan, the fair Stamboul, has very little improved in appearance since we first visited it in 1836; neither have its

inhabitants made any striking advances in civilization. Yet within the same space of time, nearly the whole of the capital cities of Christendom, even in countries notorious for the maladministration of their government, have increased in size and beauty, and in some instances the number of their inhabitants has doubled. Indeed, all that we said of the metropolis of the Crescent in 1836 might be reprinted in 1854, so little changed are the people, their manners, customs, or character.

Every nation has its peculiar features and tendencies, the result of its moral, social, and religious institutions; and, without entertaining any prejudice against the creed of Islamism, we must express the belief that the most energetic people that ever existed could not resist its paralysing influence. It may be suited to man in a certain state of civilization; and perhaps none succeeds better in uniting its different members into one collective body, promising as it does happiness, liberty, and equality, in this world, and in the next all the enjoyments the imagination of man can invent. But when the Mahometan becomes enlightened by intercourse with men higher in the scale of civilization than himself, the film falls from his eyes, he reasons, doubts, and generally ends by becoming an infidel to his faith, and difficult to convert to any other creed.

Again, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the Mahometan creed, interwoven as it is with all the habits, manners, customs, and legislation of the people, so exclusive in its doctrines, so opposed to innovation, it must ever prove an insurmountable barrier to any Mahometan community becoming highly civilized, great, and powerful. They may attain a certain point in intellectual progress, but further they cannot go. We have, it is true, examples of the baneful effects that even a Christian creed can exercise over the

industry and energy of a people in our own Western Europe, when its spirit is opposed to the advancement of man in knowledge and intelligence; but how much stronger is the depressing influence of the Mahometan faith, which insists that the Koran shall be the sole infallible guide and rule of conduct for the government in its legislation. It cannot be denied that since the foundation of Islamism, we have beheld various dynasties professing its tenets attain a very considerable degree of prosperity, power and influence: none of them, however, have endured any length of time, founded on a system so entirely opposed to the real welfare and civilization of the human race; like fabrics built on sand, they rose but to fall again. Not many years ago, the Ottoman empire was a first-rate power; it is now the weakest among the States of Europe. And how could it be otherwise?—while the children of the Cross by their industry and intelligence have been adding knowledge to knowledge, discovery to discovery, improvement to improvement, the followers of the Crescent remained stationary—and stationary they will remain so long as they adhere to a creed which, in addition to the mass of absurdities it inculcates, tends more than any other to debase man as an intellectual being—the doctrine of fatalism alone being sufficient to prostrate all mental energy.

That the passing traveller should be induced to think favourably of Islamism is very natural; for what can be more impressive than the solemn call of the muezzin from the top of the minaret to prayer, or anything more sublime in devotion than that exhibited by the pious Mahometan when he prostrates himself in prayer to his Creator? He sees nothing, he hears nothing, the world and all its cares and joys are for the time forgotten. All this we respect and admire; our only regret is that so much fervent devotion is not the offspring

of a purer faith than one which fosters sensuality, exclusiveness, and a resolution to reject every improvement that emanates from the Christian—from the professor of a creed he despises. Islamism, we repeat, has been the bane, nay, the ruin of all the fair countries over which its followers have extended their rule ; in their ruthless career they have destroyed all the glorious monuments of ancient art, and in the present day, unless an entire reform takes place in the system of administration in Turkey, the dynasty of Othman, like those of the other great Mahometan conquerors of the East, will pass away from among the nations, without leaving any monument of their existence save the mosque and the minaret.

Happily a disbelief in the divine origin of the Koran has been rapidly gaining ground among the Turks of late years ; nay, it is whispered in certain circles, that the Sultan would not be altogether indisposed to a change in religion, that would bring himself and his people more in harmony and connexion with the Christian powers of Western Europe. How devoutly must this be wished by every man who has sojourned even for a short time among the followers of Islamism ! May its fall be as rapid as its rise ; and if we regard the events that are now taking place, we must feel convinced that a more than mortal will is guiding the destinies of the East ; and though we heartily sympathise with the Turks, we cannot but think that their present quarrel with Russia may prove the means, by bringing them into contact with the civilization of the West, of dispelling their ignorant fanaticism, and elevating them and their country to the position nature intended them to occupy. We have abundant proofs, in the intrepidity they have lately displayed in face of their enemy, under the command of a chief who possesses their confidence, that they have lost nothing of the fiery valour of

their ancestors; and if a people, who, to constancy of purpose and energy of character, add many social virtues, could be won over to adopt the humanizing truths of Christianity, we should then have an indefatigable ally to assist us in the regeneration of the benighted children of Asia; we should then see the light of civilization again dawning upon some of the fairest portions of our hemisphere; new channels opened for commerce, and a general amelioration in the institutions, manners, and morals of millions of the human race.

Anticipations such as these, of what may be hid in futurity, must not however lead us from our subject; for the horizon is too dark and lowering—the eventualities too complicated and embarrassing to hope for anything like an ordinary solution of the difficulties that now surround this long agitated question. That the hour is come when the Crescent must wane beneath the Cross—at least in Europe—we think no man at all acquainted with the state of the Turkish empire can deny; but whether the blow is to come from the autocrat of all the Russias, or the Christian subjects of the Sultan, or both together, who shall decide?

In a word, the question must now be definitively settled for though the Turks may defend themselves for a time, they have neither resources nor population to support a lengthened contest, against either one or the other, unless they are supported by the Western powers. But even should victory crown their united efforts, how shall we ever hope for permanent tranquillity, with the glaring anomaly of a Mahometa sovereign ruling over so many millions of Christians far more advanced in intelligence, far more numerous, industrious and energetic than those who govern them? This constitutes, in fact, the great difficulty of finding a solution to the question: “What is to be done with Turkey?” a difficulty which

might have been long since arranged, if it had not been for rival interests, and the expediency of preserving what diplomatists are pleased to call the balance of power. In the meantime, these poor Christians have been prevented from enjoying the blessings which civilization has conferred upon every other Christian community in Europe—at least so far as regards their political and civil rights, and who, if they had been left unfettered,—if they had not been coerced on one side by Russia, whose object was, not their emancipation, but the extension of her own dominion, and menaced on the other by the Western powers, who had determined to preserve at any price the *status quo* of Turkish rule, would long since have driven their Mahometan ruler into Asia.

The Turks have all our good wishes for success in their quarrel with Russia, but we must not forget the sympathy due to the poor rayah, who is in fact the greatest sufferer. Human nature is the same here as elsewhere, and how galling must it be to the man of lofty intellect, professing the Christian faith, who has a Mahometan sovereign for his ruler, when he reflects that he is the victim of a barbarous system of administration which excludes him from every hope of distinction; dooms him to a life of political and civil slavery; without present aim or future honour; that says to him in its code of laws, Thou art a Rayah, and a Rayah thou shalt die!

Can it be doubted that the day is now rapidly approaching when this long-oppressed religious sect in Turkey, will assert their rights by force of arms?

Up to the present time the Ottoman government, with the best intentions, have been labouring to enforce impracticable reforms, in a country where the majority of the inhabitants are Christians; the code of laws the Koran; and the ruling power Mahometan. The consequence is, that on one

side the Rayah complains, and not without justice, that his life and property are too often at the mercy of some low, ignorant Turk in power. On the other, the fanatic Mahometan opposed to reform, calls his sultan a Giaour for having invaded the privileges of his sect, flies to arms, and wreaks his vengeance on the defenceless Rayah ; thus adding increased rancour, if that were possible, to the deadly hatred already existing between the members of each opposing creed.

We must not therefore be led away from the question by party writers, who extol the improved institutions, the tolerant spirit of the Turks, and who would place the sultan in the first rank of princely reformers. We grant the sultan to be a most amiable, well-intentioned sovereign, and his government far in advance of the people, but they cannot hope for many years yet to come, to remedy the misrule of centuries ; neither can we, politically speaking, now that the crisis is actually come, leave the settlement of a question, so fraught with danger to our own interests and the peace of the world, to the chapter of accidents.

Several plans have been proposed to meet this difficulty ; some recommend the partition of European Turkey, others the erection of a Greek empire, with Constantinople for its capital. With respect to the first, it would be but a second division of Poland ; and like it, would give rise to innumerable disputes and endless wars and revolutions. The second the dream of a few classical students and Greek enthusiasts would be equally unlikely to succeed : that nationality has been already elevated into an independent kingdom, and so far from showing any aptitude for governing, their system of administration, is notoriously vicious and corrupt. Besides they are the least numerous of all the nationalities in European Turkey, and thoroughly disliked by all the rest ; neither is it probable that Great Britain, after the return the

modern Greeks have made her for the blood and treasure she expended in their behalf, will lend her assistance to support their power and influence.

Again, it is not likely under any circumstances, that a brave, warlike people like the Turks, would resign their empire without a tremendous struggle. Under this impression, it appears to us there is only one alternative that affords any prospect of succeeding, and to which we formerly alluded; it would satisfy the self-love of the Turks, and deprive any future Tzar of Russia of a pretence to interfere with the administration of the Turkish government. Let Turkey in Europe be transformed into a Federal union of States, with the Sultan as Suzerain instead of autocrat. Each separate state might then govern itself in the same manner as the free Principalities of Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, paying a tribute to the central power, and, in the event of war, engaging to furnish a specified contingent. The sultan would then fill the position he was best qualified to occupy—the chief of the army, and the head of the council.

There are altogether about 27,000,000 of inhabitants in the Turkish empire; 15,000,000 of these—if we include those scattered in different parts of Asia—are Christians of the Oriental Church; with the exception of about half a million Roman Catholics, the remaining 11 or 12,000,000 are Mahometans, from whom we may subtract at least half a million or more Armenians, Jews, and Gypsies. In estimating the strength of the two opposing parties, if the Mahometans are more closely united by creed, and for the most part trained to arms, the Christians have the advantage of numbers; and are more concentrated, occupying as they do nearly the whole of European Turkey, and also the strongest positions, to enable them to carry on a protracted

war. Of these, there are about 7,000,000 of Bulgarians and Servians, all Slavonians, members of the Oriental Church, except a fraction in Turkish Croatia, who adhere to the Roman Catholic. This people, who have the Danube, the Save, the Adriatic, the Black Sea, and the mountains of Albania, Macedonia and Thrace as a boundary, may be considered, owing to the labours of the panslavistic agents of Russia, as one nationality. Altogether they would form a most compact, respectable kingdom ; and that they are not deficient in the necessary administrative qualities, we have an example in the flourishing principality of modern Servia ; a government which has done more to regenerate its people, by founding seminaries, establishing schools, constructing roads, bridges, public buildings, and encouraging commerce, agriculture, and industry, during the few years of its existence, than their indolent masters the Turks had done since the commencement of their rule. Still there is a serious hindrance to the complete union of this nationality in the 6 or 700,000 Mahometans settled in Bosnia, and Herzegowina ; however, as they are all of the same race, the descendants of renegades from the Oriental Church, it is by no means unlikely, if they found it to their interest, they would join in the war-cry of their Christian brethren : *Christos nekoi ! Christos Bassalevei !*

Albania, which contains a population of about 1,600,000, is admirably defended by an encircling chain of mountains that separates it from the provinces inhabited by the Slavonians on one side, and the Greeks on the other, with the advantage of having a long line of coast on the Adriatic. Here we have also a Mahometan population, the descendants of renegades, numbering, more or less, 600,000 ardent Mussulmans, and opposed to all reform. Still, it is by no means improbable, if they saw a prospect of once more becoming a

nation, that the religious feelings of the majority might give way to patriotism. As to the other million, composed of members of the Oriental and Latin Church, there is little hope of union. The latter, however, known by the name of the Miriditi, only number about 150,000, and, in virtue of treaties with former sultans, may be considered more in the light of tributaries than subjects of the Porte. They occupy, like the free mountaineers of Montenegro, their own little territory in the mountains of Albania; have a settled form of government, and acknowledge the rule of one of their native princes. From this circumstance, their hereditary hatred to their Christian brethren of the Oriental Church could not materially interfere with the government of Albania, if it was erected into a federal state.

The Greek nationality might be reconstituted by rounding the present territory of modern Greece with Thessaly, part of Epirus, and part of Macedonia, where the inhabitants are for the most part Greek, in language, religion, customs, and manners.

The whole of Thrace, with Constantinople and Adrianople, where the Osmanli may be said to form the majority of the inhabitants, with their Asiatic possessions, and the islands in the Archipelago, would still leave Turkey a respectable power, and, being more concentrated, and united in the bonds of one common faith, add to her strength. Besides, as we before observed, in any arrangement of this description, the Sultan, as Suzerain, would draw from these federal states a very considerable revenue in the shape of tribute, as he does now from the tributary states of Servia and Moldo-Wallachia.

It is easier to remodel a government than to construct a new one; and since the Sultan still holds the sceptre, both France and Great Britain, the two powers most interested in the preservation of Turkish rule, must see the necessity of

lending their aid, nay, of enforcing, if necessary, on the acceptance of the Ottoman Porte some such effective measure as this, in order to bring the question to a termination.

Some stay-at-home traveller, whose tour is confined to the four walls of his chamber, may, perhaps, if it advances the interests of his party, extol the enlightened despotism of the Sultan, his paternal administration, the magnitude of his reforms, and the wonderful progress the Turkish people have made in civilization; but the writer uninfluenced by party prejudice, who derives his information from deeper sources, and truthfully tells what he has seen and heard in the countries he has visited, will come to a very different conclusion.

During our extensive and repeated tours in Turkey, we witnessed the grievances of the Christian, and the inability of the executive to carry its measures into effect for their relief; we saw that all the efforts of the Government to regenerate the country, or allay the sectarian prejudice of its heterogeneous population, were vain. We repeat, the only true remedy is to place its Christian and Mahometan subjects on the same footing; a total abandonment of the fanatical laws of the Koran; in fact, to govern the Christians by Christians, and the Mahometans by Mahometans. Hence we deduced the inference that it was impossible to predict any lengthened existence to the rule of a Mahometan sovereign, if he persisted in a system of rule which must eventually lead either to a civil war, or the interference of Russia under the pretence of guarding the interests of her co-religionists. This was the view we took of the question in 1850, in our "Travels in European Turkey," of which the following is an extract, at a time when there was not the slightest prospect of a Russo-Turkish war:—

"After all that we have said and written respecting the

political and social state of the Turkish empire, the weakness of the government, and the difficulty with which it maintains order in a country composed of so many nationalities and opposing creeds, to say nothing of its inability to defend itself from foreign aggression, it must be evident we are not very sanguine in our hopes of the stability of Mahometan rule. Indeed, its overthrow, at least in Europe, may be more sudden, and the results more complicated and embarrassing to the diplomatic corps of Western Europe, than they now dream of; who, occupied with their own troubles, cares, and petty jealousies, are not sufficiently aware of the actual state of these provinces,—their political, social, and religious influences; nor how potent is the lever they possess in a vast Christian population, should they feel inclined to carry into these lands any of their political changes for the civilization and amelioration of mankind, or, perhaps, what they value still more, the adjustment of the balance of power.” “What a vital question is then the future destiny of this numerous people for the other countries of Europe! Here we have, so to speak, the molten ore of which nations are cast in fusion at our very door. May some skilful hand be found to make a way for the seething mass to flow in its predestined mould of a great and powerful community, before it bursts its barrier, and, volcano-like, spreads ruin and desolation around!” *

We will take another extract from our “Travels in European Turkey,” for the purpose of pointing out to those among our readers who may not have seen that work, the existence of a Christian sect in Turkey not generally known, and who might, if their efforts were encouraged by our missionary societies, contribute in no inconsiderable degree to

* “Travels in European Turkey,” vol. ii. p. 303.

the conversion of their countrymen of the Oriental Church to a purer and more tolerant form of worship. Hitherto, Russian influences, which penetrate wherever a congregation of her own Church, the Oriental, is established, has succeeded, through the agency of its clergy and the intolerance of its members, in preventing these primitive Christians from disseminating their opinions.

“During our route between Adrianople and the Balkan, we remained a day at Philippopoli, or, as the natives call it, Philippi, the head-quarters of a religious sect called the Paulinists, who say that they alone profess the true faith as preached to their forefathers by Saint Paul. They are very numerous, occupying a large district of the town, and said to be wealthy and industrious, moral in their habits, and well educated. We found numbers of this religious sect in modern Greece, and in all the large towns in European Turkey. As far as we could learn, their form of worship is similar to that of the primitive Christians. Previous to the conquest of these provinces by the Turks, they suffered dreadfully from the persecutions of the Oriental and Roman Catholic Churches. Knowing how powerful is the influence of religion among mankind, particularly in the East, we cannot but think that if the Turks, from political motives, were to encourage this sect, it would lead to a schism among the members of the Oriental Church, and thereby weaken the influence of the Tzar over the many millions of his co-religionists in the Turkish empire.”

At present the Sultan, as a Mahometan ruler, has no moral influence over any of his Christian subjects; whereas if the members of this sect were fostered and protected by the state, they would be certain to increase in numbers and political influence. Besides, regarding as they do with mingled feelings of contempt and abhorrence mediatorial prayers

addressed to the Virgin and saints, they might be instrumental in the conversion of the Turks; for certain it is, if a Mahometan is ever to be won over to embrace the tenets and conform to the observances of Christianity, it will never be to either the Oriental or Roman Catholic form of worship.

In corroboration of the opinions we have here advanced, perhaps we may be permitted to mention, that during the various discussions we have had with Mahometans on religious subjects, they repeatedly expressed their surprise that Christianity contained any form of faith and worship so denuded of the extraneous and adventitious aids adopted by the Greek and Roman Church, as Protestantism. And when we explained to them that the essence of Christianity consisted in its simplicity, they openly and unhesitatingly expressed for it their warmest admiration. May we not, therefore, infer, without being accused of entertaining visionary fancies, that if prudent and rational measures were adopted during the military occupation of Constantinople and the other large towns in Turkey by the armies of England and France, a strong probability exists that the Turks might be converted to Christianity? For although the French profess themselves to be members of the Roman Catholic Church, they have long since, in common with every enlightened Roman Catholic of Western Europe, discarded from their profession of faith everything that the barbarism of a barbarous age had introduced into it.

However much we may condemn the degrading and puerile absurdities of Islamism, we must acknowledge there is a great deal in it deserving our admiration, in the simplicity of its rites and ceremonies; and, as we before observed, the devotion with which an entire people, when called to prayer, adore the one indivisible eternal God, contrasting, we regret to say, most favourably with many of the unmeaning and,

in some instances, idolatrous ceremonies of the Oriental Church.

Perhaps one of the greatest foibles in the character of the Turk is his superstition. It seems to be a part of his very nature, an inheritance he derived from his shepherd ancestors. We find it pervading all classes, from the peasant to the Sultan; and although the Koran denounces astrology as a crime only inferior to idolatry, the Sultan retains in his household a Muned-jimbashi (chief astrologer).

Amulets are still worn by every true Osmanli; indeed their manufacture constitutes a most profitable employment to thousands of ingenious artisans, and their sale a source of large revenue to the priests, who consecrate them. They are made in every form, to suit every purchaser, and, as may be supposed, are believed to be a safeguard against every danger. Every house has one suspended over the door; the shepherd attaches them to his flock, the merchant to his bale of goods, the equestrian to the neck of his charger, the soldier wears one about his person to protect him from the bullet of the enemy, the fair dame to increase her *embonpoint*, and make her fruitful as a wife; and the whole of the men, women, and children wear one, to shield them from the effects of the evil eye, the witch, and the sorcerer.

CHAPTER XIII.

Decrease of fanaticism among the Turks—General description of Constantinople—Public buildings—Bazaars—Mosques—San Sophia—The streets—Shops and shopkeepers—Turkish music—Popular superstition—Turkish courtship—Wedding.

TRAVELLING in Turkey, so far as regards comfort at inns, is attended with many inconveniences; but the regulations of the Government with respect to strangers or the natives of the country, are by no means vexatious or unnecessarily troublesome. Indeed, of all the European Governments, with the exception of our own, none is so little bureaucratic, none in which the pressure is so lightly felt, as that of Turkey. There is no petty tyrant in office to torment you with a string of interrogatories, such as, whence you had come? whither you were going? how long you intended to stay? what religion you profess? the object of your journey? and a hundred other questions, which have no other effect than to annoy the peaceable traveller, and are of little or no use in facilitating the detection of a criminal.

This freedom of action, which every traveller enjoys to its fullest extent, reconciles him in some measure to the total absence of all domestic comfort, wherever he may be domiciliated, for of this the Turks have not the slightest idea. There are, it is true, one or two hotels in Constantinople, kept by foreigners; but in addition to being exceedingly expensive, they are inferior to any of our second-rate hotels in Western Europe.

We are happy to record, that the fanaticism and dislike entertained by the lower class of Mahometans to a foreign Giaour, which we experienced in common with every other European traveller some years since on our first visit to Constantinople, no longer exists; the stranger may now wander through the town and its environs in any costume he pleases. He may enter a Turkish restaurant, he may smoke his *tchibouque* with a Turk in a coffee-house, attend military parade, lounge about the precincts of the *Seraglio* or the Mosque, without the slightest molestation.

Even among this conservative people, how changed is the spirit of the age! All that is now required of the traveller, even if he wishes to enter the Mosque, is to give a few piastres to the Muezzin, and leave his slippers at the door, lest he should disturb the faithful at their prayers. Yet we remember the time when a Christian dog who had the hardihood to defile one of them by his presence, without a permit from the Sultan, must either die or become a Mahometan.

We shall now take the reader with us, and show him something of the City of the Sultan; a city that, were it not for its fine harbour, filled with vessels from every country under heaven, its domes and minarets, its palaces and public buildings, might be termed a collection of straggling villages, so little has it in common with any of our European capitals. This will be understood when we say, that throughout the whole town and its suburbs, Galata, Pera, and Scutari, we do not find a single street entitled to any other appellation than a narrow lane. Then the houses, for the most part built of wood, are rarely more than one story high; and, to increase the unfavourable impression on a stranger, in addition to the filth he meets at every step, the silence that pervades a place in which such a large concourse of human beings are congregated is at once gloomy and depressing. Instead of carts

and carriages rolling through the streets, you meet cavalcades of pack-horses, mules, asses, and camels. Sometimes, it is true, the Sultan, a rich pacha, or a foreign ambassador, shows himself in his fine gilded coach; but the greater number of the vehicles we meet with are the old-fashioned *Arabas*, drawn by buffaloes, and moving onward at a most hearse-like pace.

With the exception of San Sophia, which owes its preservation to the circumstance of being converted into a mosque, and the Cisterns, those splendid works of the ancient Greeks, scarcely a vestige remains of the once glorious city of the Constantines. The Seraglio, rather an imposing building, occupies the site of the ancient Byzantium; the cattle-market that of the palace of Constantine the Great; the Atmeidan, the race-course of the ancient Romans and the Byzantine Greeks, is now only interesting for having in its centre an Egyptian obelisk, and the famous brazen column of three spiral serpents which some barbarous Sultan, we forget his name, thought proper to decapitate. The aqueduct, which forms so beautiful a feature in the landscape of the Bosphorus, still supplies Constantinople with the purest water, as it did in the days of the ancient Romans: this, in fact, with the hundred-marble-pillar bath, are the only remains of antiquity to be found in Constantinople in the present day. Perhaps we ought to mention the tower of Leander, were it for nothing else than the legend attached to it, and its very romantic situation on a solitary rock in the midst of the Bosphorus.

Among the public buildings of Constantinople most interesting to a stranger, are the bazaars and mosques. The former are appropriated to the sale of every description of merchandise, the four quarters of the globe contributing their treasures to minister to the luxuries and wants of the Turkish people.

Here we find the most costly shawls from India and Persia; the rich velvet, satins, and silks from the looms of Broussa; the delicate embroidery of many a fair lady of the Harem; the calicoes of Manchester; the hardwares of Sheffield and Birmingham; the *bijouteries* of Paris; the toys of Germany; carpets of every description and every manufacture; glass from Bohemia,—all arranged on stalls, in the most attractive manner possible, to strike the attention of a customer.

The bazaar is also a species of fashionable promenade; for here may be seen at every hour of the day, Frank strangers of all nations, Turkish civil and military officers in their appropriate costume, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, Arabians, Egyptians, Jews in their long flowing robes and various coloured turbans, intermingled with many a fair dame enveloped in her yachmak, gliding silently along, but whether a veiled houri or fury is best known to her lord.

The merchant vendors, like their wares, are from many a distant land; but it is easy for an experienced traveller to detect at the first glance the nationality of each, whatever may be his costume. The most striking of all is the grave, serious, self-possessed, proud Osmanli, squatted on his counter, and smoking the eternal tchibouque. If you purchase any of the articles he has to sell, he delivers it to you most leisurely and deliberately—for he is never in a hurry, and appears to think your custom a matter of supreme indifference: with him there is no bargaining or disputing about the price,—like a Quaker, he is a man of few words: if you offer him a lower sum than that demanded, the article is paid away without any kind of comment; and if you purchase it the money is received without even a bow of acknowledgment.

The Armenian, who may be said to combine in his own

person the character, habits, and manners of Turk, Jew, and Christian, is to be found here, as well as in all the other large towns in Turkey and Asia, where a penny is to be made. Notwithstanding the astonishing facility with which he adapts himself to the prejudices of the people among whom he lives; like the Jew, he bears about him the unmistakeable stamp of nationality; and like that wandering people, he is also a wanderer,—the remnant of a once powerful people now dispersed among the nations.

As traders, either in buying or selling, the Armenians are unequalled for tact and shrewdness; nay, they may be said to have reduced commerce to a science. In the bazaar his stall is neater, better stocked, and the articles better arranged than in that of any of his competitors. There he sits, as silent and dignified as an Osmanli; and like him, names the price without seeming to care whether you purchase or not; but it is the bland smile ever on his countenance, the art with which he exhibits an article to the purchaser, and the graceful manner he lays his hand upon his breast while naming the price, that wins the good opinion of the stranger. It is therefore more than probable, after making the round of the bazaar, wearied with the taciturnity of the Turks, the loquacity of the mercurial Greek, the anxious desire of the Hebrew to sell,—he returns to the stall of the patriarchal, honest-looking Armenian, and pays a higher price than the article is really worth. Then his character of Christian is certain to recommend him to his brethren in faith, under the impression that they will not be cheated.

The Jew of the bazaar is also a most important personage: like his race in general, he is obliging in his manner; and, being acquainted with several languages, his stall is much patronised by the stranger Frank, who finds in the willing Hebrew a man to whom he can make known his wishes,

whether as a purchaser or to employ him as an interpreter in his dealings with the other foreign traders.

The bazaars of Constantinople, like those in all the great towns of the East, are strongly built, covered with domes, and supported by pilasters. Though well adapted for the sale of merchandise, we should not like to see them introduced into any of our crowded towns and cities. Here, however well ventilated they may be, they are considered very unhealthy, and, owing to the negligent habits of the people, become a hot-bed of disease—the first place in which the cholera, the plague, or any similar epidemic, finds a home.

The Mosque, which only a few years since was so difficult of access to a Christian, is now open to the inspection of any traveller who may be accompanied by a Mahometan, or chooses to bribe the muezzin by a few piastres. As they are all similar in form and decorations, the only difference being in size and splendour, a description of one will serve for the whole. They are all adorned with minarets and a dome, supported by columns of marble, jasper, and porphyry, as the case may be. There is a court-yard in front, decorated with a fountain in the form of a temple, and shaded with the united foliage of the cypress and the plantain; in whose branches numerous colonies of doves, that favourite bird of Mahomet, find a home; while beneath their shade the pious Mussulman, in languid listlessness, lounges through the summer's day.

Although the mosque may not satisfy the most correct taste, still its peculiar style of architecture, and the graceful form of the lofty, slender minaret, must ever please the beholder, and excite his warmest admiration. That of St. Sophia, however inferior in beauty to the mosque of Sultan Achmed, is nevertheless much more interesting, linked as it is with the early history of the Church, the fall of the Eastern

empire, and the final establishment of the rule of the Turks in Europe. The finest religious edifice in Turkey is undoubtedly the mosque built by Sultan Bajazet, at Adrianople, when that city was the capital of the Ottoman empire. European genius has invented no style of architecture more bold and original than that of this splendid building; nor anything that produces a more charming effect than its elegant minarets, piercing the air to a height of more than 100 feet.

But to return to San Sophia,—the exterior is by no means imposing: you see before you a heterogeneous mixture of piles and buttresses; and the general effect of the whole edifice would be dumpy, were it not for the airy, graceful minarets which rise like fairy columns above the dome. The interior is not more felicitous in its decorations; for the porphyry, Egyptian granite, jasper and marble columns, being all of different orders and different sizes, form a most incongruous whole, setting at nought all the rules of symmetry and taste: they are, however, interesting for the extreme beauty and delicacy of their sculpture, having formerly served to support different temples dedicated to the celebration of Pagan worship.

The first impression of the spectator on entering, is its vast extent; this effect is aided by the absence of altars, statues, pews, chapels, or indeed any object that might have lessened its magnitude; and also by the inconsiderable elevation of its cupola, in proportion to its circumference,—the only merit in the architecture of the building. Like every other mosque, destitute of ornament, or any object to remind one of its sacred destination, save the pulpit,—it gives to the stranger more the idea of a colossal tomb than a place dedicated to divine worship; still, when the many-coloured glass lamps suspended from the dome are lighted, and the

spacious edifice filled with a multitude of true believers, the effect must be imposing.

While wandering through the gloomy edifice, as our eye rests on the time-worn banner of Mahomet, the conqueror of Constantinople, placed by his own hand over the pulpit, to commemorate the fall of an empire, we are involuntarily reminded of that dreadful day when, after a carnage of which the world has had but few examples, the infuriated hosts of the crescent, at the command of their leader, offered up their praises to heaven for their victory, kneeling on the mangled bodies of the men they had slain !

There is as little variety in the streets of Constantinople as in the public buildings ; for, like the mosque and the bazaar, a description of one will apply to all.

Let the reader then picture to himself a narrow street, having a gutter of dirty water running through the centre,—and lined on each side with a row of wooden houses, very seldom more than one or two stories high,—badly paved, very dirty in wet weather, and equally disagreeable in fine, owing to dust and unpleasant odours,—and he will have a good idea of Constantinople, and indeed of every other town in the Turkish empire, for they all exhibit a strong family likeness.

Attached to the outside of most of these houses may be seen a broad wooden shutter, which serves by night to protect the property of the inmates, and by day when supported by poles for a verandah. If the dwelling should happen to be a shop, a platform about two feet high is placed within, which answers the double purpose of displaying such wares as the shopkeeper may have to sell, and a divan on which he may seat himself in all the dignity of Oriental pride and laziness, very probably smoking his tchibouque, and apparently indifferent whether he sells his wares or not.

If the traveller should obtain an entrance into one of these houses—which is, however, extremely difficult, for both Mussulman and Christian are equally exclusive, equally unwilling to receive the Frank stranger—he will see a little square court, surrounded by the ménage, the harem, and the usual offices belonging to an Oriental family. If the dwelling should be of a superior description, and its owner wealthy, he will find a neat verandah on the four sides of the quadrangle, with divans, carpets, and cushions; and in the centre a pretty fountain, with a flower-garden and a few evergreens.



A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

As he wanders through the streets he may amuse himself by watching the manner in which the different trades are carried on in the open shop; or he may study the artizan at work, and so acquire a knowledge of any art he pleases.

without serving an apprenticeship ; and if he should feel inclined to take refreshment or smoke a tchibouque, nearly every fourth house is a restaurant, or a coffee-house, which furnish viands by no means to be despised, and certainly the best coffee in the world ; neither should it be forgotten that no cook, not even a Frenchman, can equal a Turk in making a salad, or in roasting his inimitable kibeks.

As may be supposed, towns composed of streets such as we have described cannot be healthy ; and if to this we add the entire absence of sewers, and the filth which necessarily accumulates when every species of offal is thrown into streets which have no other scavengers than the dog and the vulture, we can scarcely wonder that the population of Constantinople is not on the increase. Indeed, we have only to look at the pale emaciated countenances of the inhabitants to be assured of its insalubrity ; neither can we feel surprised that fever and cholera, which love to hover about stagnant pools, covered bazaars, and badly ventilated houses and streets, should here find a home ; nor that when any epidemic does break out, the loss of life is frightful.

Trifles sometimes prove of more importance than we at first anticipate. Were it not that every species of trade and handicraft is carried on in the open streets—thus to some extent relieving the monotony of a town where there is neither amusement, intellectual recreation, nor social enjoyment for a stranger—Constantinople would be unendurable. As it is, when the novelty in the character, manners, and customs of so many different races—forming as they do a complete ménagerie of the inhabitants of the east—has passed away, it becomes the most dreary place imaginable to a stranger. If you hear the merry laugh or boisterous shout, it is certain to proceed from some half-witted Delhi ; and if you meet a woman, no matter of what race or creed, she is

almost certain to be enveloped in the yash-mak—through which, if she is pretty, and you please her fancy, she exhibits a pair of dazzling eyes, or perhaps discloses a fine set of pearly teeth—no doubt, very captivating charms, if it were not that your admiration is neutralized when you glance at her ill-fitting paposhes, shuffling gait, and the entire absence of grace in every movement.

Even music, so exhilarating to the inhabitants of other lands, here sounds like a dirge; for the gamut of a Turk comprises but two notes—high and low—and from these he produces a cadence that must be heard to be conceived; but it is beneath his dignity either to sing or dance; and in his estimation a great talker must be a man of little mind, in short, a feather-headed Frank.

Rayah, Jew, Armenian, or Gypsy—all have caught the solemn taciturn manner of their lords. The same apathetic phlegm, exhibited by the pacha, is seen in the artizan as he sits cross-legged at his work. Even the mercurial Greek, the light-hearted Albanian, have not been able to withstand the infection. Perhaps it may be the injunction of the Koran which obliges a true Believer to pray five times a day, that produces this most wearisome solemnity of national character, so that, like the puritan of the convent, he has no relish for the lighter amusements enjoyed by those who profess a religion that is neither so exacting nor so restrictive in its observances.

Be this as it may, the example of so much devotion on the part of the Turk has been to a certain extent imitated by his Christian fellow-subjects; not one of whom ever performs an act of every-day life, however trifling, without crossing himself. And if to this we add the superstitions of both—the apprehension of evil constantly predominating over every other feeling; the number of unlucky days, and unlucky

hours to be provided against; the variety of ill-omened birds and animals that may cross their path; the evil eye; sorcerers and vampires; with the evil genii of the mountain, the dell, and the river; and above all, Schaitan (Satan) himself,—we cannot be surprised at the eternal crossings of the Christian, nor the eternal handling of amulets by the Mahometan, to secure protection against such a host of natural and supernatural enemies; nor that a gloomy disposition of mind should characterise the inhabitants of Constantinople, and indeed of the entire empire.

Still, however gloomy and superstitious, however taciturn and reserved an Osmanli may be as he pursues the even tenour of every-day life, his character is full of contradictions;—that quiet, reserved, sedate-looking man, that we see sitting cross-legged on his little carpet, smoking his tchibouque from morning till night, is susceptible of the strongest passions that ever burned in the breast of man. He is capable of the most virtuous action; he can perpetrate the darkest deed; he can be the trustiest friend, or the deadliest foe; he can be the most generous of men, as the most avaricious; and however indolent in his actions, however sensual in his enjoyments, once aroused by any exciting cause, he becomes a dreadful enemy; and if he has once tasted blood, the tiger is not more ferocious, nor more difficult to satiate.

In common with all Asiatics, there is also now and then a great deal of romance displayed in the actions of the Osmanli; and he never exhibits himself to greater advantage than when he is captivated by the charms of some fair flower of the harem. It might be expected in a country where the sexes only meet as strangers, that a marriage of mutual affection rarely occurs; but it does far more frequently than an inhabitant of Western Europe might suppose.

When, therefore, it happens that a youthful Effendi is

fascinated by the ideal charms—for he can only guess at them—of some fair *houri*, as enveloped in her ample folds of white muslin, she is repairing to the bath, attended by her slaves, the *inamorato*, instead of sending a *billet-doux*, most sentimentally drops a bouquet of hyacinths in the path of the lady as she returns, waddling like a stately swan just emerged from the water,—for be it remembered that in Turkey reading and writing are not universal accomplishments.

By the aid of a purse of sequins one of the female attendants is now converted into a Mercury; she presents the nosegay to her mistress, telling her that an aspiring butterfly sighs to obtain possession of the beautiful rose; or, to drop metaphor, that a certain rich and handsome *Effendi* desires the honour of her hand. Should the rose blush consent, and accept the bouquet, a carnation wrapped in an embroidered handkerchief is sent to the butterfly; and as a further encouragement, on her next visit to the bath, by some unexpected accident, the veil drops from her face and snow-white arms, and she stands for an instant revealed in all her charms before her astonished admirer.

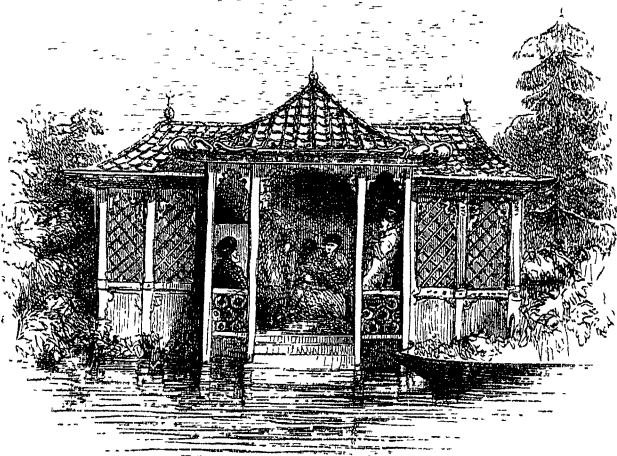
Enchanted by such a vision of beauty, the butterfly wings its way to the father of the blushing rose, and either agrees to pay a certain sum for the object of his wishes, or wins the consent of the parents by rich presents, and the prospects or the advantages to be derived by an alliance with an *Effendi* of such powerful connexions.

After this preliminary has been concluded, and the dowry agreed upon paid—for in this country a man is not only obliged to purchase his wife, but to make a settlement upon her—the bridegroom repairs to the mosque, and announces his intention to the *Iman*, who offers up a few appropriate prayers, which shows that even the Mahometan invests

this ceremony with a religious character. It is also regarded as a civil contract, being publicly registered in presence of the Cadi, parents, and friends of both parties.

When the different formalities have been completed, the bride is conducted with great pomp to the bath, where she submits to a long process of perfuming, anointing, &c. She is then taken to her husband's dwelling, in a very gay, gilded car, with a gaudy canopy, drawn by a team of buffaloes; in which she is seated, like a gem in a casket, her whole form enveloped in a cloud of rich gold gauze.

On these festive occasions there are always troops of cavaliers in attendance, buffoons, dancing girls, bands of music, &c. Therefore the din, as we may well suppose, caused by these uproarious rejoicings is absolutely deafening. She is received at her new dwelling by her lord, or his parents, and introduced to the harem assigned for her use; when the ceremony concludes with two grand entertainments—one in honour of the bride, and the other of the bridegroom.



COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Environs of Constantinople—Cairks and boatmen—Visit to Mount Bulgurlu—Splendid Scenery—Reflections—Excursion to Broussa—Desolate aspect of the Country—Description of Broussa—Encampment of the Turkomans—Visit to the Valley of the Sweet Waters.

WHEN the traveller has become wearied with the novelties of Constantinople, if he has a taste for the picturesque, there is a never-failing source of enjoyment open to him in the beautiful environs; which furnish scenes so romantic and charming, that neither the pen of the writer nor the pencil of the painter can do them justice. But to see them pass before him without any personal fatigue, he must engage a caïk and a couple of boatmen, and glide over the clear blue waters of the Golden Horn.

These boats—the caik—in whose construction the Turks display both taste and ingenuity, are extremely elegant, generally built of oak or cedar, fancifully carved and varnished. They usually measure about thirty feet long, by two or three in breadth; and the prow being long and sharply pointed, they cut through the water with the velocity of an arrow. At every hour of the day, thousands of these graceful barks may be seen skimming the surface of the Golden Horn, varying in size, and calculated to carry from four to eight or ten persons.

The boatmen, who are said to amount to more than 60,000, form a sort of nursery for the Turkish fleet, and a finer set of fellows you rarely meet with in any country. Their personal appearance is certainly much improved by a most becoming costume, consisting in summer of a white cotton shalwar confined at the waist by a red silk shawl, a silk jacket with wide sleeves, and the usual red fez, with its jaunty blue silk tassel.

Still, however much we may admire this most picturesque of all cities and its enchanting environs, while boating on the clear blue waters of the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, if we would enjoy them in all their splendour and at one view, we must ascend Mount Bulgurlu, only two miles distant from Scutari.

Oh, shade of Mahomet! the world is marching onward even in conservative Turkey. Those restless innovators, John Bull and his equally go-ahead son of another hemisphere, who have already introduced their habits, customs, and opinions, their railroads and steamboats, into every country on the Continent of Europe;—if they are allowed to continue invading the fair land of the Crescent with their novel importations, in a few years more, Eastern romance even to the mysteries of the harem, will become matters of history. It

will scarcely be believed, though nevertheless strictly true, that the traveller now, on leaving Scutari, finds himself surrounded by a little army of Turkish and Greek boys, as vehemently importuning him, in broken English, to hire them and their ponies to conduct him to the top of the mountain, as if he was at a French watering-place or a German bath. His astonishment will be further increased when he sees several fair flowers of the Harem, enveloped in folds of muslin, and attended by their black guards, galloping up the hill in company with the blue-eyed daughters of England.

How often, in our repeated visits to Constantinople, have we repaired to Mount Bulgurlu, to enjoy from its lofty summit the glorious landscape, which seemed to improve on each succeeding visit, so manifold are its beauties; and taken altogether, whether we regard the materials composing it, or their peculiar combinations, it must be pronounced to be unequalled in any other part of the world, replete as it is with classic interest, and every charm that either poet or artist could conceive or paint.

At a single view we behold the entire city of Constantinople, with its suburban towns, Galata, Pera, and Scutari, spread out before us as in a map. After having glanced from palace to Chiosk, from seraglio, mosque, minaret, and spire, to the glassy waters of the Golden Horn, filled with the ships of every nation, we have only to turn to the left, and look down on the romantic Sea of Marmora, and the distant Hellespont, with their pretty islands, villages, and vine-clad hills, the whole of the beautiful picture rendered still more perfect by being enclosed as it were in a frame by the glorious outline of the snow-crowned Olympus. Nor are the features of this magnificent landscape less imposing, less interesting; if we turn to the right, we see the lovely Bosphorus winding its way like a stately river to the distant Euxine, through

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a succession of panoramic scenery composed of every object that can possibly captivate the beholder, with the magnificent mountain range of Asia Minor towering in the distance.

The traveller who sees all this, the theatre of some of the most important events that ever took place in the world, cannot but find subject for reflection. The mind reverts to the semi-barbarian chieftain, Bysas, who with his horde of warlike shepherds here spread their tents, and founded a city to which they gave his name;—to the various powerful monarchs that succeeded him, who made this their seat of empire, Greeks and Romans. He then asks, What are the remains of their power? where are their amphitheatres, their triumphal arches, their forums, their temples, their statues? Then he remembers the pastoral tribes of Northern Parthia traversing the wilds of Asia, under their leader Othman, subduing town after town, city after city, and like a whirlwind sweeping away the beautiful monuments of art, and finally making their home in that proud metropolis where one of Rome's mightiest emperors first gave the persecuted Christians the shelter of a monarch's protection.

Again, can he avoid remembering that another valiant horde, numerous as the sand on the sea-shore, and fanatic as the first Crusaders, are at this moment issuing from their snowy regions to wrest this lovely land from the infidel Moslem?

How then can we explain that a country so felicitous in its situation and climate, has ever been fatal to its possessors? Is it, as some assert, that the enervating air gradually saps the force and energy of the character, and paves the way for the abandonment to sensual indulgence? Or is it not, rather, that each successive people, never having been completely civilized, did not understand the principles of governing, and that, having conquered only for the sake of rapine, and ruled

only with a view to extortion, they were instrumental in their own ruin?

Unhappily, the memorials of the race of Othman are written too legibly on the lands over which they have been called to rule, to require from the pen of the traveller a single comment. The various advantages they possess have been given in vain. Enthroned in the finest position of our hemisphere, which might justify them in giving laws to the world and engrossing its commerce, still they have remained as great strangers among the nations as their shepherd ancestors were 400 years ago. With seas and navigable rivers, ports and harbours sufficiently capacious to receive the ships of every maritime nation in the world, their power is feeble, their commerce insignificant. For, entrenched behind a barrier of ignorance and prejudice, they would neither amalgamate with the people they had conquered, nor enter into social and political relations with their neighbours. Hence the consequence has been, that, while other nations with fewer resources have been rapidly advancing in civilization, commerce, industry, and political importance, they have remained sunk in the lethargy of indolence. Still, we do not altogether despair of a people who have shown so much energy in the moment of peril; and now that the national spirit is thoroughly aroused, the old fanatical party fast passing away, and the foreign element entering more deeply into their religion, habits, customs, and manners, are we not justified in saying that there is every hope of at least vast and momentous changes for the better, in the moral, political, and social conditions of this people, if not of an entire regeneration in the national character?

To convey to the untraveller reader some idea of the external aspect of a country daily becoming more and more interesting from the important events of which it is the

theatre, and the change that is likely to take place in its government and institutions, we shall continue to give a few more descriptions of the most remarkable places in the vicinity of Constantinople; and there is none more attractive or interesting than the romantic Broussa, lying as it does at the foot of Mount Olympus, the council-chamber of Homer's conclave of the gods.

After crossing the Sea of Marmora, we engaged at Moudiana a guide and a pair of horses, and continued our journey through a country fertile to exuberance, but so wild and solitary that we might almost have imagined we were travelling in some uninhabited land. At every step the country continued to develop features the most beautiful and picturesque. At one time we wandered through a romantic valley, watered with numerous springs and rivulets, and bounded by gently swelling hills, clothed to their summit with the wild olive, the wild vine, the mulberry, and every species of odoriferous shrub, and not unfrequently intermingled with the wide-spreading oak and valona; then we bounded over a green sward, level as a carpet, and enamelled with a thousand flowers.

This district is the favourite resort of the wandering Turko-mans; and it was not long before we encountered one of their encampments, surrounded by their flocks and herds, in true patriarchal style. They received us with that kind hospitality which this harmless race always displays towards the stranger; and, having tasted of the produce of their dairy, broken bread, and smoked the tchibouque, we won the brightest smiles, and received the warmest thanks of our fair hostesses, by presenting them with a few articles of English manufacture, such as scissors, needles, thread, &c.

On leaving the encampment, we next ascended a hill, from the summit of which we caught a glimpse of Broussa, and

enjoyed the prospect of a landscape that would excite the enthusiasm of the most fastidious traveller. There were minarets and domes, chiosks and towers, mingling their varied forms with the richest vegetation of the garden and the forest, while high above all was seen Mount Olympus, rearing its hoary head to the heavens.

It was impossible to look down on that fairy vision, lit up as it then was with the bright sun of an Eastern sky, without being reminded of the declaration of the ancient king of Bythnia respecting Hannibal, the Carthaginian hero.

"Why," said he, "should I entangle myself in the conflicts of nations? Why should I ally myself with a fallen conqueror? Why should I become a party to his quarrels, and endanger the possession of my own Bythnia, where I enjoy every happiness the most delightful country in the universe can afford?"

Broussa, like every other Turkish town, does not improve on a near acquaintance: the streets, as usual, are narrow, and the houses built of wood; the fountains with the bazaars form the principal ornament of the place, and the mineral springs, of which there are several, are said to be most efficacious in the cure of certain diseases. The great attraction of the town, however, is its manufactures of velvets, silks, and cottons, Broussa being in this respect the Lyons and Manchester of Turkey.

Broussa is a great favourite with the Osmanli, who at least once in their lives repair from every part of the Turkish empire to visit the tomb of the first Othman, who lies here with his gallant son, Orcan. In their day Broussa was the capital of the Turkish dominions, but as they increased in extent the capital was subsequently removed to Adrianople, and finally to Constantinople. The great attraction, however, to the traveller is the classic interest attached to the country,—but how changed!

and how true is the proverb, "No grass will grow where the Sultan's horses tread!" A few ruins are all that we now find of the once celebrated Nicea; while Nicomedia—the magnificent Nicomedia—has passed away, without leaving even a trace to tell where it once stood.

Our picture of Constantinople and its environs would be incomplete, unless we took a glance at the favourite resort of the *beau monde* of Stamboul, the romantic Kiat-hané, or, as the Franks term it, the Valley of the Sweet Waters. We will, therefore, select a Friday, the Turkish Sabbath, for our visit.

To carry us thither we engaged a caïk, which had to thread its way through a multitude of vessels of every size, and from every nation,—now alongside of an American merchant vessel, now under the bows of a huge man-of-war, then darting out of the way of an English steamer ready to engulf us in its swell. At length we shot out of the Golden Horn, and ascended the Barbyses, which slowly glides through a narrow valley shut in on either side with gently swelling hills, in whose groves of cypress that favourite bird of a true Believer, the turtle-dove, sat cooing to her loving mate till we arrived at our destination.

We are perpetually reminded that the present age is indeed one of prose and reality, business-like and unromantic. Steam, by land and water, is daily bringing the ends of the earth into communication with each other, and mingling in familiar every-day contact the inhabitants of the most distant lands, who a quarter of a century since were scarcely cognizant of each other's existence: thus obliterating all those salient characteristics and peculiarities of race which constitute national individuality, and tending to blend all mankind in one vast family. It must be confessed, however, that even in the present day, on the very confines of our own Europe,

the scene which may yet be witnessed at the Sweet Waters of Stamboul is one that cannot fail to make a deep impression on the traveller still fresh from the West. Here he is presented with a vivid and striking epitome of Asiatic life, in all its variety and gorgeousness. The days of Haroun-al-Raschid and Solyman the Magnificent have not yet entirely passed away, and the scenes of the Arabian Nights are no longer a fable.



VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

Far as the eye can reach, among the gaily painted kiosks, snow-white tents and interminable cypress groves, gleam and flutter the many-coloured garments of a thousand different nationalities of the glowing East, a very living *parterre* of diversified costume and physiognomy—all Eastern, truly and completely Eastern. Having sufficiently enjoyed the novel and brilliant effect of the entire scene, let us look around and study in detail some of the countless groups seated on their

little carpets, and sipping their sherbet or their coffee to the never-failing accompaniment of the tchibouque, and enjoying, with a truly Oriental sense of the luxury of repose, the cool breezes of the Sweet Waters.

The first that attracts our attention is a party of genuine Turks of the old school, turbaned, bearded, and enveloped in the flowing and graceful folds of the costume of a period when the scanty, close-buttoned European dress, and even the semi-Oriental fez, were things undreamt of by the haughty conquerors of the empire of Constantine. They appeared to be enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* like true Osmanli, plunged into that dreamy half-conscious state of passive enjoyment which seems to constitute the Eastern beau-ideal of earthly felicity, the only sign they gave of belonging to the living waking world around them, being the emission at regular periods of a jet of smoke from beneath their thick and curling moustache.

That times were, however, in some degree changed even in the City of the Sultan, we were reminded by the presence at no great distance of a group of officers of the Nizam, whose Europeanised dress contrasted, it must be confessed, somewhat unfavourably with the picturesque fulness of a genuine Eastern costume, especially as the military trowser is by no means calculated to conceal that tailor-like outward curve of the limb it covers, which is contracted by the peculiar mode of sitting adopted throughout the East.

A few paces further, we come upon a group of the fair daughters of Stamboul: we say fair, for so we deem them by courtesy to be, being unable to distinguish more of their features through the Yashmak in which they were concealed, than a pair of dark Oriental eyes, which gleam with heightened brilliancy from contrast with its snowy folds. They had just alighted from a richly carved and gilded Araba, drawn

by a team of buffaloes, bespangled and betasseled, and were causing their carpet to be spread on the grass, preparatory to taking their pleasure somewhat after the manner of their lords. We were, however, soon impressed with the fact, . at, however taciturn the latter might be, the fair daughters of Eve are in one respect the same in every part of the world, all appearing disposed to reverse the order of the words in the precept, "*Il est bien de parler, mais meilleur de se taire;*" and we were convinced that the ladies of the East can chatter as fluently, laugh as gaily, and probably talk scandal as volubly, as their fair sisters of the West.

Attracted, no doubt, by the hope of a few paras by way of remuneration, a party of those strange wanderers on the face of the earth, those Arabs of every land, the Gipsies, with their swarthy complexions, bright black eyes, and raven elf-like locks, were about to enliven the scene with a concert *al fresco* upon an uncouth-looking instrument of two strings, something resembling a guitar, and a species of noisy tambourine, the discordant sounds of which soon drove us from the spot.

Our attention was next arrested by a party of coal-black Ethiopians, stretched at full length, or merely resting on an elbow, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading plane,—savage and untamed children of the desert, as their wild gestures, fierce rolling eyes, and barbarous taste for ornament, displaying itself in wearing a gold ring in the nose, in addition to one in each ear, proclaimed them to be. They had probably recently arrived from the burning plains of their distant home to be enrolled among the Sultan's guards.

Presenting a strong contrast to the grave and decorous demeanour of the true Osmanli, were the lively gestures and quick motions of a group of smart-looking Arnouts, their bright crimson jackets richly embroidered in gold, ample

white foustanelle, and gay-coloured leggings contributing in no slight degree to the brilliant effect of this vast assemblage of different costumes. Forming a portion of this group, several fair forms, and, above all, unveiled faces, attracted our attention, some of them strikingly beautiful; one, in particular, might have been taken as the model of the "Maid of Athens."

To particularise all the different groups, Circassian, Georgian, Persian, Syrian, and even Arab,—to describe all the various dresses of this vast *bal-costumé de toutes les nations*, would, however, be an endless task; it must be seen to be appreciated. Still, we cannot conclude without noticing the flitting forms of pedlars, storytellers, musicians, dancing-girls, venders of sherbet, ices, water, and sweetmeats, now lost among the dark shadows of the cypress and plantain groves, now emerging into the bright sunshine which rested on the open sward; conspicuous among whom were the children of Israel, with their strongly marked, unmistakeable features, long beards, and flowing garments; together with the Armenian, in his silken gown trimmed with fur, and high conical cap; and last, but not least, the familiar forms of various parties of Frank visitors, many of them evidently but just arrived from the great cities of Western Europe and America, were surveying this brilliant living panorama, for the first time presented to their gaze, with mingled astonishment and delight. Bewildered, puzzled, amused, and attracted by all they saw and heard, their ejaculations of amazement, their naïve and original remarks, were not a little amusing, as they wandered through this dazzling assemblage of the children of the "Clime of the Sun;" looking, in their dark, sober-tinted garments, like so many crows among a vast flock of iris-hued paroquets and birds of paradise.



TURKISH SOLDIERY.

CHAPTER XV.

Progress of Turkey as a military power—Sultan Abdul Medjid—his character—Turkish soldiery—their discipline—equipment—Organization of the Turkish army—The navy—Demoralizing effects of the conscription—Reforms of the Sultan—Difficulties the Government has to contend against—Influence of foreigners in Turkey—The late Cosrew Pacha—his extraordinary elevation to power—Habl Pacha—Omar Pacha—sketch of his military career.

WE were highly interested in witnessing the rapid advance the Turkish army has made in European discipline since our first visit to Constantinople, in 1836; but the Turks are by nature and habit a warlike people; and though the late Sultan Mahmoud had great difficulty in conquering their Mahometan prejudices, the Nizam have become far more

effective troops than any one who witnessed their clumsily executed evolutions at that time would have expected.

Poor Sultan Mahmoud! how often have we seen him manœuvring his awkward recruits, looking the beau idéal of an Eastern warrior. His son, Abdul Medjid, is very inferior in personal appearance to his noble father; still, in the Oriental arched eyebrow, the large and serious eye, the proud expression of the mouth, and general dignified demeanour, you may trace a descendant of the race that first planted the Crescent in Europe. Like most princes, he is an admirable equestrian; and it is thus he is seen to the best advantage, particularly when it is his pleasure to manœuvre a squadron of cavalry. It is true, he is mild, gentle, and humane—perhaps too much so for the present crisis—dislikes war, and it is even whispered that the solution of the quarrel with Russia would be peaceable if it depended upon him. This suspicion of his repugnance to war has somewhat lowered him in the estimation of his subjects, and probably encouraged the vulgar insolence of Prince Menschikoff, who, no doubt, believing he was negotiating with another Boabdil El Chico, expected he should gain his point by assuming a threatening attitude; but Turkey is not yet without her Musas, and unless we are much mistaken, their desperate courage will teach the proud Moscovite before the war is over, that if they are doomed to fall, it will not be without a dreadful struggle.

A traveller from the West, accustomed as he has been to picture to his imagination the Turkish soldier in his Oriental dress—the ample Shalwar, braided jacket, turban of many folds, and red sash filled with pistols and poniards—is apt as his eye rests on the modern tactico, in his uncouth, ill-made European uniform, to consider him the mere ghost of his fiery, dashing ancestor; whereas if he were habited in the

ancient warlike costume, he would be as martial a looking fellow as ever followed the standard of the Prophet.

Granting that the military bearing of the tactico is not quite equal to the standard of Hyde Park and the Champs de Mars, he is not without his good qualities. He is more patient in adversity, more hardy in his habits than most Europeans; while his contempt for the comforts of life cannot be too highly prized. His bed, which at best is only a bit of carpet or a mat, is easily carried, serves him alike in the tent and the barracks; and few soldiers are provided with a more serviceable garment than his capital rough cloak with a hood, which protects him by day from the inclemency of the weather, and by night answers all the purposes of a blanket to sleep in.

Again, the Turkish soldier is not one of those outcasts of a crowded city—a convicted thief or vagabond—that you so frequently meet in the armies of civilized Europe, but a hardy peasant from the plough, or some shepherd of the mountain, simple and unsophisticated; an honest Mahometan, who, however much he may at first dislike the service, and curse in his heart the tyranny of the conscription that tore him from the parental roof, yet having uttered his *Mash-allah*, and sworn on the Koran to be true to his Sultan, resigns himself to his fate, and manfully does his duty. Moreover, the regular pay of about four shillings a month of our money, clear of stoppages, and plenty of his favourite dish, the pillaw, barley cakes, and *yaourte*, tend to reconcile him to his new position; and, everything considered, he is much better paid and fed than the majority of the soldiers of continental Europe.

As might be expected in an army composed of Mahometans, where the drink of the soldier is *yaourte*, those scenes of drunkenness and rioting so frequent among the soldiers

of Christian Europe, are unknown; and whether it is owing to this abstinence from intoxicating drinks, or their hardy habits, or to both, they are certainly less liable to sickness, less susceptible of the influence of climate, and all the hardships and fatigue incident to the life of a military man. We have also been frequently assured by their Frank instructors, that no men, whatever may be their country, exhibited more aptitude for warlike pursuits, or more cheerfulness in obeying the commands of their superiors; and this is the more remarkable when we remember that corporal punishment is entirely banished from the Turkish army. In fact, that shuffling, slipshod fellow you see lounging about the streets, who calls forth many a contemptuous sneer from the newly-arrived Frank traveller, notwithstanding his unpromising exterior, has in him the raw material of an excellent soldier; indeed, there is such docility and earnestness about him, and in everything he does, that with good training, he may be rendered fit for almost anything. No soldier executes his movements in battalion with greater precision and celerity, and none wheel into line with more regularity; and although we might conclude from the familiarity observable between the officers and men, that there must be a want of discipline, and consequent insubordination, it is not so; and when this does occur, it is generally caused by the want of courage and military capability in the officer.

The mode of arming, even to the equipment of the men, with the exception of the fez, is French. Enlistment by conscription, and the period of active service, is also the same, commencing at eighteen, and continuing for seven years; with this difference, that in case of war, a Turkish soldier may again be called out, to serve five years longer. The artillery has been organized after the Prussian system, and the Redifs on the same plan as the Nizam.

The Redifs, after the labours of the field are over in autumn, are summoned to the chief town of their pachalik, where they receive their arms and equipments, and are regularly exercised for a month, living in tents, leading the life and receiving the pay of regular soldiers. In consequence of this system, although the regular army in Turkey consists only of 150,000 men, the Sultan is able to call into active service, if necessary, 500,000 men, including the Bashi bozouk. For this system, which is somewhat similar to the Prussian landwehr, the Turkish government is indebted to its Prussian military instructors; and to these able officers it also owes the very effective state of the Turkish artillery, and also the various strong fortifications that have been recently erected.

The whole active army in Turkey is divided into six grand corps—each corps consisting of 30,000 men, of all arms—corresponding to the six military divisions of the French army. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the entire army is composed of Mahometans, nor to add how much it is to be regretted that this odious barrier should still exist after a rule of 400 years, between the conquerors and the conquered, seeing that the Christians are equally fellow-citizens, equally interested in defence of their common country, their hearths and homes, with the Mahometan.

The want of a well-organized medical staff, to which we alluded in a former work, has been in some measure supplied by the encouragement offered by the Sultan to European professional men, who now enjoy all the privileges accorded to a Mahometan, without renouncing their religious opinions. Had the same indulgence been extended to European officers—who, being Christian, can hold no rank beyond that of instructors, or in other words, drill-sergeants—the Turkish army would have been in a far better position to meet the

Russians than it is at the present moment. The Turks would also have learned, what they never can from a teacher, the practical advantages to be derived from organization and a well-conducted état-major. The want of this is now severely felt, and must have led to the most disastrous consequences, had it not been for the timely introduction of so many experienced refugee officers, Poles and Hungarians, into the Turkish army. It is scarcely credible that at the commencement of the war there was not another officer in the service beside Omar Pacha, with sufficient ability to take the command of the army.

Surely the Sultan and his government must now be aware that, unless they follow the example of Peter of Russia, and enlist into their service the talent of the West, thereby securing an effective staff of naval and military officers, there can be no well-grounded hope of succeeding in a war with Russia. As for the Osmanli Effendi, no sooner does he become rich, and establish himself in comfort, with his harem, wives, and slaves, than he sinks down into what we should term in England a tame, indolent, spiritless drone.

The marine,* notwithstanding the disasters of Navarino, and we may now add the late massacre at Sinope, is in a tolerably efficient state. It owes its restoration to the famous Tahir; and its discipline, in a great measure, to Sir Baldwin Walker and his successor, Captain Slade—two as able and excellent officers as ever paced the deck of a man-of-war.

* Previous to the massacre at Sinope, the Turkish navy consisted of six ships of the line, from 74 to 90 guns, and from 600 to 900 men; eleven frigates from 52 to 64 guns, and from 150 to 500 men: twelve corvettes, from 18 to 48 guns and from 100 to 250 men; fourteen cutters, schooners, &c., six steam frigates of from 500 to 800 horse power; eight corvettes, and a number of brigs and smaller vessels.

Among the military establishments at Constantinople deserving attention, are the barracks at Scutari, built upon an eminence; a very fine edifice, and so vast as to afford accommodation for 10,000 men. The school of the guards also deserves a visit. Namuk Pacha, one of the most active and intelligent Osmanli of the day, may be said to be its founder; an establishment which has done more towards disciplinizing the Turkish army than any other institution formed in accordance with European principles. The pupils, in addition to being instructed in military tactics, receive a liberal education; the latter, however, is a difficult undertaking, when we remember the number of nationalities of which the Turkish empire is composed; even the Mahometan population is divided into Arabs, Egyptians, Kurds, Albanians, Bosnians, &c., all speaking different languages, and none of them thoroughly acquainted with the Turkish,—a great hindrance, if no other existed, to the rapid progress of a people in knowledge and civilization.

The worst thing in connexion with the military, and that which detracts most from the martial appearance of the men, is their ill-made, ill-cut clothes, of the very coarsest materials. The fez also is not a head-dress well adapted for a soldier; for however jaunty and picturesque it may appear with its blue tassel on the head of a Greek or an Albanian, dressed in his braided jacket and foustanelle, the form adopted by the Turk is far less graceful and becoming, since it is high in the crown, and padded; besides this, it rests on the ears, and as these appendages to the head of a Turk are frequently out of proportion, and protrude, it is certainly more advisable to conceal than exhibit them. At best the fez is a poor substitute for the Eastern turban, whose ample folds had at least the advantage of defending the head from the rays of the sun and the stroke of a sabre. At present, the only article

we can admire in the dress of the military is the cloak worn by the officers, which being fastened at the throat by a gold clasp, enriched with a brilliant, and descending in ample folds below the knee, is at once warlike and elegant.

Among the grievances of the Mahometans, of which they complain bitterly, is the conscription. In the best ordered countries it is both demoralizing and oppressive, but enforcing a system so opposed to the spirit of the Koran among a Mahometan population, wedded as they are to their civil rights, has been one of the causes which of late years have led to those frequent insurrections which are gradually depopulating the country. Still it is not so much the conscription as the arbitrary manner of enforcing it that constitutes the hardship. For instance, a Pacha, governor of a district, receives an order from government to furnish a certain number of men on a given day. This civil and military officer, instead of having recourse to the legitimate method by lot, places himself at the head of a military detachment attacks a village, and after a severe fight succeeds in carrying off all the able-bodied men he can capture, without regard to their rank or circumstances, provided they pass muster at a head quarters.

We alluded more at length to the pernicious effects of the conscription in our late work on Turkey; we showed how whole villages have been deserted since its adoption, and entire districts that were once cultivated turned into a desert. We described how frequently we met with hundreds of these poor conscripts, bound together like criminals, and driven at the point of the bayonet to the nearest dépôt. We also alluded to another of these grievances, the change of system in the tenure of land, and the destruction of all the hereditary fiefdoms belonging to the Mahometans of Albania and Bosnia. It is true, vested rights in the subject have been :

all times, and in all ages, disregarded by an Asiatic ruler when state policy demanded that some specific measure should be enforced; and what Sultan Mahmoud, the destroyer of the janissaries, commenced, has been carried into effect by his son, but unhappily at the expense of a fearful loss of life, in a series of insurrections, which required all the tact and ability of Omar Pacha to subdue.

Previous to this unlucky measure, the state had always at its command a splendid force of irregular cavalry in the contingents furnished by the various Beys, Kapitanis, and Spahis, who held the land by military tenure. These were the men who in former days, when the sultans of Turkey warred with the infidel, rallied round the standard of the Crescent, and carried terror into the heart of Europe. No doubt it was found that so long as this powerful Mahometan party retained their influence in the country, there was no hope of reform—no prospect of ameliorating the condition of the rayah. On the other hand, it cannot be denied but that Turkey, in a military point of view, has sustained a severe loss in the bravery of these gallant warriors, who were accustomed to bring into the field 150,000 men, and more than once saved the empire from ruin; their want, we fear, will now be sensibly felt, if the rayah should take up arms and join his co-religionists, the Russians.

With every disposition to speak well of the Turks,—for at the present moment our interests and those of civilization are identical with theirs,—still it would be unwise if we did not point out to our readers what is faulty in the administration, and in what consists the real weakness of the Turkish empire, in order to be prepared against such contingencies as may arise. And most assuredly, every traveller who has wandered so much in Turkey as we have done, and witnessed the grievances of every class, both Mahometan and Chris-

tian, together with the great difficulties everywhere opposing the endeavours of the executive to establish something like harmony among the incongruous nationalities, creeds, and races that acknowledge the Ottoman rule, must feel persuaded that the Turks have now entered one of the most dangerous periods of their eventful history.

We shall therefore conclude our present notice of Turkey with a slight sketch of what the Turkish government has already done in reforming the misrule of centuries, and the difficulties it had to contend with. A few years later, in all probability, it would have succeeded in establishing an administration equally acceptable to Christian and Mahometan, had it not been interrupted in its laudable career by the present war.

The 3d of November, 1839, when the Hatti Scheriff was read to the people in the vast plain of Gulhana, ought to have been a great and glorious day to the Christian subjects of the Sultan, who were then told, after nearly four centuries of political, civil, and religious slavery, that all mankind were equal, and that from henceforth there was to be no distinction between the professors of any creed:—an attempt of the sovereign to return to the old institutions of the Ottoman Sultans, which were, in fact, a pure democracy, ruled over by a chief who was more a theocrat than an autocrat; but the difficulty lay in reconciling the two opposing creeds,—in uniting in one ruler the authority of Caliph over the Mahometan, and Pontiff over the Christian.

It is scarcely necessary to remind those who are conversant with the recent history of the Ottoman empire how this concession, so tolerant, and apparently so conducive to the welfare of the people, led to insurrection among the Mahometans wherever there was an ambitious chieftain, or a bigoted Moullah, to take advantage of the fanaticism of their co

religionists. Still, although the Hatti Scheriff of Gulhana has been the cause of much trouble to the executive, and more than once reduced the empire to the verge of ruin, it has nevertheless paved the way for political and social progress, and proved in every respect a blessing to the long-oppressed rayah population. However much it might have been abused by their Mahometan fellow-subjects, the law of the land secured to them certain privileges which could not be infringed with impunity; above all, capital punishment could not be inflicted without a trial and the consent of the Sultan, nor private property confiscated without inquiry, nor a temple of Christian worship arbitrarily closed.

The form of the administrative government had also become more European. The Grand Vizier filled the office of prime minister; the Sheik al Islam, minister of justice; the Seraskier, minister of war; a Capidan Pacha, minister of marine; together with ministers of finance, commerce, and public works. Allowing that much slovenliness was exhibited on the part of the executive, and not a little oppression and extortion on the part of the subordinates in the provinces, from this time a material change for the better took place in the administration of public affairs, particularly after the gallant Omar Pasha had succeeded in repressing the various revolutionary movements of the Mahometan malcontents.

Tranquillity at length was restored, and every probability existed that after a few years, when the inhabitants of Turkey, both Christian and Mahometan, became more intimately acquainted with the liberal sentiments of the multitude of well-educated intellectual foreigners that visited the country, they would ultimately throw aside their fanatic exclusiveness, and become members of the great European family. But this formed no part of the policy of Russia; the possession of Constantinople, with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles,

was with her a fixed, settled purpose. She saw that if the Turks were left unmolested, their increased knowledge and the tolerance and liberality of the Government would render them a very formidable adversary. Besides, her semi-barbarian hordes, like those who followed the standard of Attila and Alaric, must be allowed to obey the impulse which ever prompts them to quit their ice-bound, barren steppes, and seek a more comfortable home in the land of the Sun.

To those who know Turkey, the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower classes, and the incorrigible indolence of the wealthy effendis, it must appear surprising that she had made any progress in those reforms she so much needed, particularly when we remember the incessant intrigues of Russia to prevent the employment of a clever foreigner in any department of public service. Fortunately, the Sultan had in his employment several men of very superior abilities, who aided him most powerfully by their advice and exertions in carrying out his different measures of reform; and it does not say much in favour of the intellectual attainments of the wealthy effendi, that every one of those faithful ministers was of the very lowest class.

Cosrew Pacha, one of the most trusted advisers of the late and the present Sultan, to whom we were indebted for many kind offices on our first visit to Constantinople, was a Circassian slave. After filling in succession the highest offices in the state up to Seraskier and Grand Vizier, he died at a very advanced age,—it is said, nearly a hundred. Halil Pacha, his adopted son, who also filled the highest offices in the state, commenced life as a slave; his elevation to the position of son-in-law of Sultan Mahmoud was almost unprecedented even in such a democratic country as Turkey. We may say the same of Riza Pacha, who from being a waiter in

a coffee-house gradually advanced step by step till he also became the son-in-law of the Sultan.

It appears that Halil Pacha, who was the son of Christian parents, was first a slave to a wealthy Armenian, then to a Turkish effendi, and afterwards to Cosrew, who, seeing he possessed very superior natural talents, had him educated with great care; and, finding his conduct uniformly good, and his disposition kind and tractable, not only adopted him as his son, but through his powerful influence with the Sultan prevailed with him to bestow upon his *protégé* the hand of his favourite daughter.

Cosrew was an accurate judge of character. Of this we have another instance in Omar Pacha, who has also been indebted to him for much of his success in life. This gallant general, who up to the present time has made the Russians eat more dirt than ever they did before in their wars with Turkey, was not originally a slave, it is true, but he arrived in Turkey a friendless refugee. After embracing Islamism, he was invested by Cosrew, who was at that time Seraskier, with the rank of officer in the Nizam. The penetrating eye of his patron soon discovered that the young foreigner had more genius, talent, and enterprise, than the majority of the Moslem officers in the army; consequently, he never omitted an opportunity of advancing the interests of a man who, he felt certain, would prove a valuable servant of the Sultan in the hour of need.

During our *séjour* in Constantinople in 1836, we had frequent interviews with Cosrew respecting the proposed admission of English officers into the Turkish army. Omar was at this time attached to the personal staff of the Seraskier; and his handsome person, gentlemanly manners, and the fluency with which he spoke German, French, and Italian, impressed us with the opinion that he was a singularly

favourable specimen of an Osmanli. Indeed, we had our misgivings as to the genuineness of his title to be considered a son of Othman, grounded on his very superior intelligence, and his European style of walking.

When we last saw this very extraordinary man, it was at Scopia,* in Macedonia, where we with some difficulty recognised in the lion of the day the unknown aide-de-camp and secretary of Cosrew, the Seraskier. He was then preparing, at the head of a large army, to take the field against the insurgent Mahometans of Albania and Bosnia. It was in quelling the insurrections in Syria and Albania that he first eminently distinguished himself. In Kurdistan he was equally fortunate; but the most important service he rendered the Turkish Government was in subduing the revolt of the beys and spahis in Bosnia, where, with a very inferior force, he triumphed in every engagement. In short, throughout his whole career he has not only displayed military talents of no common order, but the tact and ability of an enlightened legislator. Ever the friend of the poor rayah, he became the idol of that long-despised race, and at the same time retained the attachment of the Moslems. Indeed, since his advent to power, he has done more to allay the differences between the members of the many rival creeds in Turkey than any other man of his day.

* See Travels in European Turkey in 1851, vol. ii. p. 27. Colburn & Co.



VARNA.

CHAPTER XVI.

Russia—The Black Sea—Circassia—Progress of Russia in the East—Observations upon the war in the Caucasus—Facility of attacking Russia on the Black Sea—Public opinion in Europe with reference to Russia—Dangers to be apprehended to the civilization and independence of Europe, from Russia.

HISTORY has rarely had to record anything more marvellous than the change of feeling that has taken place in the public mind of Europe within the last few months. Christian and Mahometan, despot and republican, priest and liberal, all agreeing—all uniting upon one point—how, or by what means, the aggression of Russia might most effectually be resisted. What a proud moment for the barbarians of the North, who little more than a century ago were scarcely known by name! and how humiliating to Europe! As we

are now about to enter the dominions of the mighty autocrat that all the world fears, we shall commence our narrative with a glance at the Black Sea, and its connexion with the present war. Having already written a series of articles on the Eastern question in the "United Service Magazine," we shall extract a portion of that entitled the "Black Sea,"* because we could not write anything that would better convey our ideas, or give the reader a more correct conception of the political and social state of the various races that inhabit its shores, and of the important influence that France and England may there exercise in a war with Russia.

The war at present raging between Turkey and Russia, to which we had occasion so frequently to allude, is confessedly of the last importance to the general interests of Europe; and as it has now extended to those countries bordering on the Black Sea, so long and so carefully shrouded by Russian policy from the inquisitive gaze of the inhabitants of the civilized West, we cannot but anticipate that new and almost unexplored regions will be opened to their inquiries. Indeed, if no other effect ensued than securing for the future the free navigation of this sea to the fleets of every nation, thereby putting an end to the imaginary right of proprietorship claimed by Russia and Turkey, a great advantage would be obtained. Here we shall undoubtedly find the most vulnerable portion of the dominions of the Tzar; and perhaps in no part of the whole Russian empire could a blow be struck more effectually, or felt more acutely. With the exception of Sebastopol, undoubtedly a place of great strength, the entire coast of the Black Sea, including Besserabia, the Crimea, Circassia, Immeretia, Mingrelia, and Gourial, on to Fort St. Nicholas adjoining the Turkish frontier, may be said to lie open to the attack of an

* Colburn's United Service Magazine, January 1, 1854. It may be necessary to observe that the author reserved to himself the right of republication.

enemy. It is true, a line of inconsiderable forts skirts the coast of Circassia; but, as these have been constructed chiefly with a view of holding in check a semi-barbarous people, unacquainted with the science of war, not one of those defensive positions could resist half an hour's bombardment, in the event of either France or England assuming the offensive. Nay, even without firing a gun, a blockade of a few weeks would suffice to starve their garrisons into surrendering; because they depend entirely for their supplies upon the Russian cruisers, and have nothing to expect from the exasperated mountaineers in their rear but utter extermination.

If we turn to the Crimea and Bessarabia, with their Tatar population, German colonists, Bulgarians, Wallachians, French and Swiss, we shall find them all discontented with the iron rule of the Tzar. The same may be said in a still higher degree of the inhabitants of Georgia and Immeretia, Mingrelia, Gourial, and Russian Armenia. The Tatars especially, allied as they are by race and creed to the Osmanli, we feel confident, would rise to a man, if they saw the slightest hope of emancipating themselves and their country. As to the Circassians, the mere presence of an English man-of-war would be sufficient to arouse every man capable of bearing arms, from the Black Sea to the Caspian. We do not make this assertion on the testimony of mere hearsay, but from information obtained during an extensive tour in these countries.

Up to the present time, fortunately for Russia, the vision of European statesmen rarely or never attempted to penetrate the mist that has so long hovered over the countries bordering on the Black Sea. Of what importance could the Euxine, proverbially the home of the tempest and the hurricane, be to them? or what interest could they have in the subjugation or destruction of the semi-barbarians that peopled its shores?

Russia judged otherwise. She knew the strength and the value of a position which would enable her to continue her conquests in Asia. She knew that the Caucasus was the key to all her projected encroachments upon Turkey, Persia, and India; and to obtain it was for her a stern political necessity.

At the time we published our first work upon these countries, we endeavoured, not only by writing in periodicals, but in several interviews with her Majesty's Ministers and some of the most distinguished statesmen of the day, to create a feeling in favour of the gallant mountaineers of the Caucasus. Our exertions, unfortunately, were unavailing; the excitement caused by the war in Circassia passed away; and the heroes who were actually fighting the battles of Europe and civilization were left to perish, uncared for by those very nations who benefited by the sacrifice. They either did not, or would not, acknowledge the fact, that so long as the Caucasus remained unsubdued, a barrier existed impassable to Russian ambition. Nay, our representations of the grasping policy pursued by that aggressive power in those countries, and our apprehensions of the fall of Turkey and Persia, followed by the invasion of India, were deemed by some exaggerated, and by others chimerical; and that by men whose recognised abilities and intelligence gave weight and authority to their opinions.

How changed is the position of affairs, and how completely do these altered circumstances confirm the view we then took of the question! If the measure had been adopted which we recommended at page 64 of our "Travels in the Western Caucasus," of sending a competent marine force into the Euxine—a measure earnestly desired by the Ottoman government, and which would have opened the Black Sea and the Danube, as highways for the commerce of the world,—Circassia would now be in the peaceful enjoyment of its inde-

pendence, Turkey and Persia delivered from their hereditary enemy,—while the blessings of industry, commerce, and civilization would have spread among the inhabitants of those vast countries on the Black Sea, which now lie inert and torpid beneath the benumbing influence of a power that has ever shown itself more solicitous to obtain from its subjects taxes and conscripts than to advance their prosperity and intelligence.

But although the heroic efforts of the mountaineers of the Caucasus to preserve their independence were regarded at that time as a matter of little consequence to Europe, the allies of the Ottoman Porte are not likely to remain insensible to the value of their aid in the present day; since the important diversion they are now exercising under their renowned leader, Schamyl Bey, by giving sufficient occupation to Russia to defend her Asiatic possessions, not only enables Omar Pacha to guard Turkey in Europe, but threatens the most disastrous consequences to Russia in this part of her dominions. For let it be remembered, they regard the Sultan as the spiritual head of their Church, and are consequently united to Turkey by that chain of sympathy which binds together every True Believer in the hour of danger.

It is not so much the bravery of the people, as the political influence of Islamism, which, by raising a rampart around the Caucasus, has enabled them to preserve their independence up to the present time; whereas their neighbours, the inhabitants of Immeretia and Gourial, Mingrelia and Georgia, although occupying a country easy to be defended, soon fell beneath the sway of the invaders; because the majority were members of the Greek Church, and, by accepting the tempting offer of protection from the mighty ruler of all the Russias, sealed their fate. Hence, however much we may condemn the creed of Mahomet in a religious point of view,

it must be confessed that it has the effect of promoting unanimity among its members, and does not encourage slavery. In fact, the Koran is the charter which ensures to a True Believer his privileges—the shield against oppression—the substitute for constitutional rights—the ruler that all obey—the arbiter of every difference—the guarantee that faith shall be kept inviolate—the lawgiver which all classes, high and low, obey. It also levels the distinctions between man and man, and raises the most degraded serf who accepts it as his guide of faith, to the social rank of the wealthiest noble. It is this spirit of equality, diffused among all classes, which has conduced in no inconsiderable degree to the great success of Islamism, and attracted to its standard so large a portion of the human race; and it may be now, in the hour of danger, the means of preserving the Turkish empire.

It might be presumed that a creed embracing so much that is admirable as a legislative code, would tend to elevate its members to a high state of prosperity, civilization, and political influence; yet history tells us the contrary, and shows that it only suits man in a certain state of civilization, out of which it is of no value.

But to return to the inhabitants of the Caucasus. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this difference in creed has left Russia without her usual pretext for interfering in the religious affairs of the inhabitants of the Caucasus—the champion of the Cross could not become the protector of the children of the Crescent; consequently, he had no other means of subjugating them to his rule than a cruel and expensive war, which has been gradually wasting the resources of his empire. Yet, notwithstanding the blood and treasure so prodigally lavished, he has not advanced one step nearer to the conquest of the Caucasus than when he commenced the contest. How glorious, then—how deserving our warmest admi-

ration, has been the unceasing struggle of these gallant mountaineers, when we remember the gigantic strength of their enemy, and all the combinations of science, discipline, and intrigue, employed against them by one of the cleverest and most unprincipled cabinets in the world.

During the extensive and repeated tours we made in the various countries of Russia and Turkey bordering on the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Lower Danube, the conviction, as we have frequently stated in former works, was forced upon us, that, sooner or later, they would become the battle-fields of the Old World; and the events of to-day prove the correctness of the conclusion. And how many changes have taken place since the volumes describing these tours were published! What fearful scenes of civil strife have been acted! what deadly feuds have arisen between the supporters of despotism and free institutions! what almost incredible progress has been made by mankind in general intelligence and civilization! what an entire alteration in the public opinion of Europe! Russia was then regarded as the champion of Divine Right, the guardian of social order, the immovable rock against which the troubled waves of democracy might beat in vain! This belief and these feelings lie buried among the things which have been; the present generation has adopted other views, learned a sad and ominous lesson. It now knows what is meant by Russian moderation, Russian protection, in the multitude of territories, large, rich, and fertile, incorporated in that immense mass of nationalities called the Russian empire! Was she not protector of Poland and Courland? of the Crimea and Georgia? of Immeretia, Mingrelia, and Gourial? and now she would assume the Protectorate over the fifteen millions of Christian subjects of the Sultan in Europe and Asia!

Can we, then, wonder that distrust and apprehension for the

future should have succeeded to confidence? or that men of the strongest minds, and least susceptible of being alarmed by passing events, should come to the conclusion that the meteor which now blazes over the civilized world, before its course is run, will leave behind it a trail, the marks of which will never be effaced? May it not be one of blood, desolation, and ruin! The greatest misfortunes which have ever befallen the civilization of mankind, have proceeded from the inroads of the barbarians of those very countries over which the Tzars of Russia hold absolute dominion. Imagine, then, an invasion of the countless hordes of Siberia, and all those vast lands that extend to the confines of China! Imagine the destruction, if these soldiers of rapine descended on Germany, France, and Italy, on one side, and on India on the other! That they have been in military training for some such purpose, we know to a certainty; and recent events sufficiently tell us that the spirit of Attila, Ghenghis Khan, and Tamerlane, is not extinct in Russia.

We came to this conclusion several years ago, after an extensive tour in South Russia and those various countries bordering on the Black Sea and the Caspian, and the remarks we then made are so applicable to the present crisis, and so illustrative of the aggressive tendencies of Russia, that we cannot refrain from giving the extract in full. After alluding to the colossal magnitude of the works we witnessed at Sebastopol, the vast size and strength of the arsenals, dock-yards, and barracks, the energy, mind, and enterprising spirit of the present emperor, displayed in the minutest object that bore on war, or the internal and external defence of his widely extended empire, the incessant drilling of troops for the army and navy, the wild hordes of Siberia and Eastern Tartary congregated with Cossacks of the Don, the Tchernemorsky Cossacks, and the natives of Old Moscovy, their hardy habits

and capabilities as soldiers, we concluded the chapter in these words—which at least shows that we were inspired from all we saw with a sort of prescience of what was to come.*

“With an army composed of such men, if properly disciplined, and led on by a real military genius, vast enterprises might be accomplished, more particularly when excited by the fiery ardour of the Cossack, and the warlike hordes of Asia—men by nature and education totally different from the phlegmatic Moscovite, and whose glory is war and rapine.

“Having already, when describing Sebastopol and other maritime stations, shown the gigantic efforts made by Russia to improve her military and naval force, and strengthen her fortified positions, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties she had to contend with, we must come to the conclusion, that the cabinet of St. Petersburg, whose measures ever evince sagacity and long-sightedness, meditates at no very distant period some enterprise of the vastest importance. Unfortunately the friendly and peaceable disposition formerly manifested by the Russian government towards England no longer exists; distrust has succeeded to confidence, and the two powers now seem to regard each other with mutual though smothered animosity, which will probably, when Russia finds herself sufficiently strong, break out in an open rupture. Do we not see her diplomatists, in every part of the world, with their numerous clever agents, undermining our interests, commercial and political, as if we were the only obstacle that opposed their unhallowed purpose of subjugating the nations? Do we not even hear her press, speaking under the inspiration of the government, threatening us in such words as these, which we extracted from the

* Travels in Circassia, vol. ii. p. 20. 3d Edition, 1839.

Moscow Gazette. 'Go on! go on! debt-burdened Albion thy hour is not yet come, but be assured we shall soon teach thee a lesson at Calcutta!'

"Indeed the signs of the times, the clashing of interests the supineness, weakness, and imbecility of too many of the European and Asiatic powers at the present day, all indicate to say the least, the probability *that the day is not far distant when we may be called upon to curb the steed that would trample us down.* How necessary then is it, if we regard the menacing position so lately assumed by Russia—her dard insidious policy—the craft and subtlety employed by her diplomatists in furthering their measures at the expense of every opponent, that our government, nay, the whole nation should arouse themselves, not only by watching her every movement, and counteracting her ambitious schemes in every part of the world, but, if circumstances should render it necessary, by an appeal to arms!

"On the contrary, if slumbering in fancied security we take no steps to assert our rights and guard our interests, in a few years, when the nationality of the brave inhabitants of Poland and the Caucasus, who now implore our protection, is destroyed,—when Turkey and Persia shall be chained to the chariot-wheels of their conqueror on his march to India,—when our commerce shall have passed into other channels,—we shall regret our supineness when activity can no longer avail, mourn over our short-sightedness when the auguries of ill shall have been fulfilled, and lament when it is too late that we did not boldly advance and anticipate the evil instead of waiting until, in its increased magnitude, every prospect of successfully opposing it will have become—shall I say?—hopeless."

To show the correctness of the views we at that time entertained of the aggressive spirit of Russian policy, we shall

give an extract from another of our works, "Travels in the Western Caucasus."—(Vol. i. p. 53.)

"We know the object our government (the English) has in view is the preservation of peace, to conciliate the anti-war party, and the repugnance entertained by a large majority to interpose in the affairs of foreign nations. How vain are their hopes! how futile their endeavours! They ought to take example from the story of the Man and the Ass in the fable, for by their timid measures, and endeavours to maintain peace, they only increase the evil by deferring it to a future day,—for at an earlier or a later period war is inevitable:—*I say, at an earlier or a later period we shall be called upon to defend our Eastern empire*,—an empire that has been in every age the magnet of attraction to the half-military, half-savage tribes that have desolated the earth in their marauding expeditions in search of plunder, and is now coveted with the keenest desire by the semi-barbarous hordes of Russia; a desire which that power takes good care to propagate among her needy subjects,—the name of India ringing as cheerily in the ears of a Cossack or a Russo-Tatar, as the merry peal announcing his marriage. How often have we seen these fellows, while bivouacking with the Russian troops on the banks of the Don and the Kouban, at the mere mention of a prospect of marching to the land of pearls and diamonds, caper like so many half-crazed dervishes!

"We repeat, the Emperor of Russia must advance; any symptom of wavering, any check to the progress of the mighty engine of which he is the compulsory director, would produce a moral concussion of plots, conspiracies, and, perhaps, assassination; in short, all the horrors a discontented soldiery are capable of perpetrating. But who can foresee the termination of his career! At all events, he cannot remain inactive; for such have been the repeated victories obtained by the

Russian troops, during his reign, over their degenerate neighbours, the inhabitants of Turkey and Persia, and the plunder they obtained in these countries has so excited their cupidity, that they now naturally desire a war with any power in which they are likely to reap a rich harvest. His first step, of course, would be to take possession of Constantinople and the Levant; then, with Herat on one side and the Oxus on the other, we might as well preach silence to the winds, as to attempt to arrest his progress to India."

If such was the state of Russia and the sentiments of the war party at the time we wrote this,—and we had ample opportunities, as the guest of Prince Worrenzow, Governor-General of South Russia, of forming a tolerably correct opinion of the wishes and tendencies of the military,—how much better is Russia prepared in the present day, should she feel disposed to carry into effect any of her long meditated projects of conquest and dominion!

In fact, we have entered an epoch pregnant with great events, and which may lead to results the most momentous and unforeseen. Who would have predicted a year ago, when the anticipated invasion of Great Britain by France occupied every man's thoughts, that Louis Napoleon, who we believed meditated a war that would convulse the whole civilized world, would prove the firm ally of England, and heartily second all her endeavours to maintain peace? Again, who would have believed that the Tzar of all the Russias—the pious pontiff of the Oriental Church—the chief of the Holy Alliance—would be the first among the great rulers of the world to unleash the dogs of war?

Our government, it is true, has been blamed for not taking a more decided tone when Russia so irretrievably committed herself by crossing the Pruth. Still, we cannot think that the reams of paper consumed in fruitless negotiations hav

been wasted. Public opinion in Europe has had time gradually to form and declare itself in open condemnation of the policy of the Tzar. Besides, even our own advocates for peace upon any terms, and at any price, must now acknowledge, however reluctantly, that the privilege of selling cotton and iron may be obtained at too great a sacrifice. With every respect for these gentlemen, and their well-intentioned efforts, although the woe and suffering attendant on war are confessedly great, yet in some instances, particularly among a semi-barbarous people like the Russians and the Turks, it is conducive to civilization. We must not, therefore, regard it altogether as a pure unmitigated evil. In the present case war is unavoidable; and now that it has commenced, we fear it will not end without a tremendous struggle. Russia knows her power, and how to wield it. It was no light thing that induced her to throw the gauntlet of defiance in the face of two such formidable powers as Great Britain and France.

Viewing the question in this light, the perils are so great, and the chances of success in a prolonged struggle so uncertain, that we are led to coincide with the prevailing opinion, that Russia from the first had made her arrangements with the despotic princes of Europe, whose welfare is identified with her own. Be this as it may, the time is fast approaching when they must declare themselves. This is the position to which Europe is now come—one of those phases in the history of the world when enslaved man may be compared to a chrysalis attempting to burst its prison, but detained in confinement by a superior force. The future is dark and stormy; and we fear that all the plans of diplomatists and stock-jobbers will be unable to prevent the crisis—the fatal conflict of opinions. An armistice,—nay, even a hollow peace, might be concluded between the belligerents, to be broken whenever an opportunity may present itself; but the real

danger—the conflict of opinions—will only be postponed to a future day.

With respect to Russia, that not only the balance of power, but the vital interests of Great Britain, nay those of the whole civilized world, are involved in the contest, no man of the least discernment can fail to perceive; for should the barbarians of the north succeed in establishing their supremacy, the destruction of all free institutions would soon follow, and that progressive movement which has elevated man in our day to a higher degree of intellect and moral dignity than he had ever before attained, will be as certainly interrupted. So melancholy a result, however, can never occur, unless through our own most culpable supineness and negligence, in not availing ourselves of the immense resources we possess as a nation, which should be employed in putting a final stop to the aggressive policy of a power that has openly and repeatedly outraged all the sacred obligations of international law. Now as humanity is shocked at so much moral and political profligacy, and as there can be no hope for civilization, peace, and order, so long as this barbarian power is allowed to continue in its career of aggression, in an age when everything is tending towards a change, and events as extraordinary as unexpected so rapidly succeed each other, it may be that before the expiration of another year we shall see Poland independent, the Caucasian Isthmus,—the Helvetic Republic of Asia,—and we know not how many more kingdoms and states, torn from the huge colossus that now threatens the liberties of the world.

That the progress of Russia in the East, where we have so many interests at stake, is most alarming, there can be no doubt. Should the present crisis lead to hostilities, a vast field is open to us in the various countries bordering on the Black Sea; but whatever may be the line of action we intend to

pursue, it must not be delayed ; and we have already so far committed ourselves, that we can expect no mercy from the Tzar or his allies, should they succeed in gaining the day. Here Russia is most vulnerable ; and here a blow could be struck which would shake this part of her disjointed empire to its foundation. In order, therefore, to make ourselves thoroughly understood, we must request the reader to accompany us to the Trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia, every inch of which has been obtained by fraud, and in utter contempt of all existing treaties.

On leaving the boundless steppes of Russia we see before us the vast range of the Caucasian mountains, with their stupendous alps Mount Elbrous and Kasbek, towering to the heavens. This mighty range, which the ancients believed encircled the universe, runs in a south-eastern direction across the whole length of the country—the Caucasian isthmus completely dividing the Black Sea from the Caspian. To the north of this is Astrakan and that vast plain once the home of the Nogay Tatars, extending to the Sea of Azow. To the south lie the provinces of Georgia, and the Turkish pachaliks of Erzeroum, Kars, and Akhaltsikh ; the whole of the intermediate region, consisting of alp, mountain, defile, valley, glen, and ravine, is the home of the Circassian, the Lesghian, and several other warlike tribes, for the most part speaking a dialect of the same language, and merely distinguished from each other by the name of the district they inhabit—a people that have never been conquered, that have lived on the lands of their forefathers since the commencement of time. Among these are settled numerous tribes of Tatars with their chiefs, who here found a home after the conquest of the Crimea by the Russians.

Throughout the whole of this vast range of mountains there are only two roads to connect these Trans-Caucasian

provinces with the rest of the Russian empire. The first is that which follows the shore of the Caspian Sea to the port of Derbend, a very strong position, known in former days as one of the gates of Asia. The town, principally inhabited by Tatars, contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants; the situation is picturesque, extending along a declivity of the mountains, shelving down to an arm of the sea; it is surrounded by a wall, and defended by a strong citadel. The other road, after leaving the town of Mosdok, situated on the frontiers of the Caucasian province Kabardah, is conducted along the valley of the river Terek to the fortress of Dariel in the mountains, and from thence to Teflis. This road, which passes through some of the most dangerous defiles in the world, has been executed by the Russians at an enormous sacrifice of life, owing to the incessant hostility of the Circassians and the Lesghians, who occupy the whole of the adjoining mountains. As it is, the Russians find it necessary, when they make use of this road, to be accompanied by a train of artillery sufficiently strong to sweep an enemy from the heights above.

There is another road in progress commenced by Prince Worronzow, commander-in-chief of the army of the Caucasus, which winds along the coast of the Black Sea, and is intended to connect the forts of Anapa, Soujouk-Kaleh, Ghelendjik, Pchad, Bombora, Soukoum-Kaleh, and one or two others, to the Russian province of Immeretia, where it meets with the road carried along the banks of the Kour to Teflis, the capital of Georgia, a town containing about thirty thousand inhabitants. This road is equally exposed to the hostility of the Circassians and the Lesghians, who command the whole of the adjoining heights. It is not yet completed, and can be of no use whatever should the Russians lose the absolute right of retaining the Black Sea as a Russian lake. As it is, these forts

are continually taken and destroyed by the mountaineers, and the road itself rendered impassable.

The frontier which divides these Trans-Caucasian provinces from Turkey is tolerably well defined, and defended on each side by fortified towns and several strong forts. On the Turkish side, Hassan-Kaleh, situated between the Araxes and the Euphrates, and connected with the fort of Bairamlow and one or two others, is a very strong position.

The Russian frontier running along the river Kars is equally strong, defended as it is by Akhaltsikh, and one or two other forts of minor importance ; this town, which contains from eighteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, is commanded by a fortress, and surrounded by a wall of great strength. Should the Turks at any time succeed in gaining possession of Akhaltsikh and the defile of the Souram, Georgia, Immeretia and Mingrelia would be completely severed from all communication with the rest of the Russian empire, because they would then be enabled to make common cause with their co-religionists, the mountaineers of Circassia and Daghestan, and, by sending quantities of fire-arms and ammunition into the Caucasus, succeed in giving an unexampled impetus to the war. The loss of Georgia alone—a province which from its position is the key to the whole of the Trans-Caucasian possessions of Russia, and enables her to threaten Turkey and Persia—would be one of the greatest misfortunes that could happen to that power.

After this slight sketch, it is scarcely necessary to remind the intelligent reader who takes up a map of the Russian empire, that the Caucasus, with its gallant inhabitants, has hitherto served as a barrier against Russia extending her uncontrolled rule in Asia ; and so long as that stronghold of an independent people remains unsubdued, she will never undertake so dangerous an enterprise as the invasion of India.

On the contrary, should she succeed in obtaining complete possession of this important territory, we should then see her, having no active enemy in her rear, and with every route open by sea and land, marching onward to the conquest of Turkish Armenia, and the whole of the intervening coast of the Black Sea,—conquests which would soon be followed up by a successful attack on the capitals of Persia and Turkey; when she might dictate such a peace as would render these two powers the unresisting instruments of her ambitious projects. It must, therefore, be evident to every man at all acquainted with the locality, that the Caucasian isthmus is the bridge which must be crossed by Russia to all her future conquests in Asia. This being admitted, we may be well assured that no cost of men or money will be spared to win the long disputed passage.

Up to the present time, although more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the commencement of the war, the erection of a few mud forts and entrenchments on the coast of the Black Sea, the Caspian, and along the great military road, the Wladi-Kaukas, is all that Russia has been able to achieve, and that at the expense of a fearful loss of life; while the Circassian and Lesghian mountaineers have not only formed a confederacy of interests, but succeeded in enlisting in their cause various other tribes on the east and western frontier of the Caucasus—tribes who formerly acknowledged the supremacy of the Tzar. Add to this, the whole of the forts on the Black Sea and the Caspian, and those along the line of the military roads we previously alluded to, are kept in a continual state of siege; and it is well known, that nothing short of an overwhelming military force holds in subjection the discontented inhabitants, both Christian and Mahometan, of Georgia, Immeretia, Mingrelia, and Russian Armenia.

Surely, if there is a spark of humanity and justice to be found in the cabinets of the two great Western powers, whose united action at the present moment is sufficiently powerful to control the destinies of the world, it is time to put an end to this most unjust and barbarous war. Are their counsels to be for ever swayed by the same timid policy which provides but for the present, regardless of the future? Is the common enemy of the progress of mankind to be for ever allowed to continue its career of ambition, although every inch of territory it gains is in direct opposition to the best interests of their own countries, and that of European civilization? The welfare of posterity demands another line of action—demands that they should dam up the stream before it swells into a torrent. They are fully aware that Russia has not the shadow of a right to the sovereignty of the Caucasus, yet they hesitate to perform an act of justice; but now that she has thrown at their feet the gauntlet of defiance, the honour of their respective countries calls for a vigorous and decisive course of action; and their first movement ought to be to declare Circassia and the whole Caucasian isthmus independent—a tardy act of justice, but perfectly consonant with international law.

The moral effect of such a decision upon the surrounding nations, who are now perfectly aware of the aggressive policy of Russia, would be incalculable,—we should thus not only deprive her of the ability to continue her career of conquest in Persia and Turkey, but deliver a brave people from one of the most unjust and unequal contests ever recorded in the page of history; and at the same time secure the free navigation of the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Danube, and thus open the whole of the fertile countries of Asia Minor and Central Asia to European industry and civilization. On the contrary, if, slumbering in fancied security, we should still

hesitate to pursue the bold line of policy dictated to us by the present crisis, it is highly probable that in a few years, when the gallant inhabitants of the Caucasus shall be subdued, or, what is more likely, exterminated, their country incorporated with the Russian empire, and Persia and Turkey chained to the chariot wheels of the conqueror on his march to India, our children will bitterly regret the pacific tendencies of their forefathers.

Happily, all classes in this country are now beginning to be fully aware of the perils we have pointed out in this chapter, if we may judge from the spirit of the press on the Eastern question, and the sentiments and opinions expressed at all the various meetings held in the metropolis, and in the great commercial towns of the empire; a proof that the mass of the people are becoming more and more intimately acquainted with foreign countries, and know how to connect them with their own interest, and that of the general civilization of mankind; it should also be a warning to ministers that their tenure of office is fleeting, unless they pursue a bold and decisive line of policy in all their relations with foreign countries. And it may well be demanded of those who so long held the reins of government, Why, in the name of common sense and justice, should the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Lower Danube—those great highways of commerce and civilization between Europe and Asia—be closed, at the caprice of a power who has not one foot of territory on their banks that has not been won by fraud and unprovoked aggression?

The strength of Great Britain, both morally and physically, was never greater than at the present moment; our responsibility, therefore, is proportionably great; and though we do not advocate the enlisting all the restless and dissatisfied spirits of the age under our banners, yet our own security.

requires that we should take such measures as will henceforth prevent the present or any future ruler of Russia from interrupting the peace and tranquillity of the world. Knowing this, and that war—and nothing but war—can finally decide the question, we ought to calculate beforehand the consequences likely to result from a war with such a power as Russia; otherwise it may be found when it is too late, that we have been playing into the hands of an adversary who well knows how to take advantage of any false move on our part. The danger is confessedly great, and each day's news shows that it rather increases than diminishes; and to arrive at anything like a just conclusion as to the wisest method of settling this embarrassing question, requires not only the high intellect of the accomplished politician, but the bold daring of the warrior. If we succeed in causing the Russians to retire within their own frontiers, new difficulties will arise; for however much we may desire to support the authority of the Turk in Europe, we fear it will be impossible. Again, if we conclude a peace on the basis of the present *status quo*, we shall only give time to the enemy to complete his preparations for a contest which must surely come.

Indecision in grappling with an evil, however insurmountable it may appear, is a dangerous defect in the counsels of those who are entrusted with the affairs of nations; if, therefore, in consequence of any fatal error, or through any false political motive, we neglect to avail ourselves of our present vantage ground, most undoubtedly we shall hand over to Russia the destinies of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. The real home of the Turk is Asia, and there, among the brethren of his own creed—a creed which ensures an equality of interests and freedom to all who profess it,—we see no reason why he should not become highly civilized; and as he

becomes more enlightened, and better acquainted with the humanizing tendencies of Christianity, a most efficient ally in advancing the cause of civil and religious freedom; whereas in Europe, where he holds daily intercourse with a people he distrusts, and whose idolatrous forms of religion he despises, however equitably he may rule in secular matters, the hostile feeling created by a difference in religion causes him to be regarded by the Christians, in whatever is connected with their faith, as a tyrant and oppressor. The lapse of time and a more intimate acquaintance with the civilized inhabitants of Europe have undoubtedly softened the fanaticism and contempt of the Turk for the Christian and his usages. Of this we ourselves have been a witness. For instance, on our first arrival in Turkey, we were frequently pelted with mud and dirt by the true believers, and called a Giaour and a Pesevenk! —nay, a dog of dogs, and the son of a dirty swine! On our next visit, we had nothing worse to complain of than a few ugly grins and groans from women and boys, which lessened on each subsequent journey, till in 1851 we found ourselves the welcome guest of every pacha and effendi we visited in the Turkish empire; even in many of the Turkish towns and villages shouts of welcome greeted the arrival of the Ingleski-bey. Still we must not imagine that this decrease of fanaticism on the part of the Mahometans has in any great degree lessened the difficulties of bringing a most embarrassing question to a successful issue. Again, Turkey has an immense line of frontier to defend against a neighbour who never loses an opportunity of seeking to effect her total overthrow; and to add to her other embarrassments, she is obliged constantly to maintain a large standing army in Europe to hold in check the revolutionary spirit of a people who she knows will never desist from agitation till they have gained their complete independence; whereas, if she had two such

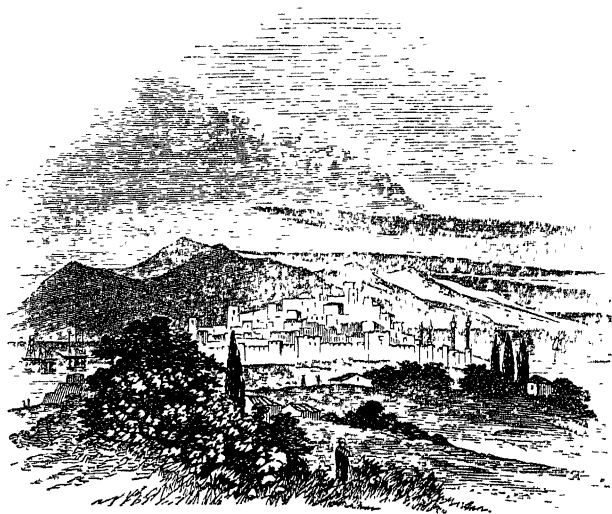
barriers as an Illyrian-Greek confederacy in Europe, and a Caucasian confederacy in Asia, she might defy any future aggression of Russia. In short, a Caucasian confederacy of all the warlike tribes of the Caucasus, and a Greek-Illyrian confederacy in Eastern Europe, under the protection of France and Great Britain, would be one of the grandest political projects of the age, and if it served no other purpose, would at least call into existence several new states, and at the same time increase the wealth and commercial prosperity of civilized Europe by opening new channels of commerce into some of the most fertile and beautiful countries in our hemisphere.

It must be confessed that the Turk, in addition to his ignorance and exclusiveness, has not much improved in the ability to take advantage of existing circumstances, of which we will give an illustration that recurred to our recollection when we heard of the disaster the Turkish arms had sustained at Sinope.

A few years since, we accompanied an intelligent Turkish superior officer on a visit of inspection to the great towns and fortified positions on the coast of Asia Minor, for the express purpose of furnishing the Ottoman government with information as to their capabilities of defence, should Russia attempt an invasion of that part of the Turkish Empire.

We were particularly struck with the position of Sinope, a town built on the isthmus of a peninsula running into the sea in the form of a promontory; a position which, it might be seen at a glance, was admirably adapted for becoming, in the hands of a clever military engineer, a second Gibraltar. It was also evident that a place directly opposite, and only 150 miles distant from Sebastopol, protected by no better fortification than an ill-constructed battery, very much out of repair, and an old Byzantine castle, in an equally ruinous state,

would be certain to be attacked by a Russian fleet in the event of a war; and if by any accident it fell into the hands of a clever power like Russia, it would enable her not only to command the whole of the Black Sea, but cut off every communication between Constantinople and the Turkish

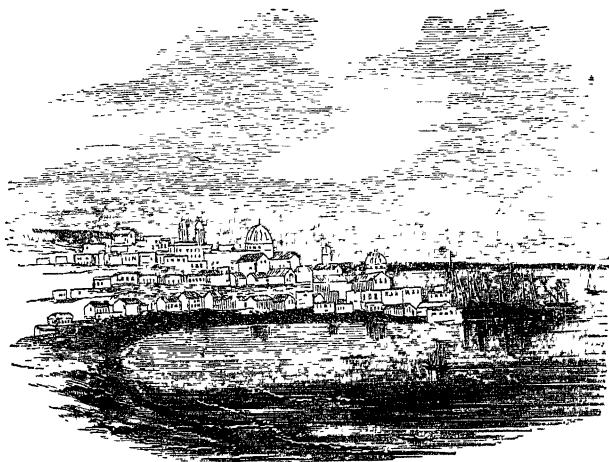


SINOPE.

pachaliks of Erzeroum, Kars, Turkish Armenia, &c. Plans of additional fortifications were accordingly executed, and a memorandum was drawn up, impressing upon the government the necessity of putting a place so important into an efficient state of defence.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the plans and the memorandum remained in the cabinet of the Vizier entirely disregarded; and to this want of foresight may be attributed

the disaster at Sinope. It is however to be hoped that the allies of Turkey—France and England, will see the absolute necessity of rendering impregnable a place, which, from its position, ensures the safety not only of the capital, but of the whole of the Turkish coast of the Black Sea. We ought also to bear in mind that Constantinople is only 160 miles distant from Sebastopol, one of the strongest fortified maritime positions in the Russian empire, and that the north wind which prevails in the Black Sea, and the currents of the Bosphorus, both aid Russia in case she should meditate a *coup-de-main* on Constantinople.



ODESSA.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Black Sea—its Navigation—How Russia obtained possession of it—Arrival at Odessa—Prosperous state of Odessa—Treaty of Adrianople—Beneficial results to Russia—Encouragement given by Russia to Foreigners—Russian Navy—Russian sailors—Peculation in Russia—Present political position of Russia.

No sea on the face of the globe, of like size and importance, has witnessed so few naval contests on its waters as the Euxine; and none, at least in modern times, has been so unfortunate in the races who have held possession of its shores.

The idea of converting the Black Sea into a private lake did not originate with the Russians. It commenced with the

Turks, after they had expelled the Genoese, in the fifteenth century; and their exclusive jealousy of other powers went so far as to deny admission not only to ships of war, but to the merchant flags of every nation; and it might have remained up to the present time as little known, and of as little value to the commercial world, as if it were situated in the heart of China, had it not been for the Russians, who compelled the Ottoman Porte, after a series of naval victories, to open the Bosphorus to the commercial flag of every nation. But the Russians, instead of pursuing the liberal policy they enforced on the Porte, seemed only intent, from the moment their naval power became dominant in the Black Sea, on converting it from a Turkish into a Russian lake; and how well they have succeeded in this, and in offering every possible obstruction to the commerce of other powers, since they obtained possession of the mouth of the Danube, requires no comment. It is true, they had a selfish object in view—the ruin of the trade of Austria, and the semi-independent states of Turkey on the Lower Danube; countries which produce corn and other raw materials of commerce, equally good in quality, and in as great quantity, as their own territory can supply. However, we may now reasonably expect, from the union of two such formidable powers as France and England, that, before they again quit the waters of the Euxine, such treaties will be concluded, that the Danube and the Black Sea shall become, what all seas and great navigable rivers ought to be, high roads for the commerce of the world. What prospects of future good would not this open to the wretched inhabitants of these countries, whose lands, although teeming with fertility, are of no value, because their powerful neighbour chooses to monopolise the whole trade to his exclusive advantage. Indeed, it can scarcely be doubted, if war does take place between Russia

and the maritime forces of France and England, that the mighty colossus which has so long dictated its laws to half the world will receive a shock from which it will not easily recover. The entire trade of South Russia, and of the vast countries watered by the Dnieper, the Bug, and Dnieper, would be at once interrupted,—Odessa ruined,—and the various arsenals, dock and building yards, of Kherson, Nicolaieff, Kaffa, Taganrog, &c., being ill-defended, most assuredly destroyed. Even Sebastopol, secure as it is from any attack by sea, is not impregnable on the land side. It is true, the naval strength of Russia is yet to be tried; and, singular enough, under no circumstances hitherto has there ever been a collision between England and Russia. Still, the position of a power reduced to a defensive attitude, with such a vast extent of territory lying at the mercy of any enemy strong enough to hold possession of the Black Sea, must necessarily be very critical. With respect to the dangers of the navigation of the Black Sea, they have been much exaggerated by Russian writers. It is not, in reality, more tempestuous than other seas; but, as we before observed, it is liable to be visited with sudden and dense fogs, particularly along the low swampy coast at the mouth of the Danube, Odessa, Taganrog, and near the entrance of the Bosphorus, where the current inclines to the shore; and the coast, taken altogether, is not well provided with harbours and light-houses, particularly on the Circassian and eastern shores. It is, however, free from one great source of danger, seeing that in its whole extent there is only one small island, called the Serpents' Island—the ancient *Achillis Insula*. The navigation, also, is not impeded by rocks, except at Cape Kerpen; and the only dangerous shoals are to be found at the mouth of the Dnieper; to which we may add, since Russia has obtained possession of the mouth of the Danube, owing to

wilful neglect, the depth of water at the bar is diminished from sixteen feet to eleven. There are, however, shoals and sand-banks at Odessa and Sebastopol, indicated by buoys; and if these were removed in time of war, the navigation would be rendered perilous, particularly to a man-of-war, unless piloted by a seaman well acquainted with the locality.

There is no sensible tide in the Black Sea: it, however, abounds in violent and dangerous currents; nor is tempestuous weather felt anywhere more severely than where a vessel has to contend against them, particularly those in the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus. In summer, the prevailing winds from north to north-east are all in favour of Russia; whereas in spring, summer, and autumn they incline more to the south and south-west. Another great disadvantage on the Russian coast of the Black Sea is, the intense cold in winter, when several of the bays and estuaries are more or less frozen. The harbour of Odessa is not frozen up every winter; still, the navigation is rendered unsafe by drifting ice. Sebastopol, and the other ports and harbours on the coast of the Crimea, are always open; as is also Kaffa, although the strait of Yeni-Kale is every year completely frozen over, together with the sea of Azow. The whole of the coast of Anatolia is well provided with harbours: the same may be said of the Circassian coast; but the eastern only contains one, Batoum, sheltered by a tongue of land, formed by the deposits of the river Tchoruk-su.

The utter insignificance to which this splendid sea has been reduced in our day—in the time of the Greeks, Romans, and even the Genoese, one of the most important in the civilized world—is a decisive proof of the barbarism of the rulers that have established themselves on its coasts: its forts and harbours, together with the course of the Danube, have indeed been laid down in our maps, but as great a mystery has over-

shadowed it, as if it were in another hemisphere. Yet of all the seas in the Old World there is none more advantageously situated, none that would more effectually, with the aid of either road, railway, or water communication, connect the trade of Europe and Asia; however, to render this more available, the canal* to which we alluded in a former chapter, for uniting the Danube and the Black Sea, must be cut; which in fact would only be the reopening of the ancient mouth of the Danube, as nearly half its course is already filled with water.

If this were done, the countries of Western Europe would find a never-failing granary in the fertile countries of the Lower Danube, together with every other article of commerce or raw material, which the merchant is now obliged to purchase at a much higher rate at Odessa; in addition to these advantages, mountains of salt abound in Wallachia, sufficient to supply the whole of the Levant, timber in any quantity, to say nothing of the millions of swine in Servia, and the numerous flocks and herds in Moldo-Wallachia, all of which by the canal could reach Constantinople in a few days. Then we have the shores of the Black Sea, which offer in Circassia, Immeretia, Mingrelia, Georgia, Armenia, and the whole of the Anatolian coast, mines of unexplored wealth to the

* We know of no undertaking, no enterprise, either in a commercial or political point of view, comparable to one which would unite two quarters of the globe, nor one that could be completed at such a trifling cost, when we say that it could be done, including cutting, banking, dredging, and piling, for a sum not exceeding 200,000*l*. It is scarcely necessary to observe how great would be the profits to the contractors, or how great, how invaluable the advantage to the trading interests of every country,—except, indeed, Russia; as it would reduce the navigation of the Danube in this part of the river from a month or more of dangerous windings through sandbanks and miasma to about two days' voyage. It also happens most fortunately for the enterprise that at Kistenddj a headland runs out into the sea, affording the necessary shelter for ships. Add to which, the holding is good; nor is the coast, being here high and well defined, exposed to the fogs and currents of the Delta of the Danube.

industry and enterprise of civilized Europe. The merest student must know that the whole of these countries were formerly some of the most flourishing in the world, blest as they are with a most delicious climate, free from the extremes both of heat and cold ; but such is their melancholy condition in the present day, isolated as they have been from all communication with the civilization of Europe, that you may ride for days through them without seeing a single habitation ; and when you do meet with your fellow-man, he is ignorant and semi-barbarous, while his towns and villages exhibit every symptom of poverty, ruin, and decay ; *so great has been the darkness that has so long hung over this beautiful land.*

We will now without further delay carry our readers at once to Odessa, where, in opposition both to wind and current, we arrived from Constantinople by steam in fifty-four hours.

Few towns have advanced more rapidly in prosperity than Odessa. In 1792 it was the poor Tatar village, Hadji-bey ; whereas at the present moment it numbers 100,000 inhabitants, many of them wealthy, and possesses all the usual establishments of a great maritime city. Several of the houses and public buildings display considerable skill in architecture, but as they are built of soft stone found in the neighbourhood, which does not harden in any great degree by exposure to the weather, they already bear about them an appearance of antiquity. This circumstance, however, will not any longer detract from the beauty of the town, which is daily improving, since the builders have commenced importing stone from the Crimea and the Caucasus.

The bazaars and shops, filled with whatever the industry and ingenuity of Europe and the East can fabricate in articles of taste and luxury, impart a semi-oriental aspect to the town, and tell of the great wealth and expensive habits of the

numerous Russian noblemen who have made Odessa their residence ; this, with the number of elegant carriages continually rolling about the town, the activity, energy, and enterprise everywhere visible, forms a very striking picture to the traveller just arrived from Turkey, a country in which he cannot help looking upon the people as little better than half alive.

Strictly speaking, Odessa cannot be considered a Russian town with reference to its inhabitants, who are principally Germans, Italians, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and a few French and English ; and being a free port, merchants from every part of the world may be seen wandering about the streets in all the variegated costumes of Europe and Asia, which adds not a little to the gaiety and variety of the promenade.

Odessa, however, as a port, labours under many disadvantages ; the roadstead, for we cannot call it a harbour, is exposed to an easterly wind, which frequently blows here with great violence, particularly during autumn and winter. The sounding also being composed of soft clay of a most tenacious nature, when large vessels lie here, their anchors are certain to sink beyond all recovery, if not drawn every twenty-four hours. Again, the climate is by no means salubrious—the winter is extremely rigorous, and the summer, with a thermometer that reaches 30° of Reaumur, is equally trying to a delicate constitution, aggravated as it is by the sudden change that takes place when the bora prevails, which is certain to produce catarrhal complaints and dysentery in those who may venture out of doors without being well wrapped up in a mantle.

Still, notwithstanding these objections, and that the bay of Odessa is generally ice-bound during two months of the year, together with the vexatious formalities of the government in passports, port regulations, quarantine laws, and all the other hindrances which despotism throws in the way of trade, there

are few towns in the old world that have made such progress as Odessa, in wealth and prosperity, in so short a time; which is certain to continue till the Russian government obtains complete possession of the Danubian principalities; then Odessa will share the same fate as Cherson, Nicoleiff, Theodosia, Taganrog, and various other towns, as it has ever been the policy of this aggressive power when she extends her dominions to put forth the greatest energy and activity she is possessed of on the frontier.

Odessa owes all its prosperity to the various treaties of commerce concluded between Russia and Turkey, particularly the last at Adrianople, which made South Russia the granary of Europe, and Turkey with its dependencies, comprising some of the most fertile lands in our hemisphere, the poorest countries in the world, because those treaties ensured to Russia unlimited freedom of commerce throughout the whole Ottoman empire; which may be interpreted to mean—Turkey, thou shalt not deal in anything that I have to sell! Really, if we had time and space to discuss the separate articles of the treaties between these two powers since Russia obtained access to the Black Sea, we could show our readers an amount of ignorance and stupidity in the Turks, and an adroitness in the Rouss in turning every trifling circumstance to account, almost unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. With all the disadvantages of position—frozen seas and barren steppes—a semi-barbarous people—the Bosphorus closed against her—the Turks still the terror of Europe,—yet her tact and perseverance, nevertheless, triumphed; and now she sees herself not only mistress of the Black Sea and the Danube, but her produce, including every description of corn and raw material, sent to the markets of every country in Europe, for which she compels them to pay in specie, thus enabling her to dictate peace or war to half the world.

What vigour and ability must have been displayed to produce these results ! more particularly, when we remember that nearly the whole of what at present is called South Russia, and which now furnishes such abundance of grain, was little more than sixty years ago one interminable extent of pasture land, over which the various hordes of Calmucks, Nogay, and Kara-Tatars wandered with their flocks and herds. And truly, while journeying over this vast district, as we did some years ago—a district twice as large as Great Britain,—when we see the towns and villages that have sprung up, the neat farms of the colonists, Germans, Swiss, French, Bulgarians, and others, that here have found a home—the security and convenience of travelling ; we cannot but admire the Russian government, however much we may dislike its acts in other respects, for thus widely extending the blessings of civilization. The soil, which is a dark putrid loam, never requires manure, and although the country is exposed to the severest extremes of heat and cold, and provided with very few streams and rivers, these indefatigable colonists have overcome even this difficulty by sinking wells, which enable them to irrigate their lands and produce the most abundant crops. It is true, the Russian government, always provident and farsighted, has granted to these foreign colonists privileges which the rest of its subjects do not enjoy, such as exemption from military service, and from various taxes which press heavily on the agriculturist in other parts of the empire. Serfdom, also, is not permitted in South Russia ; in short, everything is done to encourage colonization, and to impress upon the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries a belief in the paternal tenderness of Russian rulers,—no doubt with a view of extending her dominion among the Slavonian people, the subjects of Austria and Turkey, that dwell on her frontier. Russia, in fact, owes all her civilization, such as it is, to the

encouragement she has held out to foreigners to settle in the country. The plan adopted by Peter the Great, of employing the clever adventurers of the West to fight his battles in the cabinet and the field, has been continued by each successive sovereign. The navy was originally indebted for its efficiency and tactics to Englishmen, the army to Germans, Swedes, and Danes; and though we hear of many unpronounceable names ending in *ow*, and *zow*, *vich*, *chef*, and *sky*, as belonging to men occupying the most exalted station, it is not they, but foreigners, who still guide the affairs of the empire. These are the men who plan the campaign—perform the service of spies, or agents, as the case may be, at home and abroad—who execute those acts of the government which require somewhat latitudinarian views of truth and honour;—men who by their tact, sagacity and talent for business have monopolized nearly every department, civil and military, throughout the empire. With them war and diplomacy are regarded in no other point of view than as paths to wealth and distinction, and they know that so long as they preserve inviolate the secrets confided to them and fulfil their mission, there will not be a very strict inquiry as to any little acts of speculation by which they propose to add a trifle to their salary. We may also record, that it has been chiefly owing to their ingenuity,—and no doubt they found apt scholars in their employers,—that we now see established in Russia one of the most scientific despotisms that ever existed in the world; for these men, not being influenced by love of country, or a regard for national honour, the welfare of the land of their adoption is a matter of supreme indifference, except so far as it is connected with their own interest and present advantage. Again, whatever attempts have been made by the native Russians to destroy the despotic system which involves the whole of society in this country as in a net-work, have all proved

unsuccessful, for there was always to be found some one of these foreign mercenaries to betray the plot.

As to the true Moscovite of the Slavonian race, he differs but little from his brethren in other countries. He is honest, hospitable, good-natured, but a great fanatic, and dislikes the foreign adventurers quite as heartily as the stranger who is doomed to endure their insolence and petty tyranny in official matters. The influence of this class has been very detrimental to public morality in Russia; for, being generally men without property, and too often with a character by no means above reproach, it was they who first introduced into Russia that demoralizing system of corruption, which must, were there no other cause, sooner or later work its own ruin, or that of the country. We heard this opinion repeatedly expressed by Russians of the highest respectability, who saw no remedy for the evil but the entire expulsion of foreigners from the service.

We left Odessa in a Russian corvette, the *Iphigenia*, commanded by Captain Poothatin, an able seaman, and a gentleman in every respect. He spoke the English language with great fluency, had served under Admiral Lazareff, who was a pupil of the famous Russian admiral, the Scotsman Keith. The whole of his officers also were remarkably well-educated men, and spoke several European languages. As may be supposed, under such an experienced commander as Captain Poothatin the *Iphigenia* was a model of neatness and discipline; and so completely English in her appointments—for the Russians copy us in everything connected with the marine, from a nail to a mast—that, were it not for the language and the inappropriate dress of the sailors, we might have fancied ourselves on board one of the bulwarks of Old England. Indeed, nothing could exceed the kindly feeling and polite attention we received from every man on board. But so it is;

an Englishman who may be well recommended is certain to receive from every Russian gentleman he visits the most unbounded hospitality, in every part of the empire; nor are there any people who discharge its duties with more grace and courtesy, or with whom we should be more inclined to establish a lasting friendship: but between the despotism of Russia and the free institutions of England a collision is inevitable; their tendencies are diametrically opposite to each other. The question now is, Which shall give way? This is the position to which the two are now come!—a conflict of opinions, which must be decided by the sword! We may, however, rest assured that all the Russians are not the abject slaves generally supposed. There is, in fact, a numerous and influential party in Russia, both in the army and the navy, and among the well-informed inhabitants of towns and cities, who will be certain to strike a blow if they see the slightest chance of upsetting the despotism of which they are now the victims. But the power against which they have to contend, based as it is upon a most skilfully devised system of rule, is, it must be confessed, very difficult to subvert. There is the foreign element, to which we before alluded, the influence of the priests, and the fanaticism of a people the most ignorant and debased that can be conceived: a machine at once powerful and dangerous in the hands of so clever a sovereign as the Tzar Nicholas has proved himself to be.

As a naval power, however much we may admire now and then the discipline on board one of her line-of-battle ships, it would be superfluous to say that Russia can have no chance of success if matched against Great Britain. The officers in general are well educated, brave, and attached to their profession, and, no doubt, would do their duty to their country; but the seaman, half soldier, half sailor, from the circum-

stance of his ship lying inactive for one half of the year in ice-bound seas, and during the remainder cruising in the Baltic and the Euxine, seas without tides, and presenting few difficulties in their navigation, cannot be expected from such a mode of training to become a good sailor; even supposing the vessels were seaworthy, which is not always the case. It must be confessed also that the dress of a Russian seaman,—his padded, tight-laced military coat, his jack-boots, shako, and cartridge-box,—does not give you the idea of a man rigged out to reef a studding-sail, shake out a main sheet, put the helm a-lee, or to perform the hundred other duties of an active sailor, during a gale of wind, or in face of an enemy.

It is not by building vessels of war, and manœuvring a few months during summer, as if on a party of pleasure, and then sending the sailors to their homes to occupy themselves in works of agriculture, as we see practised in Russia, that an efficient nursery of mariners can be formed and maintained: it is by battling from year to year with the dangers of the hurricane and the storm, by exposure to the blasts of every sea, and the heat and cold of every clime. This Russia knows well,—and dreads a collision that would at one fell blow destroy her commerce and her naval credit.

The Russian government, in addition to its being assailable through its infant navy and commerce, has to contend against a great domestic evil—demoralizing speculation. This insatiable desire for acquiring wealth, whether at the expense of the government or individuals, pervades all classes, has been the cause of the most flagrant abuses in every branch of the public service, and may lead at some future period to the most disastrous consequences. Even the Emperor, with all his activity and inexorable severity, has not been able to conquer the evil. What must we think of a superior officer

who permits the substitution of cheap green wood for dry, in the ships intended for the defence of his country? or the man who robs the unhappy soldier of his food and raiment, and even sells the ammunition to an enemy who directs his bullets against the army he commands, as happened more than once during the war in Circassia? We witnessed an instance of this abominable venality some years ago at Sebastopol, in the *Warsaw*, a splendid ship of 120 guns. The offender was degraded, and sent to Siberia; but the vessel died of consumption! But what are we to expect from the virtue of civil and military officers of the highest rank, often foreign adventurers with little or no income except what they receive from the government in a salary of a few thousand roubles a-year, and who from their position are, as it were, obliged to display all the pomp and splendour of a wealthy nobleman? Imagine a colonel in active service supporting the dignity of his station upon the munificent pay of 3,000 roubles a-year!

But to return to the Russian navy. Happily for mankind, if the mighty monarch of the North, with his myriads of semi-barbarian subjects, threatens the liberties of the world on land, his maritime operations, at all events, can be easily controlled. In a word, the whole navy of Russia lies at the mercy of France and England, if her squadrons attempt to pass beyond the two narrow channels, the Thracian Bosphorus and the Sound, the outlets of those seas in whose harbours they are now lying. Again, it must not be forgotten that if she is allowed to acquire territories beyond these confines, she will be enabled to form an efficient navy; and then, powerful by land and sea, how difficult would it be to stop her career! In this consists the real weakness of Russia; and no wealth, no amount of population, no extent of dominion, can compensate for the narrow limits within which her maritime opera-

tions are necessarily confined. Let her once obtain the command of the Mediterranean, and her energetic, clever government would soon extend its conquests to the Atlantic.

Fortunately, we have in the present ruler of France an able ally, whose penetration has seen at the eleventh hour what not one of the short-sighted monarchs of the house of Bourbon could discover, that France, with her 300 leagues of coast on the Mediterranean, and no other barrier between her and invasion but that inert mass of little states called Germany, has an equal interest with Great Britain in checking any further advance of a power whose aggressive policy menaces the independence of Europe.

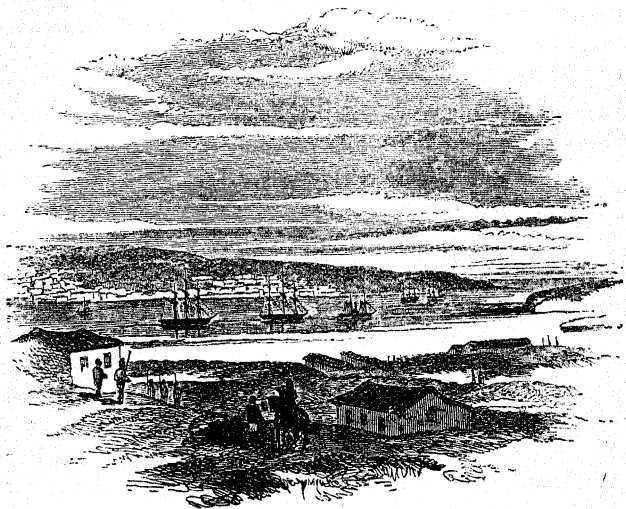
With respect to the thirty-six rulers of Germany, and their very tractable 60,000,000 of subjects, as they have already, with the most amiable resignation, submitted to leave the commerce of their noblest river, the Danube, at the mercy of the Tzar of all the Russias, we presume they would admit his armies whenever he demands a passage to the Rhine; the more willingly, perhaps, as some of these petty princes might have a chance in the *mêlée* of adding a few acres to his little territory.

In fact, Russia does not owe the aggrandisement of her empire so much to the military enterprise of her people as to her geographical position, having on one side neighbours wanting in energy and spirit, and on the other hordes of ignorant, undisciplined Mahometans, in Turkey, Persia, and Eastern Tartary. With such efficient allies, who can wonder at the extension of her territories, or brilliant victories?

Even in the present day, Russia has been indebted for her accession of power to the general spread of liberal opinions among the civilized inhabitants of Europe, and their various attempts to establish a representative form of government; whose sovereigns, aware of the inadequacy of their power to

crush the democratic hydra, took every opportunity, through the instrumentality of their hireling writers, to magnify the strength of their champion, the Goliath of Moscow, knowing that the benighted serfs of the North would march with equal alacrity to dethrone the Sultan, or Louis Napoleon, or to build up or pull down a constitution.

That Russia has already taken advantage of her position, and will continue to do so, should a war actually take place between Russia and the Western Powers, we may rest assured. She has only to fan into a flame the embers of revolutionary fury in Hungary, Italy, Germany, and perhaps France, to break up any confederation that the rulers of these states might form against her for the preservation of the balance of power. In short, the only government that Russia has to dread is that of Great Britain; for, having there no party to aid her designs, none whom she may bribe, cajole, or awe into submission by her menaces, she is met by the resolute determination of an entire and united people to oppose her ambitious projects. Here, therefore, is the power that must arrest her further progress ere it be too late—ere her unchecked career of conquest sweep like a deluge over the nations, obliterating in its headlong course all vestiges of that civilization, intelligence, and industry, that social, moral, and national prosperity, which it has been the work of centuries to achieve.



SEBASTOPOL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

General description of Sebastopol—Situation—Harbour—Fortifications—Sebastopol as a defensive position—Visit to a subterraneous town—Singular mountain fortress—Journey to Simpheropol—Balaclava—Its advantages as a harbour—Russians and Tatars.

THE first view of Sebastopol, when seen from the sea, is most imposing. After the eye of the traveller has glanced over the capacious harbour, studded with vessels of war of all sizes, he sees a noble town, with its numerous churches, barracks, and other public buildings, rising up in the form of an amphitheatre, here crowning the heights, and there shelving down to the sea; where stately houses and vast magazines are seen

mingling with the tall-masted ships lying at anchor in the various creeks and bays that branch off in every direction, all attesting the importance of the principal naval station in the Russian empire.

Sebastopol, like Odessa, was a miserable Tatar village little more than sixty years ago. About that time, a Frenchman who happened to be travelling in the Crimea was struck with the natural advantages of a position which he at once saw, if properly fortified, might be made one of the first naval stations in the world. On his return to St. Petersburg, his observations to that effect happening to reach the ears of the Empress Catherine, engineers were despatched to the Crimea, whose report confirming that of the stranger, works were instantly commenced; but whether through intention or neglect, the name of the Frenchman, the author of so valuable a suggestion, never transpired; and from that time this famous stronghold of the Russians in the Black Sea has continued to increase in strength and importance.

The principal harbour, called the Roads, stretching inland to a length of more than four miles, is so capacious, and the anchorage so good, that the fleets of nations might ride in it, safe from every wind; and such is the great depth of water, that a man-of-war of the largest size can lie within a cable's length of the shore. Besides this, there are five other small bays, branching off in various directions, equally commodious; and, singular enough, the great harbour, together with the small bays, are all lined by a continuation of capes, strong and easily defended, as if formed by the hand of nature expressly for a naval station.

The whole of this may be seen from the upper part of the town, and here the traveller will be able to estimate the difficulties and dangers that any hostile fleet must encounter which should attempt to break through a barrier so admirably

defended by nature and art. Here, as his eye ranges from the Black Sea, he will behold a roadstead, or, rather, a river-like arm of the sea, unimpeded either by shoal or rock, penetrating inland to a length of at least six marine miles, protected by a series of forts capable of maintaining a cross fire on any enemy who should have the hardihood to attempt to fight his way into the interior. Communicating with this he will likewise distinctly see its various bays and creeks, all perfectly sheltered from every wind, and, like the great roadstead itself, sufficiently deep to receive the largest man-of-war.

That called South Bay, lying at the foot of the hill on which he stands, is the most important; its length is upwards of half a mile, and it is completely sheltered by a range of limestone cliffs. Here vessels are rigged and unrigged, and may lie as securely as if they were enclosed in a glass case. Beyond this bay, and connected with it, is a snug creek, in which he may see immense works carried on for the purpose of forming a basin for the repairs of vessels of the line. He can also see Ships Bay, Careening Bay, and Artillery Bay, all possessing every advantage which nature and art could bestow on a maritime position; the latter, which bounds the town to the west, is only used for commercial purposes.

Each of the four large forts which protect the entrance consists of three tiers of batteries, each fort mounting 300 pieces of artillery. Besides these, there were other plans of the most colossal description of defence, ready to be carried into execution, at every angle where a gun could be placed that might play advantageously on an enemy's fleet.

The fortifications of Sebastopol have been much criticised; it is said that a hostile squadron would soon silence the forts, with their tiers of guns, because, being built in a position too high above the sea, their guns, if pointed horizontally, could

at best only injure the rigging of a ship. The interior arrangements of the forts are also objected to, on account of the contracted dimensions of the rooms in which the guns are worked, and the insufficient ventilation, which, after a few discharges, would render it extremely irksome for an artilleryman to do his duty. Again, the imprudence of the government is blamed for employing a species of soft limestone in the masonry of a three-story battery mounting 300 guns, which, it is contended, would be shaken to pieces after a few discharges of artillery. Above all, much stress is laid on the fact that Sebastopol labours under the great disadvantage of being utterly defenceless on the land side, and therefore might be taken by any enemy who should land a few thousand men on the coast of the Chersonesus, and at the same time make an attack by sea.

We must not, however, give implicit credence to the statements and opinions of those travellers who assert that Sebastopol may be so easily captured. Many of the internal arrangements of the forts might, no doubt, be improved; and the stone used in the fortifications, which has been objected to by some persons for its softness, has been prized for that very quality by other engineers, as less likely to be shattered by a bombardment. But the efficiency or the imperfections of the fortifications, fortunately for Sebastopol, have yet to be proved; and, with respect to the supposed weakness on the land side, when the defences are completed which Captain Poothatin and the English engineer, Mr. Upton, informed me were in contemplation, Sebastopol will have nothing to fear from that quarter.

Is it likely that so energetic a man as the Emperor of Russia, with the whole science and talent of Europe at his command, would have neglected to take the necessary precautions for defending so important a maritime position as

this? But Sebastopol labours under an evil which up to the present time has defied all the ingenuity of man to remedy. These waters swarm with a species of worm that attacks the bottoms of vessels, and often renders them unserviceable in a few years. With the hope of removing this evil, the government went to the enormous expense of filling the basins with fresh water from the Tzerni-Retchka; but lo! when the canal was completed, it was found that the muddy waters of the river, which so much pains had been taken to procure, increased the vermin.

Perhaps there is no part of the Crimea so interesting for its antiquities as the neighbourhood of Sebastopol. The bay is that described by Strabo as the Ctenus; and the Tatars called the little town they inhabited here previous to the arrival of the Russians, Atkiar (ancient), when Catherine II. gave it the pompous title of Sebastopol.

The country included within the isthmus formed by the bay, and which runs to the valley of Inkerman on one side, and to the channel of Balaclava on the other, is precisely that so accurately laid down by Strabo as the Heracleotic Chersonesus, in which, he tells us, stood the famous cities of Eupatorium, the old and new Chersonesus, and Portus Symbolorum. At the time the Genoese ruled in this part of the Crimea, the remains of these beautiful cities were much admired, and carefully preserved; but the Turks, who drove out the Genoese, laid them in ruins; and when the Russians obtained possession, the work of the spoiler was completed. Indeed it would appear as if these two races laboured to destroy every trace of the power that preceded them. Even so recently as the year 1795, travellers tell us of the considerable ruins that then existed of Chersonesus and Eupatorium; now there is scarcely one stone upon another.

Accompanied by Captain Poothatin of the *Iphigenia*

corvette, and Mr. Upton, the English engineer, we made several interesting excursions in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol as far as Simpheropol, the capital of the Crimea. Our first visit was to Inkerman, which may be termed, without any figure of speech, a subterranean town, with its dwelling-houses and churches, monasteries and corridors, chapels, cells, and sepulchres, even fortifications, battlements, and towers, all hewn out of the sides of the rocky hills that line this romantic valley, and executed with the most elaborate skill and labour.

The general opinion respecting the origin of this subterranean town is, that it was executed in the first ages of Christianity by a colony of Arians.

We next visited Balaclava, supposed to be built on the ruins of the ancient Portus Symbolorum. It is distant about ten wersts from Inkerman, and in many respects equally interesting. During the whole of our route, we perceived here and there traces of the ruins of the cities of Chersonesus and Eupatoria; and distinctly traced the lines of their ancient walls, which, from the space they enclosed, must have been of great extent.

The bay of Balaclava, as we approached it, at first sight, resembles a large lake, landlocked by high precipitous mountains; and these being crowned by ruins of fortifications, the effect is most picturesque. The Genoese, sensible of the value of this bay as a harbour, rebuilt the ancient Portus Symbolorum, to which they gave the name of 'Bella-Clava, since corrupted to Balaclava. Under their rule it enjoyed a long career of prosperity, till at length it was surprised by a fleet of Turkish pirates, who, after plundering the town, burnt it, and carried off the inhabitants into slavery. At present what remains of this very old town, with its narrow streets, worn pavement, and antiquated looking houses, might

almost impress a traveller with the belief that he was contemplating another Pompeii or Herculaneum, which had just been excavated after lying buried in the earth for a thousand years.

Balaclava, however, is a very interesting place, if it were for nothing else than its beautiful bay, about an English mile or more in length, and winding like a lovely river through the mountains. In breadth it may be about a quarter of a mile, and so narrow at the entrance as scarcely to afford a passage for two large-sized vessels to pass abreast. It possesses also these peculiar advantages,—the anchorage is perfectly safe, there is shelter from every wind, and the water is sufficiently deep to receive the largest ships. In short, it is just one of those nooks whence, in the event of a naval war in the Black Sea, the Russians might pounce in great force upon an unsuspecting enemy, and after sinking or destroying them, again retreat to their hiding-place. For some reasons, best known to the Russian government, notwithstanding the bay of Balaclava is so admirably adapted for a commercial harbour, or, indeed, a naval station, the entrance has been until very recently closed against every flag, even their own; still no vessels are permitted to seek shelter, except in case of stress of weather. The country around Balaclava, particularly the beautiful vale that leads to the town, and the channel that conducts to the Black Sea, is highly picturesque. Here we see mountains of rock, rent from base to summit by some convulsion of nature, in whose fissures are seen growing numerous rare and beautiful trees, in all their luxuriant and many-tinted foliage.

On leaving Balaclava, the landscape lost nothing of its picturesque character, alternating in mountain, glen, valley, and defile, till we arrived at the pretty village of Karolez, one of the most romantic in the Crimea, over which in the

distance is seen rising in lofty grandeur the ancient fortress of Mangoup-Kalé, perched on the summit of an isolated mountain. Like everything else in the Crimea, so long under the rule of a semi-barbarous people, the Turks and the Tatars, no record remains that can be depended upon to inform us by whom or at what epoch this extraordinary fabric was constructed. From the magnitude of the fortress, the great extent of the fortifications, the numerous chambers cut in the solid rock, the majestic ruins of a temple, the cemetery, and various other indications of a highly civilized people, we are led to believe that Mangoup-Kalé must have contained a population of several thousand inhabitants. With some difficulty we ascended the steep sides of the mountain by a path, which bore evidence of having been at one time a regular paved road, and defended at every angle by the remains of a watch-tower; we were, however, well repaid for the labour by the splendid prospect we enjoyed from the summit. Sebastopol, bounded by the blue waters of the Euxine, seemed to lie beneath us; the stately churches and public buildings of the town appearing like pigeon-houses; and the tall-masted men-of-war lying in the roadstead and harbours as if they were tiny pleasure-boats, while the mountains around us seemed to have dwindled down into mere molehills.

About six wersts distant we visited another of these singular fortresses, equally interesting for its architecture and situation; it bears the name of Tcherkess-Kerman, and appears, from the traditions that still exist in the country, to have been erected by the Tcherkess (Circassians), when that warlike people were the lords of the Crimea.

The next place of importance we came to was Simpheropol, or, as the Tatars call it, Akmetchet (white mosque),—of every town in the Crimea the most agreeable as a residence.

The mountains in the vicinity temper the great heat of summer, and the Salghir, running through the town, adds not a little to the salubrity and beauty of the place. Since the Russian government made Simpheropol the capital of the Crimea, it has gone on rapidly increasing, and may now be called a very considerable city, having all the public establishments requisite to conduct the affairs of an extensive province; and when we compare its fine squares and elegant houses with the old town, inhabited by that primitive and unchanging people the Tatars, the contrast between a Mahometan and a Christian people is most striking. The dilapidated walls of centuries still surround their little town; the narrow streets remain unpaved; and when a house is burnt, or becomes uninhabitable from age, the same architecture, the same form, is rigidly preserved in rebuilding it. Nor have their manners or mode of living undergone any material alteration, for they still maintain their character for simplicity, as if they were separated a thousand miles from their go-a-head neighbours,—a melange of nations—like the inhabitants of every town in the Crimea.



TATAR PEASANTS.

CHAPTER XIX.

Journey to Bagtche-Serai—Tatar Villages—Description of Bagtche-Serai—Historical Sketch of the Tatars—How Russia obtained possession of Krim Tatory—Tatar Tribes—Their Habits—Manners—Customs—Russian Steppes—Their Peculiarities—Impossibility of cultivating them.

ON leaving Simpheropol for Bagtche-Serai, the residence and seat of government of the former rulers of the Crimea, the khans of Krim-Tatary, we continued our route along the borders of the great steppe, and if we were deprived of the beautiful scenery of the coast, we were amply repaid by the novelty of witnessing the every-day life of the Tatars, who here continue to live in all their primitive simplicity, unmolested by the rapacity of any petty Russian despot in authority,—and for this they are indebted to the enlightened

government of Prince Worrenzow, Governor-general of South Russia.

Our route for some time lay through a fertile valley, watered by a tributary of the Salghir; the road, it is true, was none of the best, but as we were well mounted on Tatar horses, so famous for their surefootedness, and had for our guide an honest Tatar, this did not occasion us much inconvenience. The scenery, if not beautifully picturesque, was at least novel, which epithet may also be applied in a special degree to the costume and manners of the inhabitants. The rocks which occasionally skirted the valley, appeared in one place as if chiselled by the hand of man, and in another resembled piles of gigantic books, laid on the shelves of a library. From this we emerged into a tiny plain, filled with men, women, and children, engaged in agricultural pursuits. Here we saw the Moullah in his snow-white turban, the Mourza in his silver-braided coat and cap, the peasant in his shalwar and sandals; nor were the women, enveloped in the ample folds of the white feredgé, which gave them an appearance at once graceful and coquettish, the least striking objects in the picture. Sometimes a youthful dame condescended to present us with a glimpse of her gazelle eye, but finding she was observed, hastily shrouded her bright glances in the folds of her yashmak, which, by a happy arrangement here, as in other Mahometan countries, the prettier the face the more transparent the veil. Camels loaded with heavy packages, and looking most serious and important, silently and slowly paced over the grassy turf of the steppe; and that music might not be wanting, we were continually greeted with that most inharmonious of all sounds, the creaking of the Tatar wagons; for being entirely made of wood, and never greased, a concert of discordant sounds is produced, which no traveller who has once heard them can ever forget.

Rich Karaite Jews and Armenians, in their peculiar costume, ambled along on their well-fed mules; these were diversified by German colonists, so easily known by the short petticoat of many folds, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes of the women; there were also encampments of gypsies; and bands of Russian recruits on their way to the nearest depot.

Several of the Tatar villages through which we passed were exceedingly rural and romantic; a running stream was almost invariably the accompaniment, for water in this parched country is indeed a blessing, and without it to irrigate his lands, a Tatar never attempts to pursue agricultural employments. The interior of one of those Tatar dwellings differs in nothing from those we described in Turkey; their coffee-houses, manner of living, sitting, and smoking, are all the same as those of the indolent Osmanli, whom they imitate in everything, and like them wear a profusion of amulets to preserve themselves from sorcery and the evil eye. Paley says that the man who is in earnest about religion, although not the true one, cannot be a bad man. This is exemplified in the character of the Tatars, who are at once hospitable, kind to each other, and strictly honest in their dealings with the stranger; and although we cannot subscribe to the veracity of Mahomet's creed, it was a pleasing sight to see every one of these little villages adorned with its own pretty mosque and unpretending minaret. Indeed, the simplicity of the forms of the Mahometan religion, which permits every man who can read the Koran to expound it, is well adapted to a quiet, agricultural, and pastoral people like the Tatars, and we do not believe that any piety can be more sincere than that of these unsophisticated peasants. Every attempt made by the Russian government, either by threats or bribes, to convert them to the orthodox faith, up to the present time has proved ineffectual.

Bagtche-Serai has lost the whole of its magnificence ; and though not more than one-third of the town had escaped the devastations of the soldiers of the empress Catherine, enough remains to render this residence of the khans of Western Tataria highly interesting, more especially as it is the only town in the Crimea to which the privilege has been conceded of being exclusively inhabited by Tatars. Built partly on the banks of the Djourouk-Sou, and partly on the craggy sides of two steep rocky mountains, the situation is highly romantic ; the aspect of the town, the architecture of the houses, the manners, customs, and costume of the inhabitants, are all strictly preserved. There are bazaars, and mosques with their pretty minarets, chiosks and cemeteries, groves of cypresses and poplars, terraced gardens and vineyards, that seem to hang in air ; babbling fountains and ever-running crystal springs, to impart their freshness and cool the air.

The streets, in accordance with the custom of all Oriental towns, are narrow and badly paved ; and the principal one, that runs through the centre, is little less than an English mile in length. Here, like the street we described at Constantinople, every trade and handicraft is exercised in public.

Our letters from Prince Worrenzow to the principal Mourza of the town, procured us apartments at the palace of the Khan, the only building of the kind in the Crimea. We were pleased to see that the Russian government, in making the necessary repairs, had the good taste to preserve its original character, even to the colour of the painting, the decorations, and the furniture. There was the seraglio, with its pretty gardens and elegant baths, the turreted chiosk and mosque, the hall of audience, with its latticed gallery, where the fair houris of the khan were allowed, unseen, to contemplate the

brilliant assemblage of courtiers and warriors beneath. In short, there is everything as it existed in the days of the last khan, the heroic Selim Guérai, except inhabitants; these the imagination must supply; for now all is silent—silent as the grave!

The palace, mosque, and fountains abound with inscriptions in the Tatar language; those from the Koran are in the Arabic; they are all highly interesting from their novelty, and the peculiar idiom of the Tatar language; they also show in a favourable point of view the degree of civilization the Tatars had attained, together with the paternal rule of their khans. They were all translated for me by the Tatar interpreter, in the suite of Prince Worrenzow; that over the gate of the palace, dated anno 953, tells us:—

“This magnificent gate was constructed by the command of the illustrious ruler of two seas and two empires, Khadgi-Guérai Khan, son of Mengli-Guérai Khan and Sultan, son of a Sultan.”

Over the principal entrance of the palace mosque we have the following:—

“Who was Khadgi Selim? The most illustrious of all the khans of Krim Tatory. The hero by God’s divine power. May the Almighty God, in his supreme kindness, recompense Khadgi Selim, for it was he that commenced the erection of this beautiful mosque. Who completed the work? Schlamet Guérai Khan, the son of his love, the rose now in full bearing, who has become the Padischah, and lion of the Crimea! Anno 1153.”

The fountains, many of them constructed with great beauty and elegance, have also their separate inscriptions, denoting by whom they were erected. That over the principal one, called Selsebil, the most interesting and naïve in its language, says:—

“Rejoice! rejoice! Bagtcho-Serai! For the enlightened

Krim Guérai Khan, ever benevolent, ever solicitous for the welfare of his children, discovered this excellent spring of the purest water, and through his own munificence erected this beautiful fountain. Glory to God most Omnipotent! If there exists such another fountain in the universe, let it be found! Scham and Bagdad have assuredly many glorious things, but they have no fountain so magnificent. Anno 1170."

Bagtche-Serai, which translated means a palace in a garden, still contains thirty-two mosques, besides three Tatar universities, and several extensive khans for the accommodation of travellers. If we are to credit the accounts of the Tatars, while lamenting over the ruins of their once splendid capital, it must indeed have been most magnificent before the Crimea was overrun by the armies of the empress Catherine, whose wanton barbarity and atrocities, when taking possession of this ill-fated town, almost exceed belief; besides plundering the inhabitants of everything they were possessed of, the very tombs were violated in search of treasure, and whole streets demolished, through an insane passion for destruction, while one of the country seats of the khans in the environs, which it appears was a miracle of neatness and ingenuity, was entirely erased from the earth, in their search after gold and silver, and other valuables, which it was supposed the khans kept in cellars underground.

Even now, although so many years have elapsed since Russia has established her rule in the Crimea, we hear these poor people enumerate the barbarities that were perpetrated upon their country by Potemkin and his host of rapacious agents, with as much vivacity and freshness of colouring as if these horrors had only occurred yesterday; and as the creed of Mahomet does not inculcate forgiveness, this implacable hatred to Russia and her rule is likely to be perpetuated from generation to generation. Nay, they even look

forward with certainty to the day when, according to an old prophecy current among them, "a mighty sultan of their race is to issue forth from the Caucasus, at the head of an army of Circassians and Tatars, numerous as the sand on the sea-shore, and totally destroy the Russian empire." Poor people! they may indulge in this and other illusions, but the world will never again see Tatar rule established in the Crimea. Even assuming that the Russians were driven out to-morrow, the Christians who inhabit the towns, united with the colonists, who may be termed the *progresistas*, would be more than a match for the Tatars scattered about as agriculturists and shepherds, without energy or enterprise, and scarcely numbering 300,000—all that now remains of that once numerous people; and although they possess many eminent virtues, civilization would not gain by the exchange.

What a tissue of intrigue and fraud, violence and corruption might there not be unfolded to the world by an historian who possessed the key to Russian policy! In this instance, enough has been revealed in the Memoirs of the Empress Catherine, by T. Castera, to tell us by what means the Russians obtained possession of the Crimea, and how admirably they succeeded, after a few years, in destroying the nationality of the people. However, in the present instance, it happens that the Russians compelled the Tatars to pay a debt that had been long owing to their forefathers. In the following sketch we will endeavour to give the reader some idea of the conquest of the Crimea by Russia.

On the fall of the Roman empire, the Crimea, like every other country in Europe bordering on Asia, after being successively overrun by various marauding hordes, Huns and Scythians, came at length into the possession of Ghenghis Khan, who conquered nearly the whole of China, India, and Eastern Tatar, devastated the countries on the Caspian Sea, crossed

the Wolga, and laid waste great part of Russia, whose princes became his tributaries. The immense empire he left to his successors soon fell to pieces, from its very vastness, and all that remained to his descendants were the Crimea, together with those extensive countries watered by the Don, the Wolga, the Dnieper, and the Dniester, more generally known as Western Tatory. But their power in process of time gradually declined, till at length their independence became little more than nominal, at one time struggling for existence with the Ottoman Porte, and at another with the Tzars of Moscow.

In tracing the history of the Khans of Krim Tatory, we find that in their relation with the Ottoman Porte they were considered more as allies than tributaries. Among the most distinguished we may number Hadgi Selim Guérai, who subdued in a single campaign the united armies of Austria, Poland, and Russia, saved the standard of the prophet, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and established on a firm basis the Ottoman power, which had been previously on the decline. This great warrior, whom his biographers, both Christian and Mahometan, represent as brave, magnanimous, and generous, was so popular with the Turks, that the janisseries proposed to elevate him to the throne of Turkey.

In 1716, the twenty-fourth Khan, Devlet Guérai, in conjunction with the Turks, reduced Peter the Great of Russia to the last extremity, compelling him to sign the treaty of the Pruth, and resign the whole of his conquests in the countries beyond the Sea of Azow. It appears however that the Crimea pleased the Russians, and that they were determined to have it; for we find in a subsequent war with the Turks, they made it a pretext for invading that country, which they ravaged with fire and sword, and entirely destroyed Karasou-bazaar, a town containing a population of 20,000 inhabitants.

The Crimea in 1764 again made a struggle for existence, as we see Krim-Guérai, the thirty-fifth Khan, on the declaration of war between the Porte and Russia, marching at the head of 50,000 Tatars and 130,000 Turks, to revenge the wrongs of his country. This brave warrior, adored by his subjects and lamented by the Turks, was poisoned by a Greek physician, at Bender, in Besserabia, it is said at the instigation of the Russians. This Khan is thought to have resembled his great ancestor, Ghenghis Khan, in his person and warlike spirit; and although he only reigned seven years, he never permitted those eternal enemies of his country and race, the Russians, to cross the frontiers. His heroism as a warrior, and his virtues as a ruler, are still the theme of all the Tatar bards in the Crimea.

The Tatars, dejected by the loss of their warlike Khan, and deserted by their degenerate allies the Turks, soon fell a prey to the political intrigues of Russia, carried on by the well-known favourite of Catherine, Prince Potemkin; and now the Crimea having two pretenders to the throne in Devlet Guérai and Chahyn Guérai, that circumstance was made the pretext for exciting a civil war; and, as usual on such occasions, the Tatars found, to their sorrow, that they had two rulers, instead of one, claiming their allegiance, each looking for protection from one or other of the two great powers on their frontier: if Devlet found a supporter in the Sultan of Turkey, his rival met with assistance as willingly tendered at the hand of the Tzarina Catherine. Devlet Guérai, as a matter of course, was driven from the throne; and the august Catherine, in order to ensure the safety of her *protégé*, Chahyn Guérai, from his rebellious subjects, garrisoned with her own troops the strong fortresses of Kertch Yeni-Kalé, and Kilbouroun on the Dnieper. This was, however, merely the prelude of the grand farce intended to follow. The imbecile

Chahyn was compelled to renounce every tie that bound him to his suzerain of Turkey; and the Crimea was formally declared independent, with a special clause in the treaty which placed the country under the sole and immediate protection of the Tzarina of all the Russias! Things remained in this state till Selim, the son of Devlet, who had been educated in Circassia, appeared on the stage, at the head of a band of those daring warriors of the Caucasus, the Circassians and the Lesghians, commanded by their prophet and leader, the far-famed Elijah Mansour, when a struggle commenced, the most interesting of any recorded in the history of Krim Tatory; but as it is not the object of our present work to enter into the details of history, we shall merely add, that after a series of battles won and lost on either side, the authority of Russia was ultimately established over the Crimea and the whole of the adjoining provinces: the ill-fated Chahyn, after being for years the pensioner of Russia, fell into the hands of the Turks, and died the death of the traitor.

In the meantime, when the plains were lost, and every strong town and fortress in the country was in possession of the soldiers of Catherine, the Khan Selim, with his band of patriotic Tatars, took to the mountains, where, after gallantly disputing each valley, defile, and fastness with the enemy, just as hope appeared to have deserted them, a Turkish fleet forced its way into the bay of Yalta, and carried them off to Circassia. An emigration now commenced, which neither the promises nor the threats of Russia could prevent—an emigration which left entire districts in the Crimea and the adjoining provinces of Western Tatory a desert. From that day to the present hour, the descendants of these patriotic Tatars have continued, in conjunction with their hosts the Circassians and the Lesghians, to oppose every attempt of

Russia to subdue the Caucasus. Thus was consummated the final overthrow of the dynasty of the Tatar race in the Crimea, by the very people who had formerly bowed to their sway,—themselves doomed, in their turn, to give way before the invading might of—who shall say what unknown power!

Still, however much the inhabitants of the Crimea may have suffered from the atrocities of the first invaders of their country, Prince Potemkin and his rapacious soldiery, it is but just to record that at present they have not much to complain of; for though the Russian authority and laws are paramount, yet all questions merely local are left to be settled by their own elders: nor are their peculiar national customs, religion, or usages interfered with in any material degree. For this just and equitable administration, and the amelioration consequent upon it, the Tatars are in some measure indebted to Prince Worrenzow, who, since he has filled his high position of Governor-general of South Russia, has exhibited those virtues which most adorn a ruler,—wisdom, justice, and benevolence.

The inhabitants of a country like the Crimea, so frequently overrun by such a variety of predatory hordes, present a singular *mélange* of races; and although the Mahometans are called Tatars, and speak the Tatar language, the difference in their features is most striking. For instance, the mountaineers on the south coast, being in general tall and well made, with regular features and intelligent countenances, are infinitely superior in personal appearance, and also in civilization, to their brethren of the steppe.

We find the greatest variety of the Tatar tribes in that part of the steppe called Moloshnia Voda, and on the isthmus of Pérécop, from the great Crimean steppe, to the countries beyond the Sea of Azow. Among these tribes, the Nogay is, perhaps, the purest specimen of the Tatar race in these pro-

TURKEY, RUSSIA,

I have taken their name from that of their
Nogay, one of the most renowned among the
sons of Ghenghis Khan, who, after the death of that
great conqueror, placed himself at the head of
his tribe, and conquered Moldavia, Besserabia, Bul-
garia, and the various countries on the Wolga and the Caspian
Sea; where his descendants continued to reign till, after a
succession of wars waged against them by the original inha-
bitants, Russians, Poles, and Dacians, their complete subjug-
ation, nay, even partial extermination, was effected.

The Nogay Tatars assert that they originally came from
Tschagatai, in Eastern Tataria, and that they are the only
true descendants of Ishmael. They are generally robust and
well made. The yellow brown, and even darker tint, of their
complexions, results more from continual exposure to the
weather than from any constitutional peculiarity, as we have
occasionally met with complexions of nearly European fair-
ness among this race, in the towns of New and South Russia.
The features of the Nogay, although strongly marked with
the usual characteristics of the Tatar race, are frequently not
unpleasing, and derive considerable expression from an eye
which, without being large, is intelligent and full of fire.

The Nogays, as indeed most of the other Tatar tribes, have
at all times followed a pastoral mode of life, for which alone
their steppes are adapted. There is no district in the British
Islands to which the word *steppe* is strictly applicable: the
word is of Russian derivation, and used to designate a vast
tract of champaign country, destitute of trees, and unbroken
by any eminence except the tumuli which everywhere abound
giving a peculiar character to these vast solitudes of nature.

What is usually termed the Great Steppe extends almost
uninterruptedly from the empire of China to the Danube,
the Karpathians, and the Baltic, including the whole of

Eastern Tatory, a great part of the Crimea, Besserabia, the countries in the vicinity of the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea, particularly the neighbourhood of Astrakan, the Wolga, and the Sea of Azow; to this we may add immense districts of Old Russia and Poland. This boundless country is more or less exposed to the influence of dry winds, and being but scantily supplied with rivers, and little refreshed by rain, the arid soil must be appropriated to the rearing of sheep and cattle, though how they obtain sufficient nourishment from the scanty herbage appears surprising.



TATAR FARM-YARD.

In some parts of the Crimca, Besserabia, and the neighbourhood of the great rivers, the Wolga, Dniester, Don, &c. the inhabitants succeed by the most laborious system of irri-

gation in raising abundant crops of every species of grain and vegetables; trees, however, with all the attention that can be bestowed upon them, generally die in the course of a few years. The steppe suits the habits of the Nogay, because, like the rest of his race, he regards tilling the ground as an occupation altogether unworthy the free sons of Ishmael; and none of the other inhabitants succeed so well in the rearing of flocks and herds, especially in breeding horses. These animals constitute one of the chief sources of his wealth, and are much admired for their good qualities by the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, the trade forming a source of great profit to the sons of Israel, who monopolize it, and export them principally to Poland and Old Russia. Still the steppe horses are by no means what we should call in England a noble race; they are, however, serviceable, and, as a proof of their ability to bear fatigue, we frequently rode one thirty miles without baiting, and then the only provender to be got was dried steppe grass, and bad pit water; and at night they are turned loose on the steppe to forage for themselves.

The Nogay indeed always prefers this airy and economical hotel; for, in addition to the agreeable absence of a landlord's bill, in this land of horse-stealers he considers his horses safer on the steppe than in a village. Hence the traveller and his Tatar are ever at variance; the one is desirous when night approaches of taking up his abode at the nearest village, while the other always looks out to discover a desirable spot for bivouacking; the base of a tumulus, or the bed of a dried-up river, which afford shelter from the night air, and luxuriant herbage, offer a temptation irresistible. He therefore all at once finds out that his horses are lame; at all events, he can proceed no further. Remonstrance is useless with a Tatar, for, like his autocrat the Tzar, his will is absolute; and, with the most imperturbable gravity, no matter how much you may

storm and threaten, he commences his operations to pass the night by unsaddling the horses, and tying their fore-legs, that they may not wander too far. Weeds and dried manure are then collected to make a fire; for it must be remembered, on the steppe there is not even the ghost of a tree. When the beloved *tchorba* is prepared and eaten, and the *tchiboque* smoked, like a good Mahometan he throws himself on his face towards the east, offers up a short prayer to Allah, rolls himself up like a snake in his *bourka*, and sleeps perhaps more contentedly than his Tzar. On such occasions the traveller would do well to follow the example of his Tatar; otherwise he runs the risk of carrying home with him a steppe fever, or what is worse, ophthalmia. In enumerating the inconveniences attendant on steppe travelling in New Russia and South Russia, we may state that one might as well attempt to steer a vessel at sea without a compass, as to journey over one of these boundless plains without a Tatar guide, whose practised eye can always estimate the distance by the position or peculiar form of the tumuli, which he separately distinguishes, and with the same facility as a shepherd does his flocks and herds.

Indeed, the Tatar of these Russian steppes is not less distinguished for the sharpness of his eyesight than the quickness of his hearing. His falcon eye, at the most incredible distance, discovers, as it ranges over the immeasurable steppe, his own flocks and herds; nay, he can even tell the colour, and what appears to a stranger in the far distance to be black spots on the horizon, he will separately describe as horses, sheep, or oxen; and his hearing is so acute, that by throwing himself upon the earth, he will tell you, by their peculiar neighing or bleating, which are his own cattle. He is also familiar with every indication of a change in the atmosphere, and knows nearly to a minute the hour of the day.

His presence of mind and invention are not less remarkable,—he is prepared for every danger, and with an answer to every question; if your carriage breaks down, his little hatchet, ever stuck in his belt, is ready to repair it; if you want a rope, he will spin you one out of the hairs of his horse's tail, or the long wiry grass on the steppe; and if you are unwell, he is acquainted with an herb which will serve as a remedy for every ailment. Indeed, we have ourselves more than once observed and admired their fertility in resources; for while a stupid German colonist, or a Moscovite, would be circumnavigating their brains in search of a plan to help him out of his difficulties, a Tatar will have hit upon one and executed it. Yet, with all these natural advantages, the Tatar in Russia is, with little exception, the same enemy to civilization as his forefathers; to which the hostility to change, so interwoven with the religion of Mahomet, has contributed not a little. His dwelling, composed of mud or bricks dried in the sun, is destitute of every comfort; his habits, manners, and customs, even to the utensils for cooking, have undergone little or no alteration; his riches still consist in the number of his flocks and herds; and the size and antiquity of the copper caldron, so religiously preserved by the chief, is proudly displayed to the stranger as a memorial of the numbers of his tribe in former days.

One of the most agreeable features in the character of the Tatar is his hospitality. The stranger, no matter what may be his creed or nation, provided he is not a thieving Cossack, is certain to find a hearty welcome; and such is the provident care of this people for the wants of the destitute traveller, that a khan, or species of inn called the Oda, has been established from time immemorial in all the towns and villages that were formerly included in the dominions of the khans of Western Tatar, where he is still supplied with a divan,

fire, and refreshment at the expense of the community; to obtain which he has only to make application to the On-Bachi, the elder of the village.

The Tatar may be called industrious, for he builds his own house, and makes the furniture, such as it is; he also attends his cattle on the steppe and works of husbandry; but the man is indolent compared with the woman, who, in addition to her household affairs, has to spin, and weave the linen, and prepare the lamb-skins with which the family are clothed; she has also to manufacture a species of soap from an herb that grows on the steppe, called Alabota, and to wander to the banks of the Don in search of the wild tea plant, which is universally drunk by the Tatars; instead, however, of using sugar and milk, as we do, they season it with butter, pepper, and salt.

Regardless as these people may be of all the comforts of domestic life,—originating, no doubt, from the custom of their forefathers living in tents,—they are neat and elegant in everything appertaining to dress, and take great delight on gala days in seeing their women and children look gay. The caftan of the chief of a tribe, made of silk or fine blue cloth, braided with silver or gold, is a most expensive article of dress; so is the high fur cap, made from the finest lamb-skin, to which we may add the splendid girdle, richly embroidered and ornamented with precious stones. In the dress of the women, which consists of gaudy coloured trowsers, yellow slippers, silk gowns braided and ornamented with gold or silver buttons, and a species of Turkish fez, there is a grand display of jewellery, in immense earrings, bracelets on the arms, and chains round the neck, sometimes of the most costly description, and of great antiquity. Like most Mahometan women, they never leave home without being enveloped in the yashmak. As with their neighbours, the Turks,

whom they resemble very much in their habits, customs, and manners, smoking appears indispensable to the existence of the whole Tatar race, men, women, and children; but according to the idiom of their language, they do not smoke the fragrant herb, but drink it,—*tutun-itschmeck*; nor is this altogether a figurative expression, for, during the greatest heat and fatigue, the Tatar prefers the pipe to cool his thirst to every kind of drink, however agreeable.

The Tatars of the Russian steppe, like all pastoral people whose wants are few, can procure for themselves a sufficiency of the mere necessities of life, but nothing beyond; and, owing to the admirable system of each tribe providing for the necessities of all its members who suffer from misfortune, sickness, or old age, we never meet with a person in a state of absolute destitution. Their villages, which are generally partly buried in the earth, or burrowed into the banks of some dried-up river, where water flowed, perhaps, two thousand years ago, are miserable in the extreme—nothing better than a species of human warren. However, here, as in the low lands of Moldo-Wallachia, these semi-barbarian tribes have shown their wisdom; for while the colonist, who has built himself a comfortable house above ground, suffers from ophthalmia and intermittent fever, the Tatar seldom or never becomes the victim of either,—experience having proved that the miasma is only dangerous at a certain distance from the earth. We had an opportunity, while wandering some years ago in the vicinity of the Putrid Sea, and the Sea of Azow, the most insalubrious part of the Crimea, of proving the correctness of this opinion, as we invariably observed, before the rising and after the setting of the sun, a heavy mist hanging over the earth, when it was only necessary to ascend a tumulus, or descend into a Tatar hut, to be completely beyond its influence.

Among the other evils to which these interminable steppes are exposed, we must include the ravages occasionally committed by the locusts, who destroy the whole of the vegetation in a few days. This, with the drought that generally prevails during four or five months in the year, must render them, unless some extraordinary change takes place in the climate, altogether unsuited to any other use than the rearing of cattle. That great physical changes have taken place in these countries, we have abundant proofs in the extinction of the numerous rivers that once fertilized them, whose beds may be traced with the utmost facility to the sources from whence the waters originally flowed. Even in the time of Mithridates, the Crimean steppe was famous for its fertility, and teemed with inhabitants; of which we have sufficient evidence, without referring to history, in the ruins of numerous towns and cities. The soil of the steppe is everywhere of a deep dark mould, which merely requires a shower of rain to produce, as if by enchantment, the most luxuriant crop of grass, with a variety of the most beautiful and interesting flowers and plants; but, alas! to disappear again in a few weeks, when the dry scorching east and north-east winds prevail.

In short, we cannot describe the appearance of the steppe more accurately than did Strabo, when he speaks of it as a region destitute alike of woods, hills, and stones. And this is the character of the whole of those immense countries usually denominated Eastern and Western Tatar, exhibiting no greater variety of objects for the eye to rest upon than tumuli, earth, and sky; and, however vast their extent may appear on the map, as forming a part of the dominions of the Tzar, they tend rather to weaken than strengthen the resources of the Russian empire. To which we may add, there is a very long and badly defined line of frontier to defend against the incursions of the many wandering independent

hordes of Tatars; add to which, the barrenness of the soil, the want of water, and all the other privations to which an army is exposed, destroy more men than would the most disastrous campaign, whenever the Russians attempt to cross it.



CHAPTER XX.

Journey from Bagtche-Serai—Pass of the Merdven—Beautiful scenery of the Crimea—Arrival at Aloupka—Visit of the Emperor Nicholas—Description of his person and manners—Voyage round the Black Sea—Yalta—Caffa—The Cimmerian Bosphorus—Kertch—Interesting ruins—The Isle of Taman—Tumuli—The river Kouban—Visit to the Tchernemorsky Cossacks.

ON our journey from Bagtche-Serai, to the residence of prince Worronzow at Aloupka, we passed through the romantic valley of Baidar,—a most agreeable contrast to the tourist, after the parched steppe we described in our last chapter. Here we found every hill and mountain clothed to the summit with the foliage of a thousand trees, and all the rare plants and flowering shrubs peculiar to a temperate clime, with the wild vine and every species of parasitical plant entwining around the huge trunks of the trees, here forming a leafy bower, and there hanging in graceful festoons, altogether displaying a picture which showed how well this charming valley deserved its romantic appellation of the "Taurica Arcadia;" for, in addition to its picturesque beauties, it has the advantage of being protected from the scorching winds of the steppe by an encircling chain of mountains, and at the same time of being irrigated by numerous rivulets; hence every

production peculiar to the most favourable clime arrives at the highest perfection. Indeed, the whole of the south coast of the Crimean peninsula, with its romantic valleys and mountains, well deserves to be termed the Switzerland of Russia; while the pretty villages of the Tatars, with their tiny mosques and minarets, embosomed in the foliage of their rich orchards, add a novel and peculiar feature to the scenery.

After wandering for some time through this lovely valley, we commenced the ascent of the Merdven, the only passage from here to the sea-coast: the road, or rather bridle-path, is carried up the almost perpendicular side of a rock, of terrific elevation, in zigzag cuttings, one above another, as it were stories. We have no account at what epoch this road was constructed; it is, however, generally supposed to have been executed by the ancient Greeks, and really deserves to be called a journey in the air; for of all the dangerous passes we ever traversed, this is the most precipitous and bold, and, were it not for the sure-footedness of the Tatar horses, would be highly dangerous. The view from the summit, including the greatest part of the mountain coast of the Crimea, and the Euxine as far as the eye can reach, amply repays the fatigue and peril of the ascent. On descending, we had to encounter a similar precipitous path till we came to the village of Koutschouck-Koi, the usual resting-place of the caravan; from whence we proceeded through a narrow passage hewn out of the rock: and, as we were now at a considerable elevation above the sea, we continued to enjoy at every turn a new landscape of the boldest and most picturesque scenery in the Crimea, till we arrived at the magnificent chateau of Prince Worronzow.

The first ceremonies of introduction to the prince and his family were scarcely over, when we were startled by a Rus-

sian officer galloping madly up to the windows of the castle, waving his hand, and exclaiming, "The Tzar!—the Tzar!" He had scarcely ceased speaking, when a *drotsché*, covered with dust, dashed up the avenue with the speed of lightning, and the Autocrat of all the Russias was standing in the midst of us. Never shall I forget that tall, manly, majestic figure, habited in a plain military frock and white linen cap; nor those handsome, regular features, slightly bronzed with the summer's sun, adding increased expression to a countenance rarely surpassed for intellect, animation, and decision. If the fine person of the emperor is certain to prepossess the stranger in his favour, that impression is confirmed by his frank, dignified, and, we might say, fascinating manners.

After saluting the ladies, and shaking hands with the gentlemen, more as a friend than a monarch, he chatted with the surrounding circle gaily and familiarly, had something kind or flattering to say to each; in short, he assumed the tone of a guest who knew and felt he was welcome, rather than that of the autocrat of the lives, fortunes, and liberties of more than sixty millions of human beings. He spoke of England and the English in the most flattering manner; said how pleased he was to see them at all times in Russia, and hoped, on our return, that we would tell them of the beautiful scenery of the Crimea, in order that they might come in numbers and make it their summer tour, now that there was such facility of travelling by steam. Can we then wonder at the extreme popularity he enjoys in Russia, or that noble and peasant are alike proud of their Tzar; and can we feel surprised that the urbanity and condescension of his manners should win the affections of those who are admitted to converse with him intimately, soften the prejudices of the sternest republican, and ensure him friends in every court in Europe?

After conversing a short time, privately, with Prince

Worronzow, and taking a slight refreshment—a biscuit and a glass of wine and water,—he quitted us with the same graceful courtesy, and was again in his light *drotschké*, attended by an aide-de-camp, rattling over the ill-made roads of the Crimea, regardless of everything but speed. This is the man who has now unexpectedly placed himself in opposition to the two leading powers of the civilization of the world. This indefatigable monarch arrived only the night before at Sebastopol; and, after inspecting the fortifications, drove across the Peninsula to Orianda, to take a glance at the palace then building for the empress, under the superintendence of Mr. Hunt, an English architect.

It is very rarely in this world of crosses and disappointments that a man finds cause to be grateful to his stars, but ours seemed at this time to be in the ascendant; for, after passing a few weeks with Prince Worronzow at his chateau near Aloupka, and enjoying his hospitality and that of a number of Russian noblemen who have here their summer residence, he one morning announced, to the great gratification of a large circle of friends, that he had received a command from the emperor to make a coasting voyage round the Black Sea, to visit Circassia, Mingrelia, and all the other Trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia. His excellency Prince Worronzow having kindly included us in the invitation, we looked forward with pleasure to behold that land of bravery, romance, and beauty, so long one of our fondest wishes.

We shall, therefore, at once, take our readers to the pretty town and harbour of Yalta, where we found the war-steamer *Peter the Great*, and a little fleet of corvettes and cutters, waiting the orders of the governor-general.

Yalta, entirely the creation of Prince Worronzow, is destined to be, at no great distance of time, a highly-commercial and populous city: the harbour is safe, the anchorage all

that the mariner could desire ; and nothing can exceed the beauty and fertility of the surrounding country ; for, being protected from the scorching winds of the steppe and the cold blighting blasts of the north, all the productions of a more southern clime here attain the highest perfection, and the wines produced are already so much prized as to find a place at the emperor's table.

It was a pleasing sight to see this pretty town, here nestling within a sheltered curve of the sea, there rising into an amphitheatre of noble-looking buildings, surrounded by orchards, terraced vineyards, and park-like grounds, in a place which, only a few years previous, was little better than a desert. Nor must we forget to adorn our picture with the splendid country seats of those old Moscovite princely families, the Nariskins and the Galitzins,—forming altogether an interesting example of what civilization, energy, and enterprise can achieve, and at the same time showing the contrast between a Mahometan and a Christian community ; for while the one dams up at its source the current of improvement and leaves society and its institutions stationary, the other not only purifies the stream of mind, but leaves it free to flow onward, and bless each succeeding age with a greater degree of knowledge than its predecessor. And although we are no admirers of the despotism of the Autocrat of the North, nor of that of his Church, the Oriental, still we cannot deny that the Russian people have displayed more energy and activity in whatever they have undertaken, since they came to rank among the great families of Europe, than any other, except the Anglo-Saxon race.

At length, every preparation being completed, we left Yalta, in the midst of a deafening farewell salute from the guns of the fortress and all the Russian men-of-war at anchor in the harbour. Our voyage was in truth the very perfection of

sailing ; for, unless we should be visited by a thunder-storm, this part of the Black Sea is seldom agitated even by a swell during the summer months, and now it merely changed from a glassy calm to a feathery ripple, while the murmur caused by the prow of the corvette was not sufficient even to overpower the softer strains of the fine band of music as they floated beyond the bulwarks, and were re-echoed by the rocky coast.

We shall not trouble the reader by giving him an account of the sayings and doings of the noble and distinguished Russians that accompanied us on this interesting voyage. We have already alluded to that in a previous work. For the present, it is merely necessary to say, there was no want of amusement, while the provident forethought of our kind host, Prince Worronzow, anticipated not only every want, but even wish.

The first port at which our little fleet came to anchor was Theodosia, or, as the Russians call it, Caffa. The anchorage here is exceedingly good ; and, being sheltered from every wind except the east and south-east, which it appears, in this part of the Black Sea, never blows with sufficient violence to threaten any serious danger to a vessel at anchor in the harbour, there is every prospect of Caffa becoming as important a place as it was in the days of its former rulers, the Genoese. At that time it contained a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants ; and, owing to the beauty and splendour of its public buildings, received the appellation of the Constantinople of the Crimea ; but so complete was the destruction of the unfortunate town by the Turks, in 1476, that the only memorial we now see of Italian enterprise is a watch-tower and the massive ruins of the fortifications.

Soon after leaving Caffa, the beautiful mountain coast of the Crimea, that we had so long admired, fell at once into a monotonous steppe, without a tree to relieve the aspect of the dreary

waste, or even the hut of a Tatar to tell us that man was here a denizen. This desolation is the more extraordinary, since we learn from the writings of the Genoese, in the fifteenth century, that the whole of the district lying between Theodosia and the Sea of Azow was crowded with villages, and produced such abundance of corn as to be called the principal granary of the Crimea. Has this wide-spread desolation been caused by the war between the inhabitants and the Turks, or has the climate entirely changed since that period?

After passing the remains of the fortified wall, which once formed the boundary of the ancient kingdom of the Bosphorus, we doubled Cape Thakli, and entered the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which unites the Black Sea with the Sea of Azow, and here forms the boundary between Europe and Asia. We were now in the centre of countries connected with some of the most brilliant periods in the history of the Greeks and Romans,—countries that formed the emporium of the commerce of Athens, which enriched her citizens, and established her as a great maritime power; and witnessed in after days some of the greatest triumphs of mighty Rome. Indeed, each side of the strait through which we were now passing abounds with the most interesting objects of antiquity in the numerous ruins of ancient cities, and in the surprising number and size of the tumuli we everywhere see scattered over the whole face of the country.

Favoured by a breeze and a strong current, we soon passed through the strait, and cast anchor at Kertch, the ancient Panticapeum, once the wealthy capital of the well-known warrior-king Mithridates Eupator. Kertch is the most animated seaport in the Crimea, and from its position remarkably well adapted for a commercial station. Like its rival, Caffa, it is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, partly covered with houses, rising up from its beautiful bay to the

heights above, where we still find some remains of a temple, and the palace of Mithridates; but beyond this the whole of the remaining country is a level steppe, destitute of foliage, and nearly so of vegetation.

We stayed a couple of days at Kertch, for the purpose of enabling our party to visit the remains of the numerous cities and other interesting objects of antiquity that here abound. Besides the ruins of the palace of Mithridates, we distinctly traced the acropolis of the town, and all the other sites and places mentioned in history, where the Cimmerium, the Akra, Nymphi, and Myrmicium stood. We also found at Yeni-Kalé, near the Sea of Azow, the ruins of the city of Orthmion, and on the Isle of Taman all that now exists of the once splendid city of Phanagoria, famous for its Naumachia. And, by a singular chance, we discovered on the island a marble slab, placed there, in 1065, by a Russian prince named Glebb, son of Waldimir, who, it appears, ruled over these countries at that time. The inscription recorded that he had measured the breadth of the Cimmerian Bosphorus on the ice, it being then frozen over, and found it, from the town of Timoutirokan, the ancient Phanagoria, to Panticapeum, now Kertch, to be 30.053 fathoms.

We found everywhere on our route, the tumuli, several of them as large as little hills, particularly those in the vicinity of the strait; which proves that the whole of this country, now for the most part a barren steppe, must have been at one time inhabited by a very numerous population. That they were opulent, we have sufficient evidence in the variety of gold ornaments, beautiful vases, statues, and sculptured tombs, that are occasionally found in the ruins of cities, or whenever an opening is made in the tumuli.

With regard to the origin of the tumuli, if we may depend

upon traditions, they were a voluntary tribute of the people to the memory of some departed chieftains, whose actions during life had won their admiration and respect. It appears to have been the custom, after depositing the ashes of the deceased in an urn, enclosed within a tomb, that every man who loved him for his good qualities, carried a portion of earth and threw it on his tomb. Be this as it may, the idea of a mountain-monument, commemorating, as it were till the end of time, the affection of an entire people for their departed chief, is at once solemn and beautiful. At all events, the truth of the tradition has been in some measure confirmed by the manner in which the Scots formerly constructed their cairns; nay, in the north of Scotland it is still customary to say, as expressive of affection and esteem, "I will cast a stone upon thy cairn."

On leaving Kertch we steered direct for the coast of Circassia, whose mountains, as we advanced, became gradually more and more clearly defined on the horizon. We first explored the mouth of the Kouban, a river which rises in Mount Elbrous, and after running through the mountains and valleys of the Caucasus, divides into three arms, two of which fall into the sea of Azow, and the third and most considerable into the Black Sea. Being favoured, among some others of our party, with a seat in the private yacht of the prince, we had the pleasure of accompanying him when he landed on the right bank of the river, in the country of the Tchernemorsky (Black Sea) Cossacks, as the prince was desirous to have a private interview with the Ataman, who here met us with a squadron of Cossacks, as fine-looking, soldier-like fellows as could be found in any country, all well-grown and athletic, with remarkably handsome features cast in the Grecian mould.

The Tchernemorsky Cossacks, that here guard the frontier

with those of the Don, at present acknowledge the crown prince of Russia as their sovereign, under the title of Grand Ataman. Strictly speaking, these are the only true Cossacks; for although all the military colonists settled in other districts of the Russian frontier bear the name of Cossack, they are altogether of a different race, and governed by other customs and laws, and by no means equal to them in bravery.

This warlike people, the Tchernemorsky and Don Cossacks, date their origin as far back as the year 800, being at that time composed of a multitude of adventurers from every nation under heaven, who formed themselves into a sort of roving republic, till they ultimately settled on the banks of the Dnieper, beyond the cataract, from which they received the name of Zaporogtzi, or the people who live beyond the cataracts.

Here, owing to their predatory habits and bravery, they were for centuries a serious annoyance to their neighbours, the Russians, Poles, Turks, and Tatars; and, as they ever maintained a sort of wild independence, they were accustomed, according to caprice, or through the hope of plunder, to place themselves under the protection of one or other of their powerful neighbours. Russia, however, was generally preferred, on account of professing, like themselves, the Greek religion. In the armies of whatever temporary master they might select, their bravery never failed to distinguish them. At a later period, their adhesion to Russia—for they were never conquered—has been attended with great advantages to that power, having more than once, in her long and sanguinary wars with the Poles, the Turks, and the Tatars, turned the fortune of the day in her favour.

When Catherine ascended the throne of Russia, partly with a view to weaken the strength of this powerful military com-

munity, and partly to direct their predatory and warlike spirit against the Circassians, she succeeded in inducing a large body, by most advantageous offers of land, to emigrate to Kouban-Tatary, which had been only recently wrested from the Khans of Krim-Tatary. They now occupy the whole of that district, extending on the right bank of the Kouban from the river Laban to the Aoust, near the sea of Azow, which separates them from their brethren of the Don. This, together with the Isle of Taman, comprehends an extent of upwards of a thousand square miles. Although they possess the privilege of electing their own Ataman, and being governed by their own laws, their independence, owing to the continued encroachments of the Russian government, is now merely nominal. There is no love between them and the Moscovite of old Russia; they regard each other with feelings of mutual dislike and distrust, which has been aggravated by the repeated attempts of the Cossacks to recover some portion of their lost rights and liberties, all of which have hitherto failed.

In personal appearance, the Tchernemorsky Cossack is far superior to his brother of the Don; and, though not so handsome as his neighbour the Circassian, on the other side of the Kouban, yet, as he is constantly imitating the expedition of the Romans against the Sabines, intermarriage with the beautiful girls of Circassia has considerably improved the present generation. With respect to his moral character, we cannot say much in his favour, if we are to believe what the Russians, the Circassians, and the foreign colonists settled on his frontier say of him, who assert he is a thief by nature, a fellow that plunders friend and foe when he is on the march, never pays a debt if he can avoid it; and, above all, is unequalled as a horse-stealer, and in the art with which he changes the colour, appearance, nay, the very nature of a horse in a day or two,

so completely that his former owner could not recognise him. At all events, it is most certain that no poet in the present day can celebrate the honesty of either of these borderers, Cossack or Circassian, engaged as they are eternally in petty warfare, and depending for the most part upon plunder for their subsistence.

Still, if a Circassian has to complain of the predatory habits of his neighbour, on the whole he is the gainer; for the Tchernemorsky, on his migration from the Dneiper, brought with him the domestic habits, comfort, cleanliness, and something of the social order of a European, together with an improved system of warfare, all of which he has taught the wild Circassian, and made him a formidable foe for Russia to subjugate. On the other hand, the Cossack, exposed as he is to the influence of an unhealthy climate, and the unceasing hostility of his restless neighbour, has much decreased in numbers since he first settled on the Kouban. At all events, we may be assured that no Emperor of Russia in the present day can threaten England as the Emperor Paul did, with marching a hundred thousand Cossacks from the Don and the Black Sea to overturn her power in India.

In fact, the acquisition of territory in this part of Asia, instead of giving an accession of strength to Russia, has added to her weakness. There is a long line of frontier to defend against the continual incursions of the Circassians; then the country itself yields but little profit, since from beyond Ekaterinodar (Catherine's gift), the capital of the Tchernemorsky Cossacks, it is for the most part composed of steppe land and swamps. It is true, through the industry of the Cossacks and the colonists, some districts have been brought into cultivation, particularly on the banks of rivers, and we occasionally find excellent pasture land and meadows; but the climate in general is not considered

healthy, add to which there is a great deficiency of pure water. Again, the pestilential air arising from the marshy districts on the Circassian frontier of the Kouban constitutes alone a formidable barrier to the advance of a Russian army in this direction; for should the natives defend the passes with vigour, and prevent their entrance into the fortress of Anapa, they would be obliged either to bivouac in the swamps, or recross the Kouban, frequently impracticable, as this river is sometimes unexpectedly increased to a torrent by the rain in the higher Alps in a few hours. Should any misfortune of this kind occur,—and it has happened more than once,—the entire army would then be at the mercy of two inexorable foes—marsh miasma, and the unceasing hostility of the guerilla of the Caucasus.

The Kouban, like every other river that has its source in an alpine region, and at the same time but a short course from that region to the sea, is subject to great variations—now shallow and sluggish, and again, when fed by heavy rains and the melting of the snow in the mountains, rolling like a raging torrent, and flooding its banks to a vast extent, particularly on the Circassian side, where there is nothing to be seen for many miles but a forest of reeds, which, beneath the burning sun of Asia, attain a most extraordinary height.

As far as the eye could reach, we traced from the deck of our vessel the chain of Cossack guard-houses, as we passed along the mouth of the Kouban, each with its own redoubt and primitive watch-tower, consisting of three perpendicular poles fastened in the earth, having a seat on the top exactly resembling an eagle's nest, upon which a sentinel was seated, watching the movements of his wary enemy, the Circassians, on the other side of the Kouban, but who, notwithstanding all his vigilance, frequently cross the river at low water; and, unless every man is instantly under arms, their villages are burnt, and everything, even to the cattle in the fields, carried

off with the despatch always exhibited on such occasions by that most accomplished of marauders, a Circassian guerilla.

It is much to be lamented that a government so energetic, so full of enterprise as the Russian, will not resign its ambitious projects, and transfer its attention to civilising its people and improving the vast and fertile countries which have been wrested from the grasp of those indolent rulers, the Turk, the Tatar, and the Persian. Prince Worronzow, one of the most enlightened men to be found in any country, assured me that nearly the whole of the immense steppe, known as Western-Tatary, might be rendered some of the most fertile lands in any country, if a judicious system of draining the marshes were adopted, and artesian wells sunk to afford a sufficient supply of water to the colonists for the purpose of irrigation. Trees might also be planted, and in process of time serve to attract rain and thunder-storms, and thus be the means of entirely changing the character of the climate;—for, as we before observed, the soil is generally of a dark loamy nature, and wherever the ground has been excavated, the roots of gigantic trees have been discovered, which shows how different must have been the aspect of these steppes in former times. It is scarcely necessary to add, that all this and much more might be effected by a judicious outlay of the vast sums now so lavishly squandered among her foreign agents and spies, and in her immense armaments; as well as by employing in this, and similar works of public utility, the thousands whose lives are yearly sacrificed in the vain attempt to subdue the Caucasus. Most assuredly it would be a blessing, not only to the Russian people themselves, but to the inhabitants of every other country, if this government, so reckless of the lives of its subjects—so headlong in pursuit of its ambitious projects—were to receive such a check as would prevent it from again disturbing the peace of the world.





BAY OF SOUDJOUK-KALÉ.

CHAPTER XXI.

First View of Circassia—Anapa—Splendid Scenery—Description of Soudjouk-Kalé—Expedition of General Willemineff in Circassia—His reverses—Defeat and Death—Arrival at Ghelendjik—Its fine Harbour—Advantages to Russia as a military station.

AFTER passing the mouth of the Kouban, the lesser chain of the Caucasian mountains, called by the Russians Tchernegori (Black Mountain), rose up before us in all their varied and picturesque beauty ; for we were now skirting the coast of Circassia ; and a more brilliant pageant than they now exhibited, with the glorious sun of Asia lighting up every separate pinnacle, cannot be conceived. Still it was not the mountains, beautiful as they appeared, and clothed to their

summit with the foliage of the forest, which interested the spectator so much, as the recollection that he beholds for the first time Circassia, that romantic home of the brave and the free! Even our travelling companions, particularly the ladies, much as they, no doubt, had cause to lament the loss of some beloved relative in the Caucasian war, could not refrain from exclaiming almost simultaneously, and with evident delight, Tcherkess! Tcherkess! (Circassia.)

We cast anchor at Anapa, the first port in Circassia. According to the accounts of the Russians, the fortress of Anapa was built by the Turks in 1784. The fort stands on a spur of the Kitzil-Kaya mountains, which here abruptly sink into a dead plain towards the sea-coast, where it is surrounded by a fortification. To the south and south-west, the town is overhung by an encircling chain of almost perpendicular hills, rising to a height of about two hundred feet, forming a complete defence against the attacks of the mountaineers, who possess no other weapon for attacking a fortified position more formidable than the musket. However, as they still hold possession of the whole of the surrounding mountain district, the garrison and the inhabitants are completely hemmed in, except towards the sea and the north, in which direction, the country being flat and marshy, they are enabled in fine weather, and when the waters of the Kouban are low, to maintain a communication with the Tchernemorsky Cossacks.

Anapa as a port is not considered secure; the anchorage is bad, and being shallow, it is only capable of receiving small vessels, which run the risk of being driven out to sea when the wind blows with violence. It is defended by a mole with bastions, but the place altogether appeared neglected, and in no respect calculated to resist an attack by sea; with the additional disadvantage of an entire want of good water, which obliges the garrison to seek it at some little distance in

summit with the foliage of the forest, which interested the spectator so much, as the recollection that he beholds for the first time Circassia, that romantic home of the brave and the free! Even our travelling companions, particularly the ladies, much as they, no doubt, had cause to lament the loss of some beloved relative in the Caucasian war, could not refrain from exclaiming almost simultaneously, and with evident delight, Tcherkess! Tcherkess! (Circassia.)

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Anapa as a port is not considered secure; the anchorage is bad, and being shallow, it is only capable of receiving small vessels, which run the risk of being driven out to sea when the wind blows with violence. It is defended by a mole with bastions, but the place altogether appeared neglected, and in no respect calculated to resist an attack by sea; with the additional disadvantage of an entire want of good water, which obliges the garrison to seek it at some little distance in

the mountains,—a somewhat dangerous undertaking, owing to the hostility of the Circassians, unless they are accompanied by a few pieces of cannon.

Anapa and the surrounding country formerly belonged to a warlike tribe of Circassians, called the Skegaki, whose last prince, Mehmet Gherei Aslane, was said to be at one time extremely wealthy, and carried on a considerable trade with the Turks and the Tatars of the Crimea; but about this time Catherine of Russia having peopled Kouban-Tatary, as we before observed, with tribes of the Cossacks of the Don, between them and the Skegaki a sanguinary predatory war soon commenced, which ended with the total ruin of the latter, and the extinction of every member of the prince's family. It was from this prince that the Turks obtained permission to establish themselves at Anapa, for the twofold purpose of watching the movements of the Russians, who had taken possession of Kouban-Tatary, and as a station for commercial purposes. Anapa had now the misfortune to become involved in all the wars that ensued between the Turks and the Russians. In 1790, General Bibikow was the first to cross the Kouban, when, at the head of 10,000 men, he laid the whole country waste to the gates of Anapa. In the following year General Goudivich, after a siege of six weeks, took the town by assault, to be again driven out by the Turks and Circassians. It was again captured in 1807, by Admiral Patoshkin and General Govorow, who, after pillaging the town, and destroying the fortress, took their departure. It was finally taken in 1828, by Admiral Greig and General Prince Menschikow, but only after a murderous siege of three months by land and sea, from which time it remained in possession of Russia.

That the acquisition of Anapa opened a wide field of enterprise to Russia—a tempting opportunity of bringing under her sceptre the warlike tribes of the Caucasus, and

thereby extending her conquests into Asia, there can be no doubt; still, with all her might and power—all her intrigues and cunning—she is now, in the year 1854, as far from the goal of her wishes as when she commenced the contest. Nor can we wonder at the failure of her efforts to subdue a country the most difficult of all others for an army to subsist in, and the easiest to be defended; having at the same time to contend against the descendants of the people who placed a barrier against the advance of Alexander the Great, repulsed and dispersed the valiant legions of immortal Rome, the well-trained bands of the hero Mithridates, and, in after days, defeated every attempt of the Persians and the Turks, in their best days, to subdue them. What might not the energy of an army composed of such men achieve, were they instructed in European tactics?—men whom the Russians themselves acknowledge to be the finest of all cavalry soldiers, and most fearless of guerillas, whom no defeat can dishearten, and no bribe tempt to betray their country's independence.

May we not hope that since Europe has at length awoken to the magnitude of the ambitious designs of Russia, she will not remain any longer a passive spectator of a struggle in which her own interests are so deeply involved? May we not hope that the beautiful valleys and mountains of the Caucasus, when peace is restored to a long-suffering people, will become the Switzerland of Asia, the resort of those tourists who require scenes more novel than any that Western Europe has to offer?

The magnificent scenery on the Circassian coast increased in beauty as we glided over the bosom of the mighty Euxine, so calm as rather to resemble a lake than a sea. Soudjouk-Kalé, the next port we came to, so well known as being the destination of the *Vixen*, and the scene of her

capture by the Russians, lies about thirty miles south-east of Anapa; and whether we regard it as a commercial or military position, there is none except Ghelendjik better situated on the Circassian coast. The Turks, those fatal friends to the Circassians, also had a commercial station here, for which permission had been granted to them by the prince of the country, Gherai Koehmit; and, under the pretence that the Sultan was the sovereign, the Russians, commanded by General Goudovitch, attacked it in 1809 without success; but they were more fortunate in 1811, when it was taken by the Duc de Richelieu, who held possession till the treaty of Bucharest, when it was restored to the Turks. The Circassians, however, wearied with the total want of martial spirit exhibited in these days by the Turks in their various encounters with the Russians, would not again permit them to hold Soudjouk-Kalé, hoping by this means they should escape being any further involved in the quarrel between the Turks and Russians; and with this intention, they destroyed the fort and Turkish settlements.

From this time till 1836, Soudjouk-Kalé remained in the peaceable possession of the Circassians, when General Willemineff, at the head of fifteen thousand men, effected a landing a few weeks previous to the arrival of Prince Worronzow and his party. It was the intention of the general to erect fortifications; but before he had time to do this, or even to build log-houses for his men, or lay in a stock of winter provisions, the autumnal rains set in earlier than usual, accompanied by such violent storms as entirely scattered the fleet under Admiral Pallinotti, to which he had looked for support; and, to add to his disasters, the Zemes that flows into the bay of Soudjouk-Kalé—a mere rivulet in summer—suddenly swelled to such an extent as completely to swamp his entrenchments, at the same time destroying great part of his provisions and

powder. Unable to contend with so many evils, he determined to evacuate his quarters, and fight his way to Anapa, having no other alternative than this, or beholding his men perish with hunger and disease.

After gallantly contesting his passage through every obstacle—a succession of deep glens and formidable defiles, where every tree and jutting crag formed a fortress for the Circassian guerilla—he was met within a few miles of Anapa by the united tribes of the Circassians, the Kapsouki, Demirgoi, and Nottakhaitzi, when a dreadful conflict took place; and had it not been for the timely arrival of a few squadrons of Tchernemorsky Cossacks, together with the soldiers of the garrison of Anapa, to his assistance, the entire army would probably have been cut off, the unhappy soldiers being completely worn out by hunger and fatigue. Even as it was, out of the gallant army that only a few months previously numbered fifteen thousand men, scarcely one-half escaped the devouring sword of the mountaineer, and the not less fatal fevers that ever follow in the wake of a Russian army in the Caucasus. He however succeeded, during his short campaign on the coast of Circassia, in erecting two forts that guard the passes leading from Soudjouk-Kalé to Anapa on one side, and Ghelendjik on the other; but, like his predecessors, he altogether failed in subduing the mountaineers, till at length, wearied with repeated reverses, and seeing his finest troops year after year cut to pieces, he retired, and soon after died. Peace to his memory! he was a brave soldier and an excellent man. We can personally bear testimony to his merits, having known him well, and how much he was beloved by his soldiers, and respected by his numerous friends.

We have already stated that Soudjouk-Kalé lies thirty miles south-east of Anapa; we found however, on a subsequent

visit to Circassia, that the distance by land does not exceed twenty-five miles, as we avoid the extensive curve necessarily made while coasting; we had thus an opportunity of seeing this splendid bay to great advantage from the surrounding heights. It appeared to be about eight English miles in circumference, and from the great depth of water, excellent anchorage, and security from violent winds, is well adapted to become one of the best harbours on the Circassian coast. It is completely land-locked, except at one point, from about S. E. to S. by E., which might here be easily rendered secure by a mole.

To the east of the bay, a range of bleak hills, furrowed by innumerable water-courses, gradually descends from a height of about a thousand feet down to a long line of rocky shore. To the west, the hills are of somewhat less elevation, and in great part covered with wood; these also diminish in height as they extend towards the sea-shore. In short, so completely is this fine harbour protected on every side, except on that point to which we alluded, that when viewed in a north-westerly direction, it has more the appearance of a lake than a bay. From the early records of the Genoese and the Venetians, we learn that this port was one of great antiquity; the Genoese had a commercial station here, under the name of Porto Suaco, and some writers even pretend that it was the Sindikæ of the ancients.

The Circassian coast, after leaving Soudjouk-Kalé, became highly picturesque; still it was not until we had doubled Cape Taouba, that we enjoyed in perfection the superb prospect of this Eden-like country, which we are inclined to think, for beautiful coast scenery, is without a parallel, exhibiting as it does all the combinations which unadorned nature can present in its loveliest forms. The mountains were covered with verdure from the water's edge to the highest peak, and

whether the eye wandered along the shore, up the bosomy hills, or through the fertile valleys, numerous flocks of snow-white sheep were seen quietly grazing, with herds of buffaloes, superb oxen, and jet-black goats, with their long slender limbs. Nor must we forget the beautiful half-wild horses, proudly curving their arched necks, and tossing their flowing manes to the breeze, while bounding like deer through the verdant valleys, and along the steep sides of the hills. There were also the little wooden huts of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys, and farm-yards, surrounded by groves of fruit-trees; shepherds armed with a lance, tending their flocks and herds; agricultural fields, as far as the eye could reach, filled with men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn, and camels and buffaloes loaded with the produce, winding their homeward way through the deep and distant valley. It was in truth a lovely picture, an ever-changing panorama, which blended the most sublime and picturesque scenery with the romance of rural life, and realized all that the imagination of a poet could conceive of an Arcadia.

The next port at which we came to anchor was Ghelendjik, distant about sixteen English miles from Soudjouk-Kalé. The Russians consider it the safest and most commodious harbour on the coast of Circassia. The bay, which may be at its entrance half-a-mile in breadth, gradually widens to a mile and a half, and penetrates inland about two miles, where it receives the Mezip, flowing through a beautiful valley, the whole encircled by a connecting chain of high lands, which protect it from every wind, except when the north-east descends from the mountains. It has also the advantage of good anchorage, and a depth of water varying from fourteen fathoms to four near the mouth of the river, where it is shallow, owing to the accumulation of sand.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN RUSSIANS AND CIRCASSIANS.

CHAPTER XXII.

How Russia obtained possession of Ghelendjik—Fort—Excursion into the Interior—How Russian Military Roads are made in Circassia—Bay of Pchad—Hostility of the Circassians—Circassian War-cry—Splendid Coast Scenery—Bay of Djook—Bay of Vadrán—Arrival at Pitzounda—Excursion into the Interior—Interesting Church—Bombora—Visit to a Circassian Town—Circassian Forests—Weapons of the Crusaders.

As a military position, the situation of Ghelendjik is peculiarly advantageous, communicating as it does on one side with Soudjouk-Kalé, and on the other with the bay of Pchad by valleys easy of access; while another in front, by following the course of the Mezip, leads direct into the interior of the Caucasus. So desirable a locality could not fail to attract the attention of the Russian government; and soon after the

treaty of Adrianople, without even asking permission of the Circassians, a large army was sent to take possession, under the pretence that it had belonged to the Turks, who had ceded it to them.

In those days the diplomatists of the West did not trouble themselves much whether that wild country, called the Caucasus, belonged to Turk or Rouss, or perhaps their united wisdom could not fathom the meaning attached by the clever court of St. Petersburg to the words, "*plusieurs autres provinces du Caucase!*" For the honour of the late Sultan, we will charitably believe that *he* did not, or he never could have given up a country to which he knew he had not a shadow of right, with its millions of Mahometans, to be ruled by a Christian sovereign, however disastrous his own position might have been at the time. Be this as it may, the Russians were allowed to take Ghelendjik; and it has ever been a maxim with this people, if they are permitted to take an inch, to continue the system of appropriation *ad infinitum*. At all events, from that time up to the present, they have never ceased their aggressions upon the independence of the Circassians.

The fort of Ghelendjik, as we now saw it, merely consisted of mud entrenchments and a strong palisado work, mounted with heavy guns, and manned by a garrison of two thousand men, whose cabins, built of wood, lay securely in the centre. To judge from the healthy, vigorous appearance of the men, the climate is here far more salubrious than at any of the other Russian forts we had visited on the Circassian coast, or it may be, that having a wider circuit round the extensive bay to take a promenade, that has had some beneficial influence. We made a few excursions into the interior with Prince Worronzow, for the purpose of inspecting a road then making, intended to connect a series of forts on the Circassian

coast which the Russian government contemplated building. If this were done, this enterprising power would obtain the entire command of the coast from Anapa to Fort St. Nicholas on the Turkish frontier—a gigantic enterprise, but a perilous one, when we remember the hostility of so active an enemy as the guerilla of the Caucasus, of whom the military here seemed to entertain no inconsiderable dread, as we were accompanied, during our short tour in the neighbouring valleys, by more than half the garrison, and all the howitzers they could muster ready for action. The greatest danger, however, to be apprehended on such occasions, is a flight of arrows from some lurking foe, which kill without telling the exact place whence the death-blow came.

On arriving at our place of destination, we witnessed a scene rarely beheld in any other country, or under any other government than that of Russia. While one party of soldiers, having in front several howitzers mounted on the backs of horses, and with lighted matches, stood on their defence against any sudden attack of the mountaineers, another with pickaxe, spade, and shovel, were busy at work constructing the road, exposed to the rays of the burning sun, their haggard, weather-beaten countenances telling how severe had been their toil and suffering—and it was evident, by their bandaged heads and limbs, that several had been recently wounded. Such is Russia! When a ukase is promulgated for the accomplishment of some specific object, it must be completed, even at the cost of half the population. In the present instance, to add to their troubles, that portion which had been made with so much toil, difficulty and danger, during the day, was frequently destroyed by the mountaineers in the course of the night, by rolling down upon it immense fragments of rock. We must not, however, imagine that all this enterprising activity of the Russian government is con-

fined to the Circassian coast of the Black Sea and the Crimea—no such thing. We shall find the same indefatigable energy displayed in Siberia and Kamschatka, as well as on the Neva and the shores of the Baltic, in short everywhere on the frontier; for Russia is one of those sagacious, far-seeing powers, that never advances without a secure retreat to fall back upon in the event of defeat.

About fifteen miles further, after leaving Ghelendjik, we came to another of those numerous bays and creeks on the Circassian coast; this was Pchad, a place that had hitherto defied every attempt of the Russians to take it. For this it has been principally indebted to a ridge of rocks that extends for some miles into the sea, which renders it extremely perilous for any vessel to attempt to enter the bay, without a Circassian pilot on board. The inhabitants also, on this part of the coast of Circassia, are very numerous, and bear the character of being some of the most warlike and determined enemies of Russia among all the tribes of the Caucasus. We soon had an example of the celerity and well-organized system with which this people assemble when they apprehend invasions; for, seeing a steam-boat and several armed vessels approach the shore, as if by magic, the entrance of the bay and the whole of the surrounding heights were instantly filled with armed men, while others in the far distance were seen galloping with all their might towards the shore. It was assuredly a most exciting scene to behold these brave peasants, armed with every species of weapon—bows, arrows, javelins, muskets, sabres, make the hills around reecho their frightful war-cry, eager for the fray.

This war-whoop of the Circassian warriors is indeed terrific, somewhat resembling the howl of a pack of jackals; so startling and unearthly, that it is said to have caused insanity in some persons who heard it for the first time.

We can easily imagine the panic it might spread among an army composed of the ignorant and superstitious peasants of Russia, surprised in some lonely glen or defile of the Caucasus by a band of these infuriated mountaineers, all yelling their war-cry, as they are accustomed to do when they commence an attack. The population of this part of the Circassian coast, whom the Russians designate by the name of the Abhazi tribes of Circassians, must be very numerous and exceedingly industrious, if we might form an opinion from the aspect of the lovely and well-cultivated country we now beheld, and which called forth exclamations of surprise and wonder from all our party, who could scarcely believe that such evidences of civilization were to be found among the savages of the Caucasus. But, happily for them, they were far removed from the inroads of the Tchernemorsky Cossacks, and the Russians had not yet obtained a footing on this part of their coast. Whether the eye wandered up the lofty sides of the mountains, which here frequently rise to a height of five thousand feet, or along the shelving sides of the deep valleys, there were pretty park-like fields, verdant pastures and meadows, enclosed with palings, all exhibiting the hand of a skilful husbandman; and if to these we add the numerous flocks and herds, the magnificent outline of the splendid forests that crowned every height, and here and there feathered down to the deep valley, the reader can form some idea of the scenery of this part of the Circassian coast. The cottages also, with their neat verandahs, farmyards, orchards and gardens, indicated that their owners were amply provided with all the necessaries of life.

The inhabitants, however, showed evident mistrust at our appearance; for they continued to watch our movements, and raise the whole population of the country against us till we came to Djook, distant about twenty miles from Pchad.

This little bay is not considered a good harbour, but the neighbouring country is singularly beautiful and well-cultivated.

The appearance of our little fleet, particularly the steam-boat, was received here with the same hostile demonstrations which we had before observed. In fact, the people seemed fully inclined to give us a warm reception, should we attempt to land, for we could plainly see that the woods were crowded with armed men.

During the night we passed Mamai, Ardtler, and several other little bays and creeks mentioned in the Russian map of the Circassian coast, but none of them of sufficient importance to be considered a harbour for large vessels; and in the morning, at break of day, cast anchor in the Bay of Vadran. We must not, however, neglect to mention another instance of the watchful precautions of these indefatigable mountaineers; every pinnacle of the mountains, as we sailed along, was lighted up with enormous fires—no doubt, for the purpose of apprising the inhabitants of the coast of the approach of danger.

The Bay of Vadran is of little value as a harbour, except during a few months in summer; for here the mountains commence rising to a very considerable elevation up to the alpine regions of Elberous, which renders this part of the Black Sea, when the wind blows from that quarter, extremely dangerous to the mariner.

To an aggressive power like Russia, the Bay of Vadran offers some political advantages, since it is situated at the mouth of one of the strongest defiles in the Caucasus, the famous Yagra, the scene of many a desperate battle between the Russians and the guerillas of Schamyl Bey. This defile has also the advantage of communicating with most of the other defiles and valleys that lead into the interior of the Caucasus.

The Russians, since they obtained possession of this place, have not penetrated beyond the ruins of a church and monastery, the latter of which they have converted into barracks, and fortified. Perhaps no other of the Russian settlements on the coast of Circassia has proved so destructive to her troops as this, resulting not so much from the hostility of the natives, as the insalubrity of the climate; indeed, so great is the mortality that the Russian officers stationed here informed me, that the garrison must be changed or increased every six months.

From Vadrán to Pitzounda was the longest voyage we had yet made without stopping, being little short of eighty miles. The character of the scenery on the coast we had hitherto so much admired for its luxuriant fertility, now became almost alpine; snow was even to be seen here and there in the clefts of the rocks, although it was now June, and every valley, glen, and defile, seemed to be covered with dense forests of most gigantic trees, adding still more to the savage wildness of the landscape.

At length we cast anchor at Pitzounda, the ancient Pythus, now a dreary solitude, without even the meanest hut or trace of man's existence. Yet this fine bay, sheltered as it is from the land winds, which here frequently blow with the utmost violence, by a range of high mountains, and from the sea breezes by an arched promontory, seemed to combine all that is desirable in a harbour. How melancholy and how effectual must have been the ravages of the predatory hordes of Asia that so long rioted here, as to have entirely destroyed every vestige of the fine commercial city that was once reared here by the enterprise and energy of the ancient Greeks, and which was known to be in a flourishing state during the rule of the Romans, and in that of their successors, the Byzantine Greeks!

We made an excursion of a few miles inland, to visit one of the most interesting churches in the Caucasus. Our route lay through a forest of splendid trees, among which the oak, the beech, the chestnut, and the pine, might be pronounced the finest of their species: there was also the cherry, olive, fig, pomegranate, orange, in short, all the rarest fruit-trees, with the vine of almost fabulous dimensions twining around their huge trunks, appearing as if the country had never at any epoch been brought into cultivation.

On arriving at our destination, we found the ruins of a monastery had been converted by the Russians into a fort, and garrisoned by about four or five hundred soldiers. It was, in truth, a heart-rending spectacle, to see so many of these poor fellows, wandering about through the leafy bowers of the fig and the vine, looking as if they had just risen from the grave; so fatal is the pestilential malaria of the Caucasus, always most poisonous where the vegetation is most luxuriant, and which must continue to be so, until the inhabitants are sufficiently numerous to cultivate the soil.

The Turks, that rapacious horde of savages, what a debt do they not owe to civilization! After destroying, some four or five centuries ago, every vestige of the ancient Pythus, they spared one single church, which now remains standing alone in a wilderness, an interesting monument of Byzantine architecture in its earliest days.*

It is in very good preservation, constructed partly of brick and partly of freestone, and in the form of a Greek cross; its noble dome, supported by four immense columns, has a fine

* The popular tradition tells that it was indebted for its preservation to the following circumstance:—The Turkish Sultan who commanded at the siege of Pythus having been severely wounded, was carried in an apparently dying state to the monastery, when one of the monks engaged to effect his cure, provided he would promise to spare their church; he kept his word, and from that time the building had been respected by the Mahometans for the sake of their Sultan.

appearance, and the round painted windows give us a fair idea of Grecian art in those days. In the vestibule and the side chapels may still be traced paintings in fresco, representing saints and angels, the crucifixion, the descent from the cross, with the Virgin and the other women weeping at the feet of the Saviour. It is presumed to have been built by Justinian; still there is no date nor record to indicate the period of its construction; the style is, however, that of the Byzantine Greeks.

On leaving Pitzounda for the next military station, Bombora, we were overtaken by one of those sudden storms, very frequent in this part of the Black Sea, and which now descended upon us from the alpine regions of the stupendous Elbrous with all the violence of a hurricane. Happily, by standing out at sea, we were prepared to meet its utmost fury; but the vessels composing our little fleet were scattered in every direction; however, as the Prince had given orders for a general rendezvous at Soukom-Kalé, we rejoined them in a few days without any serious accident.

In the meantime the steamer, with the Prince and the greater number of our party, proceeded to Bombora, when, happening to arrive on our voyage at the position where the great range of the Caucasian Alps in all their splendour are seen from the sea, we were occasionally favoured, as the wind dispelled the clouds, with a magnificent view of that stupendous alpine region, with Elbrous standing high above all, like a vast pyramid of snow, enveloped in clouds so dark that from the contrast they appeared of a jet black.

On arriving at Bombora, our English engineer discovered that the machinery had become slightly deranged. To this circumstance we were indebted for a delightful excursion into the interior of Circassia; and as the chieftain of the district,

Prince Scharavaschedzé, had given in his adhesion to the Russian government, there was nothing to apprehend from the hostility of the inhabitants. After visiting the ruins of a church and a monastery on the coast, which we may regard as an evidence that this people were once converted to Christianity, we followed the windings of a beautiful river, the Phandra, which led us to the fortress, distant about three miles. Like that at Pitzounda, the vegetation was of the most luxuriant description; the splendid oak-trees alone, that covered the sides of the hills, and crested the highest summits of the mountains, were in such abundance, as to lead us to believe that Europe would find a sufficient supply of the finest wood for ship-building in these nearly unknown countries on the Black Sea, without seeking it in another hemisphere. Mingrelia, Immeretia, Gourial, and the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor, are equally rich in this material as Circassia. In addition to the ordinary trees of the forest, the arbutus andrachne, the oleander, the tamarisk, the olive, and the fig, the rhododendron and the pomegranate, were everywhere to be seen in all their variegated tints and rich luxuriance; while the box, which in Europe is a dwarf shrub, was here a perfect giant of the forest, and the juniper of such colossal dimensions as to measure fifteen feet in circumference. But death lurked about our path, in the number of dangerous black snakes that continually darted almost from beneath our feet; then the croaking of the *rana variabilis*, that unerring indicator of poisonous marsh miasma, told us, if we did not seek the shelter of our ships before night-fall, we should be certain to carry home with us the intermittent fever of the Caucasus.

The fact is, the fertility of the low lands in the Caucasus is too great; for, harassed as the inhabitants have been from

time immemorial by the continued invasions of every ambitious power of the day, they have been obliged to leave their richest lands a waste on the coast, and seek a securer home in the mountains. They also know, from experience and the traditions of their ancestors, that if their enemies only resided a few months in one of their beautiful valleys on the coast, the poisonous marsh miasma would thin their ranks far more rapidly than the sword. It will scarcely be credited when we say, that the Caucasus alone costs Russia annually 30,000 men!

After visiting the fortress, which as usual was crowded with the sick and dying, we took a lounge through the little town of Bombora, or, as the Circassians call it, Lehna, exhibiting the same characteristics as those we had described in Turkey. The inhabitants were, for the most part, Tatars and Karaite Jews from the Crimea, Armenians, and Turks. As to Circassians, there were but few; this warlike race always preferring the more exciting life of the chase and war to the peaceable one of the counter. There were several armourers in the town, from whom our party purchased some splendid sabres and poniards of the very finest workmanship, and evidently of great antiquity; the blades were for the most part engraved, or inlaid with gold characters. Prince Worronzow procured a splendid sabre with the following interesting inscription, *Parmi Dey y par my Rey*, which evidently once belonged to a crusader. Indeed, we were informed by an Armenian merchant of the place, who frequently visited the interior of the Caucasus, that there actually exists a tribe called the Khervisour, living in a district at the base of Mount Elbrous, who still preserve some of the forms of Christianity; and when they go to war, use a different armour from that of the Circassian knights, with the figure of a cross on their bucklers, and one of red cloth on their breast. How

interesting would it be to Europeans, when this interesting country shall be laid open to the research of our intelligent travellers of the West, to find a colony of their own race settled in the wildest districts of the Caucasus! It must, however, be understood that we only make the statement on the testimony we have above mentioned,—still it is far from improbable.



INTERIOR OF A CIRCASSIAN CHIEFTAIN'S DWELLING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Visit to the Prince of Bombora—Sketch of a Circassian warrior—Dwelling of a Circassian chieftain—Patriotism of the chieftains of Circassia—Circassian women—Their personal appearance—Laws against immorality in Circassia—Dress of the women—Arrival at Soukoum-Kalé—Miserable state of the garrison—Character of a Russian soldier—His wars in the Caucasus.

PRINCE WORRONZOW, who evidently expected to have seen the chieftain of Bombora, appeared somewhat annoyed. However, after some time a deputation, consisting of the elders and petty chiefs of the tribe, came with many excuses to say that their lord unfortunately had been absent from home for several days, but that his lady would be most happy to fulfil the duties of hospitality in his stead, if his Excellency and his party would honour her with a visit; and as the residence of the chieftain was only a few miles distant, prepa-

rations were made for our departure. Probably dreading a "guet-d'apens," there were few that accepted the invitation. Prince Worronzow, however, knowing well the character of the people, and how little danger there was to be apprehended when full confidence was placed in their truth, did not hesitate an instant.

As may be supposed, we were objects of great curiosity to the natives; and by the time we reached the residence of the chieftain, our escort had increased to hundreds. Truly our first acquaintance with the far-famed warriors of the Caucasus fully realized our anticipations; for a more martial-looking, well-grown, dashing set of fellows, it would be impossible to find anywhere, with features at once regular and expressive—firm, well-knit and athletic, yet possessed of all the agility of the Arab of the desert, and displaying in their haughty bearing, eagle glance, and unconstrained gesture, all the pride of conscious freedom. Their erect and symmetrical forms were, at the same time, set off to the greatest advantage by their becoming and picturesque costume,—a close-fitting tunic, resembling a military polonaise, with the red Morocco patron pockets in front, which are at once ornamental and useful, as they constitute no inefficient safeguard to the breast of the wearer against the random shot or lance thrust. The head-dress consists, for the most part, of a round cap of black Astrakan lambskin, with the crown of crimson cloth or leather, while the red silk sash, or the ornamented leather girdle, is ever filled with a well-selected armoury ready for any emergency.

After travelling for about two English miles through the romantic valley of the Phandra, we entered a gloomy defile, or rather a cleft in the rocks, scarcely affording space for two horsemen abreast; and following in our ascent a torrent-like rivulet, we soon emerged upon a beautiful and extensive

plateau, where we found the residence of the chieftain, consisting of a cluster of little cabins, each with its neat verandah, surrounded by orchards, meadows and corn-fields, presenting altogether a picture rather of the peaceful abode of a comfortable farmer, than that of the chieftain of five thousand warriors, which it is said the prince of this district can any day summon into the field. Everything about the place was of the most simple description; and this is the more remarkable when we recollect that the chieftain of this powerful clan, Michael Scharavaschedzé, was educated in a Russian military school, rose to the rank of colonel in the Russian army, was in high favour with the emperor, and well known in all the fashionable circles at St. Petersburg as the gayest of the gay. Apparently, however, being suddenly smitten with the old *amour du pays*, which appears never to die in the breast of a true mountaineer, he abandoned all the fascinations of civilized life, and the seductive prospects of future honour and distinction, disdaining to barter his native freedom for the golden fetters of Russian service; and here he has been residing for the last ten or twelve years, in the same primitive manner as his countrymen, as if he had never known the luxuries of civilized life.

The Prince of Bombora is not a solitary instance of this love of country in the Circassian. Among several others, we may mention as the most celebrated, the two Kabardian chieftains, Ismael and Bulat Atashuka. Ismael served in the Russian army with such distinction, that he rose to the rank of major-general during the reign of the late Emperor Alexander, who, wishing to attach him to his person and interests, loaded him with favours, even to conferring upon him the order of St. George; but no temptation could induce the mountain chieftain permanently to adopt the manners of civilized life.

The case of Bulat was even still more remarkable. He was carried to St. Petersburg when little more than an infant, where he was placed at a military school, in which he acquired the French, Italian, and Russian languages, so that he almost forgot his own, became an officer of dragoons, and in a short time a captain; but every allurements failed; he returned to Circassia, and was one of the first among the chieftains of Kabardiah that raised the standard of his country's independence, during the recent visit made to that part of Circassia by that indefatigable enemy of Russia, Schamyl Bey. Another of those chieftains of the Caucasus, Daniel Bey, a name not unknown to the English reader as the friend and companion-in-arms of Schamyl Bey, was also a general in the Russian service. The fact is, the Caucasians, one and all, look upon military service in Russia as a species of slavery, and never fail to desert when a favourable opportunity presents itself.

In the present instance, the attempt of Prince Worronzow to establish a commercial alliance with the Circassians through the influence of their chieftains, and finally destroy their independence, was nothing more than a return to the humane system which the Duc de Richelieu endeavoured to introduce into the Caucasus, when he was governor-general of the Crimea, and which so signally failed at Pchad, and some other places on the Circassian coast. Indeed, if no other obstacle existed to a friendly feeling between the two people, the immorality of the Russians would alone be sufficient; and if the affair of the Helen of Pchad led, on a former occasion, to the destruction of the Russian commercial establishments at that place, another fair Helen was found at Bombora to provoke another quarrel; and this time it was serious, because the Circassians not only burnt the warehouses, but massacred the garrison, and even threatened the life of their chieftain,

for having been the cause of bringing among them such objectionable friends.

But to return to the residence of the Prince of Bombora. On arriving there, we were received by the principal elders and petty chiefs of the tribe, who conducted us with great ceremony into the apartment, or rather a separate cabin, appropriated to the reception of strangers. The walls were hung with every species of weapon, together with chain armour of the most exquisite workmanship, here and there ornamented with gold and precious stones. In other respects, the room differed in nothing from a visiting *salon* in Turkey. There was the divan, carpets, and all the other paraphernalia we have so frequently described. We must not, however, forget the inimitable mats of Circassia which covered the room, and are celebrated throughout the East as a covering alike for the floor of the palace and the mosque.

As the Prince declined taking any other refreshment than a cup of coffee, and smoking a tchibouque, our hosts conducted us through the grounds, and showed us the farm-yard of the chieftain, his beautiful horses, cattle, &c. In Circassia, as in all other countries where the majority of the population are Mahometans, woman, being merely a handmaiden to man, occupies no place in society, consequently we were not introduced to the wives and family of the Circassian chieftain. During our promenade through the grounds, we had, however, an opportunity of seeing the fair members of his household as they were engaged in some trifling work of husbandry; and, like their fair sisters in Europe who have pretty faces, they evidently thought it no crime to show them; for the yashmak, that indispensable part of a Mahometan woman's dress, had been laid aside, whether in expectation of being admired, or to obtain a better view of the foreign strangers, we cannot tell,—at all events, the custom of concealing the

face of the women is not general in Circassia. They were all enveloped in a species of white garment made from camel or goat's hair, and this, with the long muslin veil thrown back, gave them a most picturesque and becoming appearance.

The beauty of feature and symmetry of form, for which the Circassian race are so celebrated, have not been exaggerated; but it is the singular animation in the eye of both sexes that most arrests the attention of the traveller. This is especially noticeable in the men, to whose countenances it imparts an expression of great vivacity, bordering on ferocity; and, as might be expected, the pure mountain air gives a freshness to their complexion not to be expected in such a latitude. That of the women is delicately clear, and as they estimate at its full value the charms of a pretty person, they leave no means untried to improve their beauty.

Still we must not expect that the whole population of Circassia are distinguished for their personal attractions. The Caucasian valleys having been in all ages a refuge for the oppressed, we find a great melange of races, many exhibiting unmistakeable evidence that they are of Tatar descent. However, as the Circassians, the real lords of the country, never intermarry with any other people, they preserve their lineage pure from any foreign admixture. Besides, they would lose caste by contracting a marriage with any class of inferior rank to themselves. Indeed, there are no people who value themselves more on the pureness of their race or birth than the chieftains of Circassia, consequently few instances occur of unequal marriages.

The laws against immorality are extremely severe among this people. For instance, if a man is detected in carrying on an illicit intercourse with a woman, he is tried before the elders of his tribe, who rarely fail to punish him, according to the circumstances under which the offence had been

committed, with a heavy fine or perpetual banishment. The dishonoured wife, after being returned to her parents, is sold as a slave, and an unmarried woman shares a similar fate. But, should it happen to be the wife or daughter of a chieftain who has disgraced her family, the stain cannot be washed out except with the blood of the paramour, and, we believe also, with that of the woman. If we had space, we might enumerate other laws in force among this interesting people, for the preservation of morality and the punishment of vice, all admirably adapted for a people so patriarchal in their habits, and so remote from the temptations of civilized life. We must not, then, give credit to the statements of the hireling writers of Russia, who represent them as a horde of lawless depredators, without a government or a law to control them. Even without any arguments of ours, the impartial observer of human nature will come to a different conclusion, because he knows that no community of men could exist for any length of time, unless the obligations of social life and order were respected; and they must be faithfully observed in Circassia, otherwise the people never could for so many years have succeeded in defending their country against the invasion of so formidable a power as Russia.

The state dress of both men and women is a very costly affair, as it is always bordered with gold or silver embroidery, the work of the women, who display in its execution no little taste and skill. The men are not less famous for the ingenuity they display as armourers; and whether the superiority arises from the quality of the metal, or the peculiar excellence of the method of preparing it, we certainly cannot approach them in the fine temper they give their weapons; and many of the designs wrought out on their dresses, together with the silver and gold arabesque work on their belts and weapons, might be copied with advantage by our artificers of the West.

With respect to the state dress of the women, blue silk is the favourite material for the robe, which is generally braided with gold or silver, and confined at the waist by a girdle similarly ornamented, fastened with a large silver or gold clasp; and if to this we add a light shawl of some gay colour, partly arranged as a turban, and partly falling in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, with a thin muslin veil sufficiently large to envelope the entire figure, we have the gala costume of one of the daughters of Circassia. The reader may imagine the effect of such a lovely apparition, attended like Diana by a favourite dog, in the midst of the charming scenery of this romantic land. If the fair vision should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell by the colour of her trousers whether the wearer be maid, wife, or widow; virgin-white being worn by the young girls, red by her who has assumed the duties of the matron, and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord. In everything else their dress is similar, except that the hair of the young dames, instead of falling on the neck and shoulders like that of the married women, is arranged in a thick plait behind, confined at the end by a silver cord.

We often thought, on witnessing the love of finery exhibited by this people, how great a profit might be reaped by an English merchant, who should succeed in landing on the Circassian coast a cargo of bright-coloured woollen, silk, and cotton stuffs, so superior both in their fabric and pattern to the rubbish manufactured by Austria and Russia, great quantities of which finds its way into the Caucasus.

The total absence of domestic comfort in their little cots, often made of wicker-work, and plastered inside and out with a species of mineral clay, contrasted singularly with all this finery, the splendid armour of the men, their noble horses of

the finest breed, and rich housings, their jewelled weapons, and the oriental gold brocade and silvered muslin of the women. But in a country like Circassia, never free from war, these dwellings of prince and peasant—for they are all alike—can only be considered as a temporary encampment; the wealth of the inhabitants consisting entirely in the number of their flocks and herds, and their personal riches, gold, silver, and jewels. They are always prepared for flight on the near approach of the enemy; the huts are set fire to, and, in a country abounding with inaccessible glens and defiles, to say nothing of the numberless fertile plateaus found on the summit of every mountain, there is no difficulty in finding a secure retreat for their women, and their flocks and herds.

This admirable system, which has been at all times the distinguishing characteristic of a Caucasian guerilla's tactics, constitutes a great, nay, we may add an insurmountable, difficulty to any power, however formidable, who attempts to subjugate this people.

Highly delighted with our excursion to the mountain home of the Prince of Bombora, we returned to our ships, and continued our voyage to the next military station, Soukoum-Kalé, one of the most interesting places on the Circassian coast for its historical reminiscences, most antiquarians agreeing that it is built upon the site of the famous Dioscurias. This opinion receives additional confirmation, from the extensive ruins the Russian officers of the garrison discovered here a few years ago. Soukoum-Kalé, now consisting of a few wretched huts, inhabited by Greeks and Armenians, was previous to the treaty of Adrianople, when the Turks held possession, a flourishing town, containing three thousand inhabitants. Since that time it has been taken and retaken alternately by the Russians and the Circassians, so that between the belligerents they have scarcely left a stone upon another,

if we except the massive walls of the fortress; and these bear evident traces of the severity of the contest, and that the reduction on the part of Russia had only been effected by cannon.

Like all the other forts and redoubts we visited on the Circassian coast, Soukoum-Kalé was bristling with cannon, not intended to repel an invasion by sea, but to keep in check the mountaineers, who hold possession of the whole of the adjoining country; and so incessant is their hostility, that not a single soldier can venture beyond the fortifications without being accompanied with artillery—that dread of a Caucasian guerilla. Indeed, so daring and indefatigable are the attacks of these mountaineers, that the officers of the garrison informed us they were obliged to train dogs to act the part of sentinels in exposed situations; these animals being found to fulfil their duty very well, as by their loud barking they immediately give the alarm, should a foe be lurking in the neighbourhood. If to this we add the unwholesome air of the locality, bad water, and the usual fever of the Caucasus, to which we have so frequently alluded, how lamentable is the fate of the unhappy Russian soldier, whose destiny is the Caucasus! He has little to expect but death; few of them ever return home, and those that are so fortunate as to do so carry with them an intermittent fever, from which they never recover.

It was pitiable to see the appearance of the poor fellows, when they were drawn up in the court-yard of the fortress to be reviewed by Prince Worronzow: their emaciated countenances, bandaged heads, and feeble limbs, showed them to be far more fit for the hospital than the parade. Perhaps—and we do not exaggerate—out of three hundred then assembled, not more than fifty could be pronounced healthy, and certainly not more than half were well able to handle their

musket. Yet their quarters at Soukoum-Kalé were none of the worst. The infirmary was airy, and the barracks equally so; the beds appeared clean, and the men when questioned by the Prince, declared they had no reason to complain of their food or their treatment. The provision stores were also well supplied, the bread excellent of its kind, and the meat equally so; there was nothing to be desired. We know not, it is true, whether the men may not have been too sparingly served, or that, under the menacing eye of their officers and subalterns, we did not hear the whole truth; at all events, these latter are accused of enriching themselves at the expense of the common soldiers, who consequently suffer in their food, clothing, in short in every respect, by this disgraceful practice. Be this as it may, the mortality at Soukoum-Kalé was frightful; for in addition to the intermittent fever, which prevailed to a great extent, some of the men were afflicted with the scurvy, a disease generally produced by unwholesome food.

However, if no other cause existed, the toil and labour the unhappy soldier is obliged to undergo in the Caucasus, in making the military road, as we before observed, intended to encircle the Circassian coast, would alone be sufficient to engender disease, exposed as he is to the burning sun of Asia during the day, and to the sudden change in the temperature of a mountainous country on the approach of night; to say nothing of the quantity of ardent spirits a Russian soldier consumes—a stimulant which the government supplies in sufficient quantity to support him in his fatigue.

Certainly, if ever a soldier deserved good treatment at the hands of his rulers, it is the Russian. He is patient under privations, submissive to his superiors, a strict disciplinarian, and no ill-treatment, no danger, can deter him from performing his duty to his Tzar and his country,—a machine that can

be employed for any purpose, and so insensible to fear, that if a sentinel falls at his feet from the bullet of a Circassian, another immediately takes his place with the regularity of clock-work. The same indifference to danger is shown when he is at work on the roads. If a man be killed by the hand of some lurking foe, another steps from the rank, takes up the pickaxe of his dead comrade, and falls to work as if nothing had happened.

How often have we seen them, while travelling in the Caucasus, set off in the morning from their forts, in bands of two or three hundred, to their daily labour—the construction of roads—singing in chorus one of their national airs as if they were going to parade! Yet death lurked about their path on every side, and scarcely a day passed over that they had not to mourn the loss of several of their comrades; nay, in some parts of the country whole detachments were cut off,—and this is the every-day life of the troops of the garrison. When a campaign takes place, and large masses are put in motion to seek an enemy, who is never visible except when certain of victory, their losses are indeed severe; and should it happen that they are obliged to retreat, it is no longer a battle but a carnage, unless they have taken the precaution to occupy all the forests and defiles in their rear, which cannot possibly be done, in such a mountainous country as the Caucasus, for any great distance.

Besides, however valuable the Russian soldiers may be, taken *en masse*, and when properly disciplinized, as they generally are, like all men brought up in complete ignorance, they are only serviceable so long as they are under the command of their officers. Deprive them of this, they become at once a helpless mass, without soul or life—a mere machine, that can only perform its functions so long as it has a skilful engineer to guide it. As guerillas, they are of no use whatever; for, should the

army at any time lose its officers, or a battalion become isolated from the main body, they are certain to be massacred to a man. On the other hand, his opponent, the Circassian, has not his equal in the world as a guerilla. In addition to his perfect knowledge of every locality in his country suitable to carry on his operations, all his movements are made with wonderful rapidity, foresight, and cunning. It matters not that the Russians send out their scouts and skirmishers, and that their report be favourable; there is an eye that never slumbers watching their every movement. The army is allowed to advance without molestation, until it arrives at a position favourable for an attack, then, as if by magic, every tree, crag, precipice, and eminence is alive with armed men, who pour down upon their victims a murderous shower of bullets and arrows, and then disappear into their fastnesses, where all pursuit is impossible,—repeating the attack along the whole line of march, and always with the same success, till these indefatigable mountaineers have utterly annihilated their enemies, to effect which they commence by picking off the officers, knowing from experience that when the chiefs are gone, the men themselves become bewildered and lost.

In other situations, on the banks of rivers or open places, they are equally dangerous, provided their inimitable cavalry can act; for should they unexpectedly surprise a Russian army, a charge from these terrible horsemen is a most disastrous affair. They then sweep down upon them like a living avalanche, and invariably throw the front and rear into confusion, cut them to pieces, and disappear before the artillery can be brought to play upon them.

In fact, the only troops in the Russian service that can at all cope with the Caucasian guerillas are the Tchernemorsky Cossacks, on the Kouban and the Black Sea, who, having adopted the arms of the mountaineers, their usages, their

address, and rapidity of movement, in short, their mode of fighting, are in some measure equal to their antagonists. With respect to their brethren of the Don, so celebrated for their bravery as cavalry soldiers, they have no chance whatever, because they have not been trained to the same sort of warfare.

It may seem surprising to some persons, that so formidable a military power as Russia does not make one mighty effort, and take possession of the entire country, and thus put an end to the war; but it must be remembered how impossible it is to carry on military operations with a large *corps d'armée*, in a country so inaccessible as the Caucasus. To say nothing of the difficulty of transporting the material of war, and provisions necessary to the support of a large army, in a country where there are neither roads, villages, nor food of any kind to be had—it being the invariable custom of the Circassians to destroy everything they cannot carry to some secluded district of the mountains, lest it should assist in sustaining the invader—even the Russian forts are too isolated, and their garrisons too insignificant, to afford either a refuge or assistance in case of defeat; so that a Russian army in such a dilemma, without its ships to fall back upon, could have no chance of escape.

Such has been the system of warfare carried on in the Caucasus, ever since Russia advanced her claim to it on her imaginary title derived from the treaty of Adrianople; and truly if the Swiss, in their most glorious days, repelled successfully the iron-cased knights of Germany and France, at the head of their well-disciplined legions, they were at least nearly equal to their opponents in point of weapons; whereas here we have a people who, opposed to the murderous fire of a tremendous force of artillery, whenever it can be brought to bear against them, and with no other defensive power than

the rifle and the sword, have hitherto not only maintained their independence, but year after year remain the victors.

But to resume our notice on Soukoum-Kalé; we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe, everything considered, that any other power than Russia would thus lavishly destroy the lives of its subjects in attempting to hold a position, which cannot from its locality, under present circumstances, ensure any important advantage. Besides being surrounded with a poisonous atmosphere that engenders disease, her troops are exposed to the rifle of an enemy that never slumbers; add to which, the bay is not secure, nor the anchorage good. Again, the country, in the immediate vicinity of Soukoum-Kalé, is one of the wildest and most inaccessible districts in the Caucasus, and its inhabitants probably the most ferocious, as they certainly are the most implacable enemies of Russia,—the descendants of the khans and the sultans of the Crimea and Kouban-Tatary, who have established themselves with their clans; so great, indeed, is the animosity they cherish to the Russians down to the present day, they have never been known to give quarter, or make a prisoner. And when we see these gigantic, ferocious-looking Tatars, in their sheep-skin jackets and caps of long wool, carrying in their girdle a complete arsenal of weapons, with the long Greek gun slung across the shoulder, the idea of an outlawed robber is at once suggested—a man who had sworn eternal enmity to civilization; and, however much we may censure the Russian government, her unfortunate soldiers, exposed to such a climate and such an enemy, deserve all our sympathy; for we feel assured that so long as a forest and a mountain remain in Circassia, her children will never submit to be ruled by a power they have had so much cause to execrate.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN THE CAUCASUS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mount Elbrous, as seen from the sea—Coast of Mingrelia—Redout-Kalé—Sketch of the town—Tribes of the Caucasus—Insecure rule of Russia in the Caucasus—Mineral treasures of the Caucasus.

AFTER leaving Soukoum-Kalé, the beautiful mountain coast, that had so long cheered us on our voyage with its picturesque variety, gradually receded from the shore, till we arrived opposite the immense plain of Mingrelia. Much as we

admired the beautiful coast scenery of Circassia, we were not altogether sorry that we had passed the barrier which had so long shut out the magnificent prospect that now burst upon the view, for we had now before us the glorious outline of the Caucasian Alps towering to the heavens in all their splendour; and as the eye wandered from the impenetrable forests of Mingrelia that skirted the coast, up to the highest summit of Mount Elbrous, and the still more distant Kasbeck, so clear is the atmosphere in this delightful climate, we could distinctly trace each mountain range, towering one above the other to the region of eternal snow, with an occasional glimpse of the cots and cultivated fields of the mountaineers.

How ardently we wished to explore the mountain region now before us, whose stupendous alp, Mount Elbrous, rising to 17,000 feet above the level of the sea, looked like a pillar raised to support the blue arch of heaven; and how rarely, if ever, has the foot of a European pressed that alpine solitude of eternal snow, whence issue the thousand rivers and torrents that fertilize the Caucasus, and the whole of the adjoining countries! What a field is here open to the researches of future travellers—the sublimest scenery of nature—all that can inspire man, and elevate his imagination—all that is wild and beautiful, romantic or sublime! And what is more calculated to purify and exalt the mind, than these stupendous works of the Almighty? A beautiful work of art, a splendid structure, may excite our admiration; but how insignificant are they compared with the architecture of nature—its rocks and precipices, glaciers and eternal snows, moulded in all their varied, beautiful, and fantastic forms! Neither must we forget, that this alpine region is situated in a country where glaciers may be said to mingle with fertile valleys, which by the hand of the husbandman might be made to teem with the choicest productions of the most favoured clime, and where

a journey of a few hours is sufficient to transport the traveller from the balmy sun of the South to the region of eternal ice.

Surely we may expect that the day is not far distant, when these interesting countries will be thrown open to the enterprise of those nations, who have lent the aid of their money and their arms to depose that power which has so long and so arbitrarily opposed a barrier to the progress of enlightenment and free institutions among the nations. May we not expect that the gallant inhabitants of the Caucasus will be declared independent, and their beautiful country become the magnet of attraction to all the tourists of Europe? What a field will then be open to the lover of the picturesque, the mineralogist, the botanist, the geologist, and those interested in the history of nations, in the study of the legendary ballads and traditions of the most interesting, and perhaps the most ancient, of all the races of the world!

It was impossible to look on that glorious scene, now pictured before us on the broad arch of heaven,—that mountain barrier, the fabled home of our race, against which the waves of Russian ambition have for more than a quarter of a century chafed and raged in vain,—without feeling an enthusiasm, a glow of mingled wonder and admiration, for the heroism of its gallant inhabitants, who, while the indolent Turk and the Persian submitted to the encroachments of their powerful neighbour—nay, trembled at the very name of the mighty despot of the north,—alone had the courage to arrest his progress. Gladly, indeed, would Russia have pursued her usual policy in the Caucasus, and which had so well succeeded with more civilized nations—have followed the advice given by the oracle at Delphos to Philip of Macedon: “If thou wouldst conquer the Greeks, fight with silver spears.” Gladly, indeed, would she have paved with her gold

a way through the Caucasus to the long-coveted districts of Central Asia. Happily for the success of the present war, there was one virtuous race still left in Asia—one brave people that loved their country and their independence better than the gold of the stranger; who preferred their mountain home, their simple habits, and liberty, to all the splendour and luxury the tempter had to offer them.

On leaving Soukoum-Kalé, we passed the unimportant bays, Kettasour, Kodor-Iscuria, and Anaklia. Anaklia, situated at the confluence of the Ingour and the Agis, is said to have been built on the site of the ancient Heraclia. It is now merely used as a fishing-station; as the whole of this part of the Black Sea abounds in sturgeon, particularly that very rare species known as the Cephalo, from which is manufactured the best description of caviare. Salmon-trout are also found in the Ingour and the Agis, and vast quantities of herrings near the coast, which, though diminutive in size, are unequalled for the delicacy of their flavour.

From Anaklia to Redout-Kalé, with the exception of a distant view of the Caucasian Alps and the high lands of Immeretia, the low marshy coast of Mingrelia did not offer a single feature to enliven the monotony of the landscape. It is true, there were forests of splendid trees, and vast districts of reeds and bulrushes, but no appearance, as far as we could perceive from our ships, that man had yet made his home in these dreary solitudes.

At length we cast anchor at the mouth of the ancient Cyanes, now called the Khopi, with the intention of visiting Redout-Kalé, another of the military stations of Russia on the Black Sea. To accomplish this, however, was a work of no little difficulty, even in a small rowing-boat, on account of the accumulation of sand at the bar—a perfect mountain in the sea; and this is no exaggerated description, for on both

sides of the bar there is sufficient depth of water to float a man-of-war,—a practical illustration, if we required one, of the culpable neglect with which the unlucky inhabitants of this once prosperous country have been treated by their barbarous rulers. Even when the Turks and the princes of Mingrelia held possession of Redout-Kalé, there was a law in force which compelled every vessel, on crossing the bar, to draw after it a ponderous iron rake, which had the effect of keeping the passage open to vessels of a certain burden; but since its new lords, the Russians, have taken possession, this process, although so simple and inexpensive, has been discontinued; consequently the bank is yearly increasing in size, and, to add to the evil, the whole of the surrounding country is becoming a swamp, as dangerous to the health of man as the Pontine marshes in Italy.

We can easily comprehend the policy of the Russian government in allowing the accumulation of sand at the mouth of the Danube; but why treat the Khopi in the same manner?—a fine navigable river, running into the heart of Mingrelia, a province which, to all intents and purposes, she may call her own, so little authority do its princes exercise over the affairs of the country. We confess therefore, in this instance, our inability to fathom the motives of Russia. Perhaps she is not certain of the fidelity of the inhabitants, and, by shutting them out from all communication with their neighbours, can the more easily hold them in subjection; or it may be that, entertaining the design of taking possession of Batoum and Trebizond, two fine harbours on the Turkish coast, a few years hence, or at least on the first convenient opportunity, the ports of Redout-Kalé and Poti on the Phase were not worth the cost and trouble of preserving.

On crossing the bar, we found ourselves in the Khopi, a fine navigable river, tranquil as a lake, with sufficient water

to receive vessels of very considerable burden. What a scene of desolation! As far as the eye could reach, there was scarcely anything to be seen but one vast marsh—the home of the pelican of the wilderness, and every aquatic bird that hunts the haunts of man; and this continued to Redout-Kalé, distant nearly four miles.

About two miles inland, we came to another river called the Syba, also navigable, and said to be considerably deeper than the Khopi. Both these rivers have their source in the Alps; and, as may be supposed, on the melting of the snow or after heavy rains, the volume of water becoming considerably increased, and not finding a sufficient outlet in the sea, inundates the whole of the surrounding country.

Redout-Kalé is the *fac-simile* of every other town, great or small, in this part of Asia. There are bazaars, and long narrow lanes intended for streets, unpaved and dirty, with the usual hut-like houses built of wood, as wretched in their external appearance as comfortless within, with dogs and vultures for scavengers, and a deep gutter in the centre of every street, the only substitute for a sewer. However much the health of the inhabitants may suffer from the malaria of the marshes,—and this town is said to be one of the most unhealthy on the coast of the Black Sea,—it has not lost the whole of its former commercial prosperity, when Redout-Kalé was the great *dépôt* for English manufactures on their way to Central Asia. Being still the only town of any size and importance on the sea-coast of Mingrelia, the inhabitants of the surrounding countries resort thither, as a mart to purchase whatever foreign manufactures they may require.

Our visit to Redout-Kalé having been made during the great summer fair, we saw the town under the most favourable circumstances; it also afforded us an opportunity of seeing specimens of all the various races who inhabit the neighbour-

ing provinces. In addition to Mingrelians and Immeretians, there were Georgians and Persians, Circassians, Lesghians, and Armenians, together with Jews, Turks, Tatars, and Turkomans,—a curious *mélange*, each habited in their separate costume, and exhibiting in their features and manners their characteristic peculiarities.

While wandering through this vast assemblage of races, Prince Worronzow kindly pointed out to me the different nationalities. There was the stately Georgian in his becoming costume,—a blue cloth blouse with the sleeves open to the elbow, the whole neatly braided; wide shalwars confined at the knees, and a high cap of black Astracan lamb-skin. In features he might be taken for an Armenian or a Persian: the only weapon he carried was a large poniard with an ivory handle, stuck in a red silk sash. The Mingrelians and the Immeretians, in their costume and features, somewhat resembled the Circassians, except that they were much inferior in personal appearance, and wanted the bright sparkling eye and bold independence of manner which distinguish that people. These peasants were all well armed with poniard, pistols, and gun slung across the shoulder; and carried, hanging from the shoulder, the same species of black mantle, made from plaited goat's hair, as the Circassians are accustomed to use. But by far the most interesting among the assembled multitude, were the inhabitants of the higher Alps, the Souanians of Souanethia, a territory where the winter, it is said, lasts eight or nine months in the year. These gigantic mountaineers were all armed to the teeth, and looked as fierce and savage as if they had never before mingled among civilized men. Instead of the becoming blouse worn by their countrymen on the coast of Circassia, they were habited in long sheep-skin coats, ornamented in front with the usual red leather patron pocket of a Caucasian mountaineer, sheep-skin caps with the

wool plaited in ringlets, while their bare legs were encased in a sort of sandal, made of untanned leather and fastened with thongs.

Besides these, there were several other tribes from the remote districts of the Caucasus equally interesting; and as they were all on friendly terms with the Russian government, they were allowed to purchase salt, tobacco, and powder, the latter however in small quantities. From the circumstance of the Mingrelians and Immeretians being allowed to retain their arms, we must infer that the power of Russia is not firmly established over these provinces, as the same privilege is not granted to her subjects of Georgia and Russian Armenia. At all events, the Russian soldier of the garrison may felicitate himself upon possessing one advantage over his comrades of all the other Russian forts we visited in the Caucasus, he has only a single enemy to contend with at Redout-Kalé—marsh miasma.

In fact, the authority of Russia over these provinces, Mingrelia, Immeretia, and Gourial, is extremely precarious. She knows well that so long as she is at war with the inhabitants of Daghestan and the Western Caucasus, the slightest infringement upon the liberties of the people—for they are very tenacious of their freedom—would lead to a rebellion, and, it might be, endanger the loss of Georgia, a province which from its position is the key to all her Trans-Caucasian possessions. Hence she has not dared to introduce her usual complicated machinery of passports and fiscal laws, neither has she inundated the country with an army of officials to enforce the various harassing regulations, by means of which she knows so well how to enslave every people that has had the misfortune to fall under her rule. No doubt there would be a very different system pursued if she succeeded in subduing the untamed and untameable spirit of Daghestan and Circassia.

We should then, as in old Russia, and in every other country where she has succeeded in establishing her power, behold the same elaborate system of despotism substituted for the mild rule of their patriarchal chiefs and elders, and every privilege the people now possess wrested from them, till they became, like the rest of the inert and spiritless mass over which she rules—a machine to be guided by the hand of a skilful engineer.

At present, these provinces are only valuable to Russia in a political point of view. So far from being a source of revenue, they are a constant drain upon the treasury, from the expense they entail upon the government in maintaining garrisons in so many military forts, and the large sums annually disbursed in the form of pensions, for the purpose of securing the allegiance of the various petty princes and elders, which they in their simplicity believe to be a tribute. The farce is even carried so far, that the princes of Mingrelia receive upwards of two thousand roubles a-year for permitting the Russians to establish themselves as a trading community at Redout-Kalé! whereas Mingrelia, together with Georgia, was declared a province of Russia during the reign of the late Emperor Alexander; but it serves to mystify a half-civilized people, and prevents them from making common cause with their neighbours, the independent tribes of the mountain.

There is also a chain of sympathy in religion, which binds them to Russia, the majority of the inhabitants being members of the Oriental Church. But how far we can call a people Christian who still practise many of the rites of Paganism, such as the worship of ancient idols, and the sacrifice of animals as propitiatory offerings, is somewhat difficult to determine; and these customs are very general among the Mingrelians, the Immeretians, and the Georgians, particularly the inhabitants of the mountain districts of these

provinces, many of whom openly profess Mahometanism, and every attempt to convert them to Christianity has hitherto failed. It is true they frequently attend the nearest church, get the silver rouble and the silver cross allowed them by the Russian government, submit to be baptized, then wander to another and repeat the ceremony, but they remain no less good Mussulmans or good Pagans, as the case may be.

The real fact is this, and we know it both from personal observation while travelling in these districts, and from the conversation of Russian officers: the power of Russia even in this, the most peaceable portion of her Trans-Caucasian possessions, is based on sand. The priests of the Greek Church, and the petty chieftains and elders, her pensioners, are no doubt by interest attached to her rule; but the people, one and all, detest it. Nay, it is by no means improbable, now that these provinces are on the very threshold of the theatre of war, that they will openly express their discontent and fly to arms, should the Turks on one side, and the warriors of Daghestan, the Lesghians, on the other, succeed in gaining a sure footing in these provinces.

The Mingrelians, Immeretians, and Georgians, all of the same race, each speaking a different dialect of the same language, have not forgotten the might and power of their ancestors, nor that, less than a century ago, they were ruled by chiefs who knew how to make their countries respected by their hereditary enemies, the Turks and Persians. Perhaps the Russians have not more implacable enemies in the Caucasus, than those tribes of the same race who inhabit the elevated districts of Georgia, Immeretia, and Mingrelia, nor any that harass the Russian troops more perseveringly on their route from Tiflis to Daghestan. At all events it is certain, that no traveller who is not recommended to their

chieftains, can pass through the defiles and gorges of their country without being protected by an armed escort from fort to fort. This danger has increased of late years, in consequence of the civil wars in Turkey and Persia, which drove great numbers of outlawed Turks and Persians to seek a home in the Caucasus,—all enemies of Russia, and being for the most part men of the world, they have widely propagated their hatred and animosity among the inhabitants to the systematic enemy of the East.

Indeed, all the Russian officers we conversed with, who had served in the Caucasus, were of the same opinion, that no government, however powerful, enterprising and humane, could succeed in establishing its rule over a people who, in addition to the attachment they have ever displayed for the government of their native chiefs, and their own wild independence, consider no engagement binding with the stranger; since nearly every tribe in the Eastern Caucasus repeatedly gave in their adhesion to the Russian government, only to raise the standard of revolt on the first favourable opportunity, and massacre the garrison of the forts. Even the Ossetians, who inhabit the alpine districts of the Kasbeck, supposed to be a tribe of Slavonians, and whom Catherine the Second believed she had converted to Christianity, have been won over, it is said, to Mahometanism by the preaching of the prophet of the Caucasus, Khasi Moullah, and his successor Schamyl Bey, and are now the allies of the Lesghians. Perhaps, of all the mountaineers who inhabit this part of the Caucasus, the most dangerous and the most difficult to subdue are those powerful tribes, the Suonians and the Ingushes. This very numerous and warlike people occupy the whole of the alpine and mountain districts, from Elbrous to the frontiers of Mingrelia and Immeretia. It is supposed they are the original inhabitants of the Caucasus, as all the

early writers allude to them by name. The Russians have never been able to penetrate into the country they inhabit. Among the many romantic stories in circulation respecting them, it is said there are certain Eden-like districts in the interior, only known to this people, sheltered by the Alps from every harsh wind, where the cold of winter and the heat of summer are equally unknown. Nay, it is even reported that here was the home of our first parents, the gold and silver mines of the ancients, and a hundred other reports equally marvellous and romantic.

Prince Worronzow, who is an accomplished linguist, and has always taken a great interest in whatever relates to the ancient history of the tribes of the Caucasus, and is better acquainted with them and their country than any other man of our day, seemed to think that the Suoni tribes belong to the great family of the Lazi, described by Ptolemy, or at least that they at one time acknowledged their rule. He grounds this supposition on the similarity between the language they speak and that of the Lazi: for instance, *Dada* (father), and *Daal*, *Thaut* (God). As to their name, Suoni (Alp), it merely designates the alpine country they inhabit.

The Prince confirmed one of the reports concerning this mysterious people, which is, that they simply worship one God, whom they denominate Daal, and believe in the immortality of the soul. It is also worthy of remark, and singular enough, that all the attempts hitherto made, either by the missionaries of the Turks and the Persians to convert them to Mahometanism, or the Russians to their form of Christianity, have failed. Still, they celebrate Sunday in the same manner as we do, making it a day of rest. Their division of time, also, and many of their observances, tend to confirm the supposition that they were at one time converts to Christianity, and not unacquainted with Judaism, as many of their

religious rites and ceremonies approach very nearly to the Mosaic observances.

In this, and nearly every other particular connected with the religion, habits, manners, and customs of the Caucasian tribes, we have not ventured to make a statement that was not supported by the authority of some enlightened, unprejudiced Russian officer, whose campaigns in the Caucasus had afforded him opportunities of gleaning particulars which no traveller could obtain; and it would be unjust not to admit, that we ever found them both willing and pleased to communicate whatever knowledge and information they might have acquired. With respect, however, to the Caucasus in general, they were ever ready to admit that there are districts in the interior to which they have never been able to penetrate; and they seemed to agree in the prevailing opinion, that these unknown districts are both extensive and fertile, and lie between the two great Alps, Elbrous and Kasbeck,—adducing as a reason for this conclusion, that the Circassians invariably taunt them by saying, “You may establish yourselves on the coast, and maintain possession of the sea, but you will never be able to force an entrance into the alpine home of the Suoni and the Ingushes; and there we have corn-fields and vineyards, meadows and grazing-grounds, sufficient to maintain all our people, and even more than we want.”

Reineggs, the Russian mineralogist, one of the earliest travellers in the Caucasus, who was sent out many years before the war commenced with presents to the chieftains of the Caucasus, but really with the intention of ascertaining the truth of the reports respecting the existence of gold in the mountains, in his report to the government, says that he discovered, on the south side of the territory of the Suoni, the galleries and shafts whence the ancients, in all probability,

were accustomed to get their wonderful supply of gold and silver. From that time all traces of them have been lost; hence it is concluded that the mountaineers, dreading the inroads of foreign invaders, destroyed every vestige of them. That gold exists in that part of the Caucasus, there can be no doubt, as this metal is found in the Ingour, and all its tributary streams that have their source in the alpine region of Elbrous. It is also worthy of remark, that shortly after the report of Reineggs, the Russians commenced their aggressive war in the Caucasus, no doubt partly stimulated by the hope of obtaining possession of these valuable mines. Indeed, there is not an intelligent Russian, whatever may be his political opinions, who does not believe that these mines will one day prove the source of inexhaustible wealth to any power who may obtain possession of the country. Since Reineggs' time, several attempts have been made by adventurers to obtain an entrance into the mysterious home of the Suoni, in their search for gold, but they never returned.

Having now brought our coasting voyage to a close, we trust the reader will accompany us into the interior, that we may show him something more of the country and its inhabitants.

CHAPTER XXV.

Historical sketch of the Caucasus and its inhabitants—Russian intrigues in the Caucasus—Elijah Mansour, the first warrior-prophet of the Caucasus—His history and mysterious disappearance—His successors, Khasi-Moullah and Schamyl-Bey—Their career.

At a crisis like the present, when the East seems destined to become the battle-field of the Old World,—which, by one of those extraordinary and unexpected revolutions that constitute an era in the history of the human race, will thus prepare the way for the introduction of European enlightenment and civilization into the remotest and most benighted districts,—we cannot but pause to reflect on the strange destiny of that vast alpine region, the Caucasian Isthmus. The important position it occupies, midway between Europe and Asia,—its double line of sea-coast, and the extraordinary strength of its mountain fastnesses,—have from the remotest antiquity attracted the attention of every conqueror that aimed at universal sovereignty: it has, nevertheless, hitherto foiled every effort to effect its subjugation.

This was the barrier that arrested the victorious arms of the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman,—the stronghold that towered in its mountain freedom above the tide of conquest that swept around it; and now, as then, has for more than half-a-century bidden defiance to the aggressive

ambition of the greatest military power of modern days. How deeply, therefore, must every humane and chivalrous bosom sympathise with the heroic tribes of this devoted country, who from the beginning of time have preserved their rugged home inviolate from the foot of every invader; and how deeply interesting to every reflecting mind must be their future destiny!

Impregnable from the natural strength of its position,—possessed, as we have shown, of a most important line of coast, indented with a succession of as fine natural harbours as are to be found anywhere,—blessed with a climate the most delightful, and valleys the most fertile, teeming with every production that can minister to the wants of man,—and occupying a position that may entitle it to the designation of the bridge between Europe and Asia,—it is yet a region as unexplored and as little known, as fable-haunted and as mysterious, as when it figured in the songs of immortal Greece, or as when designated Tauran by the Chaldeans, and Seddi-Iskender (Barrier of Alexander) by the Persians; while all that Arrian and Strabo have told us concerning it might be applied to it in the present day, so little have its inhabitants changed, either in their form of government, manners, or customs. May we not therefore hope, that when the present crisis shall have resolved itself, and the genial current of European civilization shall win its gradual way throughout the entire East, that this region also, that has resisted every hostile aggression, from the days of the conqueror of Macedon to those of the Russian Tzars, shall at length, by its magic influence, be won to a long and brilliant career of social prosperity and well-being?

Inhabited by races in whom the love of country is the predominant feeling—who, in all ages, have not only perilled life and limb in an almost unceasing struggle for liberty, but

have manfully resisted the more subtle inroads of that systematic corruption by which Russia has paved her way to dominion among almost every other people that own her sway; may not this country, as we have before said, become a new Helvetic Confederation, on the confines of Europe and Asia, the chosen abode of liberty, and the refuge of the oppressed of every surrounding community?

When we recollect how much the little republic of Switzerland, true to its national instincts of freedom, has effected,—how immeasurably it has raised itself in the social scale above the priest-ridden, despot-trodden countries around it,—is it saying too much to predict a high and glorious career for this region, if once freed from Russian aggression, and erected into a confederation of independent states, possessed as it is of natural advantages to which Switzerland cannot lay the shadow of a claim?

With respect to the Circassians, who for the most part inhabit the Western Caucasus, all that had been hitherto written respecting them has not removed the veil of mystery that still obscures their origin. That they were at one time a very powerful people, and ruled not only over the Caucasian Isthmus but the Crimea, there can be no doubt, as many of the rivers, mountains, nay, even forts in these countries, still retain their Circassian appellation. The Byzantine Greeks, from the earliest times, have been accustomed to designate the inhabitants of the Western Caucasus as the Zychians, the Greek word for Circassian, and describe their territory to have extended from Pitzounda, the ancient Pythus, along the coast of the Black Sea, to the mouth of the Kouban. The Genoese, who had several commercial establishments on the Circassian coast of the Black Sea in the middle ages, confirm this statement. They also say that, of every other race in the Caucasus, they were the most highly distinguished

for their bravery, and had attained a certain degree of civilization; that they were courteous in their manners, hospitable to their guests, and most stubbornly tenacious of their independence.

The Circassians, in their own language, distinguish themselves from the other races in the Caucasus by the name of Attégghi, which signifies a people inhabiting a country between two seas, from which we might infer they were the original inhabitants of the Isthmus. All the attempts of the Germans to prove that they are descended from the Alans, the Arabians, and the Medes, have no real foundation, and must be at once overthrown if we study the Circassian language, which all philologists agree in saying has no affinity to any other yet known.

It is, however, a singular fact that the history and origin of a people, who evidently ruled over a vast tract of the country extending over the Caucasian Isthmus, the whole of the Crimea, and the adjoining provinces, should present no stronger claim to authenticity than the song of the bard, the tradition of the poet, and the names of inanimate objects; while every other nation, however barbarous, possesses some historical record, some account of its connexion with the race that preceded it. In the present day, this people is distinguished from every other race in the Caucasus by a certain martial air, symmetry of form, great physical strength, and handsome, expressive features,—the true type of the Caucasian race. It is also worthy of remark, that wherever this race has intermingled with any other, whether Tatar, Turk, or Cossack, the influence of Caucasian blood has always displayed itself in ennobled and more perfect type of form and feature.

The Russians and the Turks call the Circassians by the name of Tcherkess, which signifies *cut the road*; we presume

derived from the circumstance of their never permitting the march of a foreign soldier through their territories. The Persians distinguish them from the other tribes of the Caucasus by the name of Kassack; so that it is not improbable the free bands of the Cossacks of the middle ages first issued from the Caucasus.

We had no means of ascertaining with anything like accuracy the amount of the population of the Caucasus. Prince Worronzow seemed to think that they number, including Immeretia, Mingrelia, and Georgia, about 3,000,000, which does not agree with the statements of the Turks, who give them more than 4,000,000, and say that they can bring into the field 700,000 fighting men.

The Circassian tribes, distinguished by the name of Atteghi, divided into clans, and acknowledging the rule of their own chiefs, are the most numerous; and their form of government may be said to be a species of aristocratic republic, composed of chiefs, nobles, and clansmen, in whom rank is only recognised in their public and patriarchal capacity, as chieftains, lawgivers, and elders; otherwise a perfect equality exists in all the relations of social and domestic life.

It is not difficult to trace the origin of this form of government. In the infancy of the world, man was taught to revere and respect his parents. In process of time, when families multiplied to tribes, the oldest and wisest members of the community naturally assumed the office of judge and peace-maker, while the brave and impetuous spirit led the way to the chase and the battle. When one more courageous than the rest became renowned for valour in the field, and wisdom in the council, his followers increased, and proud to serve under such a leader, remained firmly attached to his standard. The first-born of such a chief naturally succeeded to the authority of his father; hence originated hereditary government,

and the formation of chieftains and clans,—the system of government pursued by this isolated people from time immemorial, simple and patriarchal in its form, and well adapted to a mountain country, where the different tribes, each confined within its own strong barrier, lived as secure and independent of each other as if they had been so many mighty kingdoms.

This was the condition of the whole of the Caucasian Isthmus when Peter the Great of Russia, a man of extraordinary tact and ability, adopted the old Roman maxim—“Divide and conquer.” In accordance with these views he first commenced his intrigues in Immeretia, Mingrelia, and Georgia, whose inhabitants were, for the most part, of his own Church, the Oriental—thus setting the example of that line of policy which has ever been pursued by his successors; and so effectually did he succeed in behalf of his co-religionists, that at the peace of Kainardji in 1774, they were declared independent both of Turkey and Persia, and placed under the protection of Russia. What an ominous safeguard for the protection of a nation! What a promise does it convey of dismemberment, prostration, and ruin!

As might be expected, quarrels and dissensions were fomented between the petty rulers of these kingdoms. Heraclia, the king of Georgia, put forth an old claim to some part of the territory of his neighbour, Solomon, the king of Immeretia. The latter having found an ally in Khazia, the king of Mingrelia, a war ensued, as bitter as any on record between nations, and continued till one-half of the inhabitants were swept away by the sword, pestilence, and famine; and then, and then only, did the protector interfere, when the quarrel between the disputants was arranged by pensioning the princes, and annexing their territories to the Russian empire.

Having succeeded so well in this part of the Caucasus, the same system was pursued among the Circassian princes of the two Kabardahs, the Lesghian chieftains of Daghestan on the Caspian Sea, and those of Circassia on the coast of the Black Sea. In the meantime, while they were ravaging each other's territories, and perpetuating a spirit of revenge among a people whose laws exacted "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," she found means, by bribery, promises, and flattery, to procure a sufficient number of allies among the petty chieftains to enable her to make a road, the Wladi-Kaukas, through the centre of the Caucasus, everywhere well defended by forts with their garrisons, and which connects the Russian empire with Immeretia, Georgia, and Mingrelia. All the old jealousies of the Caucasian people were excited; they flew to arms, massacred the princes that betrayed them, and now commenced that war of which history scarcely affords a parallel, in point of disproportion between the two contending powers. How many harrowing tales are told of the ravages perpetrated by the Russian generals, all natives of Germany, Krudener, Herman, and Medem! The latter rendered himself by his cruelties so terrible to the Caucasians, that his name is used as an imprecation by that people to this day.

The two Kabardahs, the country of the Tchechenes and Daghestan, lying on the Russian frontier, suffered the most, particularly the latter, which is described in the memoirs of Halim Pacha to have become a vast funeral pyre. Such was the position of these unfortunate countries, when a chieftain little known in Europe, but whose fame will live for ever in the annals of the Caucasus, made his appearance. This extraordinary man, with an energy almost superhuman, quickly succeeded in uniting the whole of the Lesghian chieftains of Daghestan and their bands in one common bond of union, and by his bravery in the field, and his eloquence as a preacher,—

for he assumed the threefold character of priest, warrior, and prophet—inspired them to deeds of the most romantic valour. This was Eljah Mansour, who may be said to have been the regenerator of these tribes, over whom he continued till his death to exercise the most unbounded influence.

It was not alone Daghestan that benefited by the prowess and the wisdom of this indefatigable chieftain; he was to be found in every part of the Caucasus, preaching union among the chieftains and hatred to Russia. Now at the head of the Nogay and Kara-Tatars on the banks of the Kouban, then in the Crimea and Turkey, and again at the head of the warriors of Daghestan, by whom he was regarded as the blessed Iman, at once invulnerable and irresistible, he was however, after a long career of glory, taken by the Russians in 1791, at the siege of Anapa, and from that time he has never been heard of.

The Russian historians of the war in the Caucasus usually style Mansour Bey the “false prophet;” and, from the circumstance of his speaking several of the European languages, and his intimate acquaintance with the arts and mode of warfare practised in Europe, they considered him to be a renegade Pole in disguise. This does not agree with the accounts left us by the Turkish historians, who say that their hero was a descendant of the great Sultan Tschelal-Edden, who ruled over a great part of Persia, Georgia, and the adjoining countries, previous to the conquest of Ghenghis Khan.

Be this as it may, Elijah Mansour was in every respect a man of no common powers, the Napoleon of his day, and certainly the greatest enemy that Russia ever had in these countries. He owed his successes entirely to the circumstance that he made consolidation his system of policy, and practically convinced the people of the advantages to be derived from unanimity—a system that has been happily

followed by the chieftains of Daghestan; and, although the whole population of this portion of the Caucasus, with their allies the Tchechenes, do not amount to more than half a million, yet they have continued ever since to combat the Russians with a success rarely equalled by a half-civilized people in their wars with a powerful nation, armed with all the advantages of modern military science.

The Lesghians of Daghestan found a worthy successor to their famous prophet, Bey Mansour, in Khasi-Moullah; and, although he was not a warrior himself, he excited his followers to deeds of heroism by his eloquence, and made the whole of the Caucasus again resound with the victories of Daghestan. In vain, General Paskewitch, the conqueror of the Poles and the Persians, was sent to the Caucasus. He could make no impression upon the warriors of Daghestan. His successor, General Rosen, a very able general, fared no better; for Khasi-Moullah, with his terrible murids—those fierce warriors of the prophet—were ever ready to fall upon the Russians when least expected, and to turn every opportunity to advantage. If they happened to pass through a defile, every height was covered by them as if by magic. If they sought the shade of the forest to snatch a few minutes' repose, the trees seemed to be alive with them, and a murderous discharge of musketry poured down on them, while the enemy, however diligently pursued, ever evaded their grasp. In vain villages were sacked and burnt, gardens and orchards, vineyards and corn-fields destroyed. No supplications were made for peace; no safety existed for a Russian soldier, save within the strong walls of a fortress.

Poor Khasi-Moullah, like every fanatic who believes that a Divine mission has been delegated to him, having escaped through many perils, and impressed with the conviction that he was invulnerable alike to the bullet and the sword of

Giaour, became more bold in his attacks, and in an evil hour, having sought his enemy in the fortress, he was fated to die by the thrust of a bayonet. He, however, preserved his character as a prophet with his followers, as the prediction that no sword, or bullet, of a Giaour could reach him was literally fulfilled.

What Elijah Mansour commenced in Daghestan, and was afterwards partially carried out by Khasi-Móullah, Schamyl-bey, the present high priest, warrior, and prophet of the Caucasus, has perfected. This celebrated chieftain, whose wars with the Russians, dangers and personal adventures, would form a romance in itself, was born somewhere about the beginning of the present century, at the village of Hemry, in Daghestan. He has had the great advantage over the other chieftains of the Caucasus, of being educated with every care by one of the most learned and eloquent men of his country, the well-known Moullah Tshel-el-Eddin, nephew and disciple of the great warrior prophet Mansour-bey, to whose instructions he is indebted for the proficiency he has acquired in the language, history, literature, and philosophy of the Arabs, as well as the extraordinary eloquence he is said to display, both as a warrior chieftain, and as a skilful propounder of religion. His proclamations to the Caucasians, when he finds it necessary to answer any of the bombastic, truth-denying manifestos of the Russian generals, are said to be some of the cleverest productions in any language.

Schamyl-bey is, in fact, one of those extraordinary men who now and then appear in the East, and astonish mankind by the depth of their wisdom and the tact they display in uniting hostile creeds and races. While the fanatic Turks and Persians have been massacring each other for centuries, because they cannot agree whether Ali or Omar was invested with the mantle of the prophet, in the same manner as the

Latin and Greek Churches have been disputing respecting the orthodoxy of their respective creeds, our clever chieftain of Daghestan has discovered not only the means of reconciling Omar with Ali, but of uniting men of all religions in one common feeling of brotherhood, and hatred against the rule of the Moscov. Hence he has succeeded in attracting to his standard thousands of deserters from the Russian army, and he now sees himself surrounded by a life-guard, the Murids (MurtoSIGATS), who, like Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, are at once soldiers and religious enthusiasts.

In addition to these he has under his command an army of at least 60,000 men; all veterans, and for the most part composed of members of the various tribes of the Caucasus, and strangers from every part of Eastern Europe and Asia. He has also succeeded in introducing various reforms into Daghestan; established a regular government; tribunals of justice; a posting system; gens d'armes to protect travellers, with Khans for their accommodation; he likewise levies taxes; in fact, assimilates everything as much as possible to the customs and usages of civilized communities. His troops are regularly paid, and by instituting decorations and rank among his officers, and by rewarding their bravery with grants of money and lands, he has excited emulation, and encouraged strangers to take service in his army. For this, and many of the novelties of European discipline, and, indeed, the efficiency of his troops, he has been indebted to his friend and companion in arms, Danial Bey, who rose to the rank of General in the Russian army, and is only second to Schamy-himself.

If we are to believe the reports current in Russia, this new creed of which Schamyl is the Prophet and expounder, is exceedingly liberal in its tendencies, tolerant to the professors of every faith, and, if it can be called Mahometanism, at all

events, it is divested of many of the superstitions and absurdities of that creed. This has no doubt contributed to his success in no inconsiderable degree, and to the attachment manifested towards him by the members of so many rival creeds. In fact, the religion of Schamyl is not altogether new in the East; it originated many years ago in Arabia; was first preached in the Caucasus by Elijah Mansour, and may be considered political in its tendencies, encouraging freedom and independence, and condemning the debasing materialism, which in the present day degrades the religion of Mahomet.

Schamyl may be taken as a perfect specimen of his race, the Lesghian, who are said to be a mixture of the Alani and the Saracens. There is nothing of that rare beauty of feature, symmetry of form, and physical force that distinguishes the Circassian; but they are active and agile in the highest degree, able to bear any fatigue, courageous in the field, persevering, and we may add, vindictive, above every other race in the Caucasus. The Vendetta of a Lesghian is a terrible affair; with him blood can only be expiated with blood, and until vengeance has been taken, he believes that the spirit of the deceased will never rest in peace. Hence when a Lesghian falls on the field of battle, there is always some sworn friend ready to avenge his death; thus perpetuating from generation to generation, the intense hatred entertained by this people against their ancient foe, the Russians; the necessity of a propitiatory sacrifice being impressed upon them by their parents and elders, as an atonement that must be made to the manes of their slaughtered ancestors!

With such feelings, and actuated by such motives, the unlucky Russian soldier who happens to fall within the murderous grasp of one of these Lesghian fanatics, has little chance for his life, unless he happens to be rescued by one of their more

enlightened leaders. It is but justice to Schamyl to say, that since he has arrived to power, he has done everything by his own example, and by the severest punishments, to put an end to this terrible system of retributive justice, but as yet with little success. He has however induced the inhabitants of some districts to adopt the Circassian code, which allows a man to purchase the forbearance of his enemy by paying a reasonable fine.

However repugnant to our feelings this inexorable spirit of revenge in a Lesghian may be, the law which says "he who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," acts as a powerful curb upon a people of so fiery a disposition; and when they do quarrel among themselves, the contest is seldom of long duration, and never so fatal in its consequences as might be expected.

Schamyl-Bey commenced his military career as a Murid in the body-guard of his predecessor, Khasi-Moullah, when he was distinguished among his comrades for his sanctity, abstinence, and heroic bravery. He was, however, indebted for his present elevated position to a very singular circumstance, which still remains a mystery.

When the fortress of Hemry, his native town, was besieged, the garrison, which consisted chiefly of Murids, resolved to defend their chief, Khasi-Moullah, to the last extremity, and forming, as it does, part of the religious obligation of a Murid, the slaughter of the Russians was indeed fearful, but the generals Rosen and Willemineff were determined, cost what it might, to take the fortress; knowing they would at the same time capture the prophet, Khasi-Moullah. Fresh troops were therefore brought up, and every outlet invested, to prevent the possibility of escape. The cannon again played on the crumbling towers, the scaling ladders were again raised, and the assailants as often beaten back. At length the place was

taken; still the devoted Murids disputed every inch of ground with unexampled bravery, and when all was lost, they formed a rampart of their bodies around their beloved chief, till they were shot or bayoneted by the exasperated soldiers, and their bodies hurled from the battlements into the Koi-sou beneath. Schamyl and his chief were the last who shared the fate of their comrades, of being thrown into the river, to be devoured by dogs or vultures. This terrible slaughter took place on the 14th of October, 1832.

The whole of Daghestan mourned over the loss of their beloved prophet, and his heroic band of Murids; when, lo! to the astonishment of all men, two years afterwards, Hemry, after having declared for the new prophet, Hamsad-Bey, was again besieged by General Lanskoï. At the very moment the garrison was about surrendering, Schamyl, at the head of a large body of mountaineers, came to their rescue, and turned the fortunes of the day. If the heavens had opened, and Mahomet himself had come down in a chariot of fire, he could not have made a greater sensation throughout the whole of Daghestan, than did the resurrection of Schamyl from the grave. Who could doubt but that he was invested with a mission from God—that he was destined to be the saviour of his country? Nor can it be wondered at that the whole nation should elect him as their chief and prophet. How competent he was to fill the proud position to which he was elevated is well known, the fame of his exploits having spread not only over the Caucasus, but the whole of Europe.

Schamyl was again lost sight of after the storming of Akhoulga, one of the strongest fortresses in Daghestan, where the Russians, after gaining possession, put every human being to the sword; and as the prophet was seen giving his commands, and fighting to the last, it could not be doubted but that his career was now finished; yet at the very time when

all Daghestan was mourning his loss, and the Russians were celebrating a *Te Deum* in commemoration of the death of their terrible foe, his dreaded name again re-echoed throughout the neighbouring province Avaria, where at the head of 15,000 Lesghians and Tchetchenens, he was destroying all the forts they had taken so much pains to erect, and laying waste the entire country with fire and sword, because the inhabitants had submitted to Russia.

We do not pretend to say that the great popularity of this very able leader is to be ascribed entirely to the mystery with which he surrounds himself; still it has great weight with a superstitious people, contributes not a little to the general prepossession in his favour, and the belief that a man who had escaped so many perils must be the favoured of heaven, delegated to fulfil a mission, which the powers of earth would vainly seek to thwart. No doubt Schamyl, who knows his countrymen, finds it expedient now and then to have recourse to a *coup de theatre* to keep up their drooping spirits, since, with all their perseverance and bravery, they cannot but despair of ever seeing their country delivered from a power that continues pouring in fresh troops in endless succession, numerous as the sand on the sea-shore.



RAZZIA OF CIRCASSIAN GUERRILLAS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Schamyl-Rey—His ability as a Ruler—His extraordinary career—The Guerilla of the Caucasus—His Equipments—Expertness—Skill as an Equestrian—Mode of Warfare—Difficulty of subduing the Caucasus.

If the reader examines a map, he will see that Daghestan, the theatre of Schamyl's exploits, occupies the angle formed by the south-eastern extremity of the Caucasian range, and the coast of the Caspian Sea, bounded on the west by Avaria, and on the north by Tchechnia. The general aspect of the

country, when beheld from the sea, with its rocky precipices, denuded for the most part of trees or foliage of any kind, impresses the traveller with the idea of great sterility; but when he has once passed the rocky boundary, he is delighted with the contrast in the beautiful Arcadia he sees before him, consisting of a succession of valleys and tiny plains, blooming with every production of the most favoured clime; to say nothing of the mountain plateaux, where vast quantities of cattle, and some of the finest horses in the Caucasus, are reared.

Several Russian officers who had penetrated into the interior of Daghestan and Avaria, informed me they had frequently seen vines growing on the sunny slopes of the hills, whose stems were more than three feet in circumference; and walnuts and plane-trees of the most fabulous dimensions. They also spoke highly of the industry of the inhabitants as husbandmen, and the ingenuity they display in their admirable system of irrigation, and in the construction of bridges, and mills, with their artificial streams. Among other productions, the silk is said to be of the very first quality, and the wine they make would not be inferior to the Spanish, were it not that they use skins to keep it in, instead of barrels.

This is the country over which Schamyl has exercised the authority of a sovereign for the last twenty years, during which time he has worn out every Russian general that has been sent against him, from Paskewitch down to Prince Woronzow. When he commenced his career, Daghestan might almost have been termed a Russian province; he is now not only the lord of that country, but of Avaria, Tchechnia, and the whole of those vast mountain districts extending to Mingrelia, Immeretia, and Georgia. At least, their inhabitants, if they do not openly acknowledge his sway, may be called his allies. Nay, he has even succeeded in establishing a compact of union

with several of the Circassian chieftains in the interior of the Caucasus and on the Black Sea, whose territories he occasionally visits, and like his great predecessor Elijah Mansour, preaches to them and their clansmen the necessity of union, and war—eternal war against the great enemy of the East.

This in fact is the leading tenet in the religion of the Prophet of the Caucasus, and perhaps even Mahomet himself did not surpass him in the art of obtaining the mastery over the minds of his followers, and moulding them to suit his views. In addition to this, he is a skilful warrior, an eloquent preacher, a far-seeing statesman, fertile in resources, and persevering in everything he undertakes,—a man that never loses an opportunity of employing his great talents in the service of his country. Indeed, when we consider the vast resources of the power he has to contend against, the hostility of the many petty chieftains jealous of his authority, the difficulty of organising the half-wild hordes that follow his standard, and the necessity of counteracting the wily intrigues of the various Russian agents ever seeking to effect his overthrow, Schamyl Bey is fairly entitled to rank among the most gifted men of any age.

Although we cannot vouch for the prowess of our hero of Daghestan in the field being equal to that of Dschim-Bulat Bey, the late hero of Circassia, whose single arm, according to the songs of the bards, was equal to a host; still, it may truly be said, Circassia never produced so distinguished a statesman as Schamyl Bey; nor are there any of her chieftains in the present day who exercise such extensive influence over the various populations of the Caucasian isthmus. We may therefore confidently infer that a brilliant career is still open to this extraordinary man, in the event of France and England carrying war into the Caucasus, since they would be certain to find in him, and indeed in all its chieftains, allies

upon whose co-operation they might safely rely, their interests being identical.

With respect to the number of men they can bring into the field, it would be difficult to ascertain the exact amount, but in a country where every man is armed, and where the women frequently take the place of their lords when they are slain in battle, their numerical strength must be great, otherwise it is impossible they could have furnished men during such a long continued struggle. It is true the Caucasian guerillas rarely expose themselves in a regular pitched battle, and as they are perfectly acquainted with the country and its localities, their losses, compared with those of the Russians, cannot be very great. Daghestan, with its sterile rocks and mountains, particularly that part lying on the Caspian Sea, is by no means equal to Circassia as a defensive position, where the system of bush fighting is carried to the utmost perfection.

As an irregular soldier, the Caucasian guerilla has not an equal in any country; sober and abstemious, inured to fatigue and privation, he rarely burdens himself when he sets out on an expedition with any other stock of provisions than a bag of millet (*adjikha*), and a leathern bottle full of *skhou*—a species of sour milk. The chase procures him the rest. A sheltered nook in the cleft of a rock serves him as a bed, and his *tchaouka*, a mantle superior to anything we have in Europe, answers all the purpose of a blanket. At the same time, no invention as a covering for the feet surpasses his sandals of untanned leather, enabling him to accomplish a long day's march with the least possible inconvenience, or to climb with ease the steep sides of his native mountains.

All his movements are executed with marvellous rapidity, and a cunning that nothing can surpass. Labouring under the serious disadvantage of a scarcity of powder, every effort is made, and every danger risked, to obtain supplies of this

indispensable material of war. Fully impressed with a sense of its value, he never throws away a shot ; and such is the marvellous precision of aim which constant practice has enabled him to attain, that even at full gallop he will bring down his enemy with unerring certainty.

Again, the almost incredible ease, activity, and address of this most perfect horseman in the world, on the back of the steed, that may, in the fullest sense of the word, be said to know its rider, must be seen to be appreciated. Not only will this modern centaur send a ball to its destination with fearful accuracy, at full gallop, but quick as thought he will fling his body under the belly of his horse to avoid the fire of his adversary, spring to the ground, and, grasping the mane with one hand, accompany the well-trained companion of his toils and dangers in its impetuous bounds over the rugged surface of its native mountains, and again vault into the saddle with the same breathless speed.

The reader may therefore picture to himself the resistless impetuosity of a headlong charge of these flying horsemen of the mountains, sweeping like an avalanche on some devoted body of their country's foes beneath them,—at the same moment making the heights around reecho with their fearful war-cry, discharging their carbines with terrible effect on coming to close quarters, while the stout staves of the Cossack lances that oppose their course are severed like reeds, by the vigorous and skilfully-directed blows of their admirably tempered blades. They will cut their way through an entire battalion, throw a whole column into disorder, and then as suddenly disappear through the yawning portals of some mountain gorge, or beneath the everlasting shadows of their primeval forests—before the smoke of their last volley, or the dust raised in their wild fray, has cleared off—and before their panic-stricken foes, in spite of their most strenuous

efforts, have been able to bring their artillery to bear on the fierce band of guerillas, who, although coming upon them and disappearing with the rapidity of a clap of thunder, leave yet a fearful memento of their prowess behind them in the scattered bodies of their enemies that everywhere cover the ground.

Indeed, when we consider the nature of the country, the strength of the defiles, the warlike spirit of the people, their continual wars with the Russians, and determination to maintain their independence at whatever cost, we cannot wonder that, with such training, they should be the most accomplished guerillas any country ever produced, nor that they should undertake the most hazardous and romantic expeditions, and rarely fail of success ; for so great is their cunning and address that no enemy can calculate on their movements, appearing to be endowed with the attribute of ubiquity. In addition to acting in small bodies under their respective chiefs, they prove a constant source of disquietude, and give perpetual occupation to whole brigades of Russian soldiers, even within sight of their own forts ; and such is their hardihood, and so great their hatred of the enemy, that, when in want of ammunition, they, will lie in wait for days in the thickets till some unfortunate stragglers, or it may be a whole detachment, appear in sight, when they are instantly attacked, perhaps with bows and arrows only, and their lifeless bodies stripped of the coveted treasure.

We have repeatedly heard Prince Worronzow—who has always advocated a conciliatory policy in the Caucasus as the only chance of winning over a people so wedded to their wild independence to the rule of Russia—declare, that it would require a force of half a million of men to subdue this warlike people ; one half to occupy the passes that everywhere intersect the country, in order to cut off the communication

between the different chieftains, and with the remainder divided in strong columns pursue the various bands of guerillas. Even this plan, he admitted, presented great difficulties, and might altogether fail; so inexhaustible are the natural resources of the Caucasus that its inhabitants when defeated in the valleys and defiles, might find a refuge on those mountain plateaux that everywhere abound, and which, being fertile, afford at the same time a secure retreat and the finest pastures for their flocks and herds; while they are so precipitous as to be inaccessible except to those who are well acquainted with their secret passes.

Again, in a country where everything is made to be transported from place to place, even to the water-mill that grinds the corn, and where whatever could minister to the sustenance of an army is destroyed, an invading force would be obliged to bring with them sufficient provisions for at least six months, together with a considerable number of mechanics and labourers to erect fortresses and habitations for the troops, who must otherwise be swept away by famine and disease.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Military discipline of the Guerillas of the Caucasus—How they are maintained—Duties of a Chieftain—Increasing influence of Schamyl Bey in the Caucasus—The Bivouack—The Guerilla of the Caucasus—His endurance—Abstinence—Contrast between him and the Russian Soldiers.

HAVING now informed our readers of the tactics of the Caucasian guerilla when in action, we shall proceed to explain in what manner such large bodies of men can be maintained, and what degree of discipline is preserved among them. We have already alluded to their abstemious habits, and to the custom of each guerilla carrying with him as much food as will last several days. Fire-wood is found everywhere, and flat stones, which, when heated, serve well to bake his barley cakes; while game is abundant, and wild turkeys and pheasants form no bad substitute for beef and mutton.

Again, when they are engaged in the public service, by a convention agreed upon between the various independent tribes, each state through which they pass is obliged to furnish a certain amount of provisions; and in a region where numbers of the finest cattle are roaming wild in the mountains, together with vast herds of wild boars, a Circassian guerilla is never at a loss to find a supper.

In a country where the whole of its inhabitants consider it a high honour to carry arms, there is of course no want of soldiers to defend it in time of danger, or, if necessary, to die

in its defence, especially as they believe such a death to be a passport to heaven. At the same time they are never at a loss for commanders or military chiefs, for should the hereditary chieftain of a tribe be found incompetent to lead his clansmen to battle, the elders and inferior chieftains usually elect the nearest relative.

A seraskier, or commander-in-chief, is chosen by an assembly of the chiefs and elders of several allied tribes. This office invests him with the supreme command of a district, over which, during war, he may exercise unlimited authority. These superior officers are allowed a certain number of aides-de-camp, or rather messengers, whose duty it is to carry intelligence from tribe to tribe, to take care that the passes are guarded, that the watch-fires on the hills are ready to be ignited, in case it should become necessary to arouse the whole population to arms, and a hundred other employments indispensable in a country which, except in the depth of winter, is always exposed to the ravages of war.

The chiefs, in conjunction with the elders of each tribe, regulate the whole of the civil and military affairs of the community over which they preside. When a man falls in defence of his country, his family are provided for at the public cost, and if a village or tribe suffer from the inroads of the enemy, their losses are reimbursed at the public expense. Should a tribe be driven from their lands through the encroachments of the common enemy, Russia, or feel inclined to unite their fate with another, as every addition to its numbers increases the weight and general power of a tribe, they are gladly received, lands are assigned them, together with flocks, herds, and everything necessary for their subsistence; henceforth they become members of the same community, subject to the same laws, and incurring similar penalties by their infraction. Every tribe has its own sacred banner, con-

fided to the care of the chiefs and elders, but which is never unfurled except in cases of the most imminent danger, when every man capable of bearing arms is compelled to join in the general defence. The same imperative summons calls him into the field, when the watch-fires are seen blazing; and such is the admirable system carried out by this ever-vigilant people, that each of these fires, in addition to communicating with another, is so arranged by those to whose care the management is entrusted, that the inhabitants instantly know from the position of the fire, in what direction the enemy is advancing.

Since the advent of Schamyl Bey to power, the peculiar tactics of the Lesghians, the most scientific in their system of guerilla warfare of all the Caucasian tribes, is gradually gaining ground in Circassia. Still there is a great want of unanimity among the various chieftains; those on the coast of the Black Sea, harassed as they are with the continual inroads of the Russians, would gladly purchase peace even at the expense of their liberty, were it not that they dread the vengeance of their neighbours in the interior, who, secure in their mountain fastnesses, defy any attempt of an enemy to reach them.

From the accounts of Sefir Bey, a Circassian chieftain, who had been many years detained a prisoner *en parole* in Turkey, owing to the influence of Russia, and only recently returned to the Caucasus, we learn that during his absence, the population, notwithstanding the war, so far from diminishing, has considerably increased in every part of the isthmus. This corroborates what we stated in a previous work, of the comparatively trifling loss of life in the ranks of the guerillas of the Caucasus, compared with that of their enemies the Russians; whose system of bivouacking, and mode of warfare, is altogether unsuited to a mountainous country. They are

equally brave; but the men of the north want the agility, presence of mind, fertility of invention, and cunning, that so eminently distinguish their clever opponents.

The Caucasian guerillas never attack in a line, but in bodies, consisting of perhaps fifty, a hundred, or more, according to circumstances. After firing a discharge, they disperse; then rally, and return again to the charge; and as they never fail to secure a safe position, the unfortunate Russians are sacrificed without a chance of retaliating upon a foe who disappears as if the ground had opened and swallowed him up. Of every other description of warfare, they most excel in pursuit; for should their enemy become in the least disordered in the retreat, a detachment of these active guerillas is sufficient to destroy an entire army in detail. If his horse should be killed, the accident is comparatively of little moment to a well-trained guerilla, for having the whole of his weapons attached to his person, with that agility for which he is so famous he generally succeeds in escaping every attempt of his enemy to cut him down, and in nine cases out of ten, he will obtain another steed at the expense of some unlucky Russian, on whom he springs like a tiger, hurls him to the earth, and then springing into the vacant saddle, quick as lightning vanishes among the woods. When in action, nearly the whole of the chiefs wear under their clothes light chain armour, capable of turning a sabre cut, or a bullet, unless perhaps fired point-blank.

One of the regulations of Schamyl in Daghestan, and which has been now adopted by the different Seraskiers of Circassia, is, that every chief who joins the confederated army with five hundred men, shall be entitled to a share of whatever plunder may be obtained in the expeditions against Russia; which, in addition to their hatred of that power, and their strong passion for war, has already had the effect of stimu-

lating to action entire tribes, who had hitherto taken no part in the struggle.

Inured to fatigue from his infancy, and practising abstinence as a religious tenet, the guerilla of the Caucasus has an immense advantage in his physical constitution over the vodka-drinking soldier of Russia, so badly provisioned, and so little cared for by his officers or the government. In addition to his other good qualities, this hardy denizen of the mountain is able to anticipate the changes in the weather with unerring accuracy, drawing his conclusions from every object of nature, animate and inanimate;—the butterfly sporting in the air, or the grasshopper gambolling in the meadow, even the flowers that enamel the fields tell him, in language which never deceives, whether he may look forward to a wet, or a bright sunny day; while the colour, denseness, and extent of the mist that wreathes the mountain, informs him of the degree of rain and wind to be expected.

The preparations these provident people make to guard against the effects of an approaching storm are both novel and interesting to the European, and might be adopted with advantage by the troops of every nation. On the first threat of the angry elements they immediately make preparations to erect their simple tents. They commence by cutting some strong branches, which are used as poles; over these is spread felt or mats—for a Circassian never leaves home without these indispensable necessities in a mountainous region, thinly inhabited, and where it frequently happens that the finest weather is succeeded in a few minutes by an overwhelming tempest. The thick felt used for covering the tents appears to be a substance admirably adapted for the purpose, while the mats with which the inside is hung, made from a species of grass, are also waterproof, and very ingeniously manufactured; and such is the celerity with which these tents are

constructed that, after the poles are fixed in the earth, to suspend the covering over them and tie the cords to the root of a tree is only the work of a few minutes. The tents of the chieftains, or those more fastidious in their taste, are usually composed of several pieces of felt, and when these are furnished with a carpet, and a chimney to carry away the smoke, they form by no means an indifferent dwelling.

Again, if we take into consideration the waterproof texture of the Caucasian tchaouka, a cloak made from a mixture of long sheep's wool and goat's hair, there is no soldier better provided, so far as clothing is concerned, with the means of supporting the vicissitudes of a guerilla campaign. Here he may sit, enveloped in his cloak and sheltered beneath his tent, and bid defiance to the elements; while the unfortunate Russian soldier, in his flimsy jacket, linen trowsers, threadbare surtout, and with no other retreat from the tempest than his canvas tent, (if indeed his government is so considerate as to provide him with one,) is certain to be invalidated after a few summers' campaign,—for the moist and heated atmosphere of the Caucasian valleys becomes so charged with miasma after heavy rains, that no man, however robust, can withstand its effects without using the precautions adopted by the natives.

The Russian soldier also, having his best energies chilled by living beneath a system of despotism and slavery, wants the elasticity of spirit and independence of action so visible in the movements of the Caucasian mountaineer, where every defile, towering cliff, and snow-clad alp reminds him of the strength of his mountain home, and imparts a courage and a manliness to his every action. Unconquered and unconquerable, he believes himself superior to the whole human race; and truly, when he contrasts his own wild freedom, the security he enjoys in the undisturbed patrimony of his ancestors, with the servile condition of his neighbour, the degraded serf

of Russia, it is natural that he should regulate his opinion of every other people by the same standard. Nay, a simple chieftain, at the head of a few thousand followers, considers himself superior to the Autocrat of all the Russias, because he marches to the field of battle with his clansmen, and never deserts them in victory or defeat,—valour being, in his opinion and that of his followers, the essence of all that is great and noble in human nature. It must therefore be evident how hopeless it is to contend with a people actuated by such feelings, and inhabiting the strongest country in the world, which may without any figure of speech be termed a vast natural fortress. Some travellers, who have never seen the Caucasus, pretend to compare it to Algiers, whereas, in point of fact, there exists not the slightest similarity between them, except that the inhabitants of both are attached to their country and prepared to assert its independence. We may therefore rest assured that if Russia could not subdue them, either by intrigue or force of arms, no other power in Europe or Asia has a chance of success. A conciliatory policy, based on commercial pursuits and mutual interests, similar to that practised by the ancient Greeks, and at a later period by the Genoese, would no doubt have the effect of winning them over to the habits and usages of civilised life; but force and compulsion never will accomplish it; and now that the Black Sea is open to the fleets of the world, we trust that this policy will be pursued by France and England.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

General view of the Caucasus—Its productions—Articles of Commerce—System of Agriculture—Mills—Granaries—Industry of the people—Superior breed of horses—Sketch of the natural history of the Caucasus.

THE representations made by the hiring writers of Russia, that a Circassian is a professional robber—a sort of Ishmael, whose hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him, is most wilfully erroneous, and will be found so, when the Caucasus is opened to the research of our travellers from the West. We can, however, state, in contradiction to this, that from whatever country you enter Circassia, whether Turkey, Persia, or Russia, you are agreeably impressed with the decided improvement in the appearance of the population, their agriculture, and the beauty of their flocks and herds. The tiny cottages of the villagers also, however insignificant, are neat and cleanly, and being generally seated on the banks of a river or some murmuring rivulet, or clustering around the base of a hill sheltered by the finest foliage, contribute not a little to impart to the landscape an aspect of rural beauty; while the romantic character of every surrounding object veils a thousand imperfections that in less favoured situations would obtrude themselves.

Indeed the respect for private property and individual rights evinced by the Circassians, particularly when we

remember that they are still, in a manner, a semi-barbarous people, is one of the most admirable traits in the national character. In all their various transactions with each other, justice is as rigidly respected as in any part of civilised Europe; and the laws established by ancient custom are administered by their chiefs and elders with the strictest impartiality. We may therefore be assured that most of the accounts we have heard prejudicial to the character of this people cannot be relied upon. That they do not keep faith with an enemy, at least with Russia, is a fact, and that they have their own private feuds—tribe against tribe—is also true; still the appearance of their common enemy is at any time sufficient to reconcile all parties,—indeed, were it not so, they would have been long since the serfs of Russia.

If we view the Caucasus generally, we must pronounce it to be one of the finest countries in the world; the climate is equal to that of Italy, while Switzerland does not surpass it in the sublimity of its alps or the majestic grandeur of its scenery; and though it does not possess those romantic lakes which form such a delightful feature in the landscapes of some mountain countries, we have, as a compensation, a splendid view of either the Black Sea or the Caspian, from nearly every mountain we ascend.

In the valleys and plains, the soil, like that of the low lands in Mingrelia, the ancient Colchis, is extremely rich, and adapted to every species of grain, and also to the cultivation of tobacco, cotton, rice, and even indigo. The saffron, of the same species as the crocus Ang., but superior in strength, grows everywhere wild, and the plants of the green-houses of England are the common flowers of the field. The aspect of these elevated ridges, rising to a height of seven or eight thousand feet, vernal to the summit, is beautiful beyond description, shadowed, as they are, with the wide-spreading

forest trees of every species ; we see the rarest and most beautiful shrubs,—forming a luxuriant picture rarely seen out of the Caucasus. Even the sea-coast is rich in the most interesting marine plants, such as the *chenopodium maritimum*, the *artemisia*, *statice limonium*, *atriplex laciniata*, *amaranthus Blitum*, *crambe orientalis*, and a hundred others, equally rare and interesting. We also everywhere find the *statice Coriaria*, together with the gall-nut, which also abounds. These, with the *valona*, the *shumach*, and the bark of the white birch, are sought with avidity by the tanners of Turkey and Persia ; and when once introduced into Europe are calculated to effect a revolution in the art of tanning. The valuable white birch of the Caucasus also produces the famous oil with which the Turks succeed so well in giving to their leather that peculiar glove-like softness which none of our tanners in Europe have been able to accomplish. They extract it from the inside rind of the tree. It is also said to excel every other medicine yet known, for the cure of wounds, and to be the celebrated balsam used by Sultan Saladin during the wars of the Crusaders.

Independently of the number of rare plants so interesting to the botanist, those adapted to culinary purposes are very numerous : this will be understood when we say that the common vegetables of our garden are seen growing wild in the valleys, together with gourds and water-melons ; and if we ascend to the summit of the mountains, or wander on the sunny slopes, we shall see the wild currant and the cranberry, with tiny forests of bilberries, and strawberries, and whortleberries, all in the highest perfection. In addition to the mulberry and the chestnut, the olive and the pomegranate, and indeed the whole of the fruit trees found in a favoured clime, the vine loaded with the clustering grape is always seen the most prominent and the most luxuriant production, in this

land of nature; while the juniper, the yew, and the box are seen rising to such a height, that they may well be numbered among the giants of a Caucasian forest. Perhaps of every other tree in these primeval forests, the linden, in its connexion with rural economy, is the most valuable to the inhabitants: the wood is preferred to every other for building their little huts, and for making their furniture; cords and matting are made from its inner rind; and from its blossoms the bees extract that peculiar green aromatic honey, esteemed such a delicacy, that the table of a Circassian or of a wealthy family in Turkey is never without it. The common rhododendron, the rhododendron Caucasium, and the azalea Pontica, are also seen in vast quantities; and as the commerce of the mountaineers is principally confined, since the war with Russia, to the produce of their bees, the blossoms of these plants are much valued, because they impart to the honey that singular intoxicating quality noticed by all the early writers on the Caucasus, and by Xenophon and Strabo. In the present day, the Tchernemorsky Cossacks and the Russian soldiers evince for it so strong a predilection, preferring it to every other species of liquor, that they will not hesitate to barter their powder to obtain it. The wild honey found in the clefts of the rocks, a favourite article with the Circassian in his guerilla expeditions, is peculiar from its spicy taste and hardness, as also for its not becoming impaired or losing its flavour by keeping.

The vine, which may be said to have its true home in the Caucasus, is cultivated with great care, and produces a very tolerable wine, not unlike those of Naples and Sicily. There is also another wine made from the wild grape, but this is only used, on account of its spirituous nature, to mix with the wine made from cultivated grapes. In addition to the great fertility of the soil, and the varied productions of a

country where we see cotton, flax, and hemp growing wild on the prairies, the forests alone could supply timber for a very extensive commerce. At present, owing to the war with Russia, agriculture is entirely neglected, the inhabitants merely contenting themselves with cultivating as much grain as will serve for their own subsistence.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, so long isolated from the great world, are perhaps the most original of any people in their habits and customs. Their cars, in form, might be similar to those of King Priam of Troy; but as all classes of the population travel on horseback, they are only used for transporting the harvest. Their mills for grinding corn are equally primitive, being situated under the earth with a wheel at the top, which is turned by a horse; hence, the man who brings corn to the mill must also bring a horse to turn the wheel; and, as there is no money in circulation, he pays the owner for the use of his mill in grain. The lighter seeds, such as millet, the favourite food of the whole population, is ground at home with the common hand-mill. Their manner of threshing is the same as that of the Israelites in the time of Moses; and like that people, in strict accordance with the commands of their great legislator, the husbandman never fails to leave a little uncut corn for the purpose of feeding the fowls of the air. They display, however, considerable ingenuity, tact, and foresight in the arrangement of their granaries, which serve not only to protect the grain for years from damp and vermin, but effectually conceal it from the rapacity of an enemy.

For this purpose a pit is dug in the earth of such a size as may be required, the mouth being only sufficiently wide to allow a man to enter. After a fire has rendered it perfectly dry, charred boards are placed at the bottom, round the sides, and on the top, to protect the corn from damp. The top is

made perfectly air-tight with a species of tenacious clay, over which turf is placed—the grass grows, consequently it is impossible for any man, save he who buried it, to find out the spot where the treasure lies concealed ; so that an enemy may be encamped on the very ground which contains abundance, and yet be starving for the want of provisions.

The rearing of flocks and herds is the principal occupation, and in which all classes of the population take the greatest interest,—a species of property the more valuable on account of the facility it offers of being carried to some secure retreat in the mountains. Great attention is bestowed on breeding horses, and perhaps no people, not even the Arab of the desert, understands better how to manage them, or is more attentive to their treatment. Each race has its own peculiar mark branded on the haunch ; the most celebrated, termed *schalokh*, is preserved in all its purity by a Tatar prince, residing with his clansmen in some isolated district of the Alps ; he is known by the name of the Tau-sultan, and said to be a descendant of Tamerlane. A horse-shoe is the mark by which this splendid race is known in the Caucasus, which for beauty of form, strength of limb, and fleetness, cannot be surpassed. They more resemble the English racer than the Arabian, and command the most extravagant prices in Turkey, Persia, and Russia. With respect to their powers of endurance, docility and intelligence, the most extraordinary tales are related in the Caucasus.

The horse is the especial favourite of every Caucasian ; he is trained to endure hunger and fatigue, to swim, to understand what is said to him, and all the other accomplishments and qualifications requisite in the four-footed companion of a guerilla. The great secret appears to be kindness ; he is never beaten, consequently his spirit remains unbroken, and his affection for his master undiminished. Nothing can be more

simple than their method of breaking in a horse : he is first secured with the lasso,—a feat of no common danger, for they generally roam half wild through the woods,—then blindfolded, and pulled about up hill and down dale, till they are completely subdued. Those that are brought up in the farm-yard, where they may be seen as the playmates of children, take to the saddle almost without its being necessary to have recourse to any violence.

Game is every where abundant in the Caucasus. The wild turkey, the pheasant, cock of the wood, and the bustard, are splendid birds; the Caucasian partridge, about the size of an ordinary capon, although resembling in form that of Europe, might almost be termed a different species. Swans, black and white, wild geese, and every description of aquatic bird, haunt in vast numbers the rivers and marshes. The wild boar, the stag, roebuck, and deer, with porcupines and hares of prodigious size, are everywhere met with. Of the wild animals, the jackal is the most numerous; he is about the size of a fox-hound, with a fine bushy tail, lank, sharp-headed, and exceedingly swift of foot :—a stray tiger is sometimes found; bears and wolves are not so numerous as might be expected; and with the exception of the scolopendra morsitans, and the black snake, there is scarcely any reptile to be dreaded in the country. The wolf, the vulture, and the eagle, are the only enemies the shepherd has to contend against; the latter attains a prodigious size. The suroke, suslik, and jerboa abound here, as in the steppes of Krim-Tatary. There are also various species of moles; that called the slepez is large, with a head flat and broad, like an otter; and although so small an animal, yet with its formidable tusks, and a courage that nothing can arrest, it becomes a dangerous foe, particularly when met with marching in numbers, which is generally their custom when they set out on an expedition.

The land-tortoise is very numerous in this land of nature, as is the pretty curled-tail lizard, so rare in most countries; and we believe that the Caucasian raven, with its dark red legs and scarlet bill, is unique of its kind. Trout and salmon-trout, shad, perch, pike, and every other species of the finny tribe peculiar to a mountain stream, are also found in the greatest profusion, and of the most delicious flavour.

The Alpine region abounds with chamois, wild goats, and a species of wild sheep. Of the goats there are two kinds, the well-known ibex, and the other which roves about in herds, somewhat resembling the European goat, but much larger and better shaped, with limbs as fine as a deer. The flesh is much esteemed, and the skin, when prepared with the fine long hair, is used to kneel on, a superstitious idea being connected with it, that their petitions will then be responded to by the Great Spirit. These interesting animals, called by the mountaineers *Turi*, form themselves into different communities, under the guidance of a leader, who displays in his arrangements for their safety the most surprising sagacity. Sentinels are ever on the watch, and as they never graze without turning their face to the wind, their quickness of hearing and smell render it almost impossible to approach them; the slightest rustle in the brushwood is sufficient to alarm the whole troop, when they fly with the rapidity of an arrow to the summit of some inaccessible cliff; and should a bird of prey or ferocious beast attack one of their companions, the whole herd flies to his rescue, and being armed with long curved horns they often prove more than a match for their antagonist. Sometimes, however, when hard pressed by the hunter, which obliges them to make some tremendous leap, the young and the weakly, unable to accomplish the feat, fall victims to the temerity of their leader.

The wild sheep are much smaller than the domestic breed, and as agile as a goat ; they are believed by the Russians to be a remnant of the Caucasian sheep, described by the ancient Greek and Roman writers, and very valuable for their fleece, which is generally a bright yellow, though sometimes black, preserving the natural colour in defiance of the influence of time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Circassians—Their Religion—Sacred groves—Religious observances—Primitive manners of the people—Their administration of justice—Code of Laws—Bards of the Caucasus—Historical records preserved in their traditions—Similarity between the Circassians and the Spartans in their manners and code of laws.

THE religion of the Circassians, like that of nearly the whole of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, with the exception of the Lesghians, who may be called the reformers of Mahometanism, is a compound of Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism ; they worship only one God, as the giver of all good. Certain spirits, however, like the saints of the Catholic Church, come in for their due share of reverence on account of their supposed mediatorial powers. In common with the true followers of Mahomet, they deny the divine mission of our Saviour ; and are also acquainted with the character of Moses as a lawgiver, together with that of Elijah as a prophet, with whose miraculous ascent to heaven in a chariot of fire they are perfectly familiar ; and, singular to say, they celebrate the Lord's day in preference to the Jewish or Mahometan sabbath.

In spring they observe a fast of seven, and in summer one of nine weeks ; and, like the Jews, keep the feast of the Pass-over ; while on the other hand, their marriages, burials, and births are attended with nearly the same ceremonies as among the Mahometans ; they do not, however, in common with the other professors of that creed, abstain from swine's flesh. Still we must here remark that most of the Circassian

chieftains and heads of clans, especially those on the coast of the Black Sea, observe most of the external rites of Islamism.

We cannot conclude our sketch of the religious observances of these interesting and primitive people, without alluding to their sacred groves, carrying us back as they do to a period of the most remote antiquity, anterior to the existence of any creed, save the simple worship of the Almighty by the first cultivators of the soil and guardians of flocks and herds, who, amidst the awful solitude of primeval nature, poured forth their thanks to the Author of their being beneath the leafy shadows of that living temple reared by his own Divine hand. At the same time, the rites and ceremonies practised at the immolation of any victim, whether, on ordinary occasions, that of a sheep, a kid, or a goat, or an ox at periods of great solemnity and general thanksgiving, are evidently relics of similar heathen observances, recalling as they do the days of Dodonian Jupiter, and corresponding with the many graphic descriptions of like ceremonies to be met with in the pages of Homer.

On the eve of departure for any warlike expedition, the warriors of the Caucasus are accustomed to repair to their sacred groves for the purpose of performing propitiatory sacrifices, as well as various other rites and ceremonies; the most venerable and illustrious of their patriarchs taking a sword strikes it against the sacred oak, at the same time exhorting the assembling multitude to contend with unflinching zeal and perseverance against the enemy they are about to encounter. Then addressing the oak, he says—

“Sacred tree, thou hast witnessed from time immemorial the performance of this ceremony by our fathers. They have conquered. May their blessed spirits hover over us their children, and guide our swords to victory!”

If the attack is directed against the Russians, he concludes by saying—

“Remember, the man that falls in this contest is immediately translated to paradise.”

To cut down a tree in these sacred groves, or despoil them of their offerings—for every warrior appropriates to himself a tree which he adorns with some trophy of his victories, or offering of gratitude to the Divinity for some blessing received—is considered a sacrilege, and punishable with death. In addition to these sacred groves, certain springs are highly venerated, and to cut down a tree in their vicinity, or pollute them, is also a sacrilege.

Among their other religious festivals none is regarded with greater reverence than one celebrated about the time of our Easter. The pomp with which it is observed, and the attendant rejoicings, would seem to indicate that it is a relic of Christianity;—this is the more probable, as we frequently see a cross erected in some prominent part of their sacred groves. The March moon is ushered in with a fast, which is rigidly kept till the end, when at early dawn, on the first day of the new moon, the sound of fire-arms from the dwellings of the principal inhabitants of the village, announces the commencement of festivities. All classes then hasten to the Sacred Grove, and the usual religious rites are performed, together with the sacrifice of an additional number of animals, when the rejoicings terminate with the shooting at eggs, and various other martial sports and pastimes peculiar to this people.

The feast of the first-fruits of the harvest is also one of great importance, and continues several days, during which time visits are interchanged among the different tribes, each family giving a separate entertainment. The principal dish on every occasion being wheat dressed in various forms, as

typical of the abundant gifts of nature, the celebration of which is the object of the festival. It is generally cut before ripe, roasted and eaten with skhou, together with various other species of grain and fruits. Those persons who are prevented from sickness or other causes from attending the festival, never fail to have their portion sent to them, as it is considered most unlucky not to partake of a portion of the blessings of earth on these festive and sacred occasions. The ceremonies observed at this season of the year, terminate with thanksgivings to the merciful Power who has so abundantly provided for all their necessities.

The sacred groves of the Circassians derive additional interest from the fact of their being the scene of the judicial proceedings of this interesting people, fulfilling the double office of a temple of public worship and a court of justice. The Circassian code of laws, although based on the principle of retaliation, is not distinguished for ferocity. The man accused of shedding the blood of his fellow, is here arraigned before a public assembly of the elders, chieftains, and lawgivers of the land, pleaders are heard on both sides, and sentence pronounced with the most impartial justice, no man being condemned until a full statement of the facts on both sides has been listened to, or without the unanimous decision of all the authorities present. The law of the land in the case of murder sanctions the exaction of blood for blood, it also considers the claims of justice satisfied by the payment of a heavy fine as a compensation to the friends of the deceased, which indeed is the sentence most commonly carried into effect in regard to this and all minor crimes. Should, however, the resources of the accused be inadequate to the demand, and the claim be rigidly enforced, he is sold as a slave, and for ever exiled from his native country—an outlaw who may be shot by the first man that meets with him, without fear of punishment.

The scene presented in these sacred groves on every occasion of this kind, whether it be an assembly of justice or a vast deliberative council of the people, convoked to discuss some subject of general importance and interest, is one of the most strikingly romantic and spirit-stirring that can be conceived ; and, like the religious observances already described, presents us with a vivid picture of the earliest days of the world's history. Seated beneath the murmuring shade of those giants of the forest, that have seen generation after generation of the children of men fall like the leaves of autumn at their feet, we behold the patriarch and elders of the different tribes in their ample robes, their flowing beards and hoary locks uncovered to the breeze, adding to their venerable appearance ; prepared to give the benefit of their matured experience and long acquaintance with the world on all occasions of public danger or excitement. While seated, in every direction on the velvet sward of these virgin forests, their steeds tethered to the trunks, and their arms suspended from the boughs of the nearest tree, may be seen the different chiefs and heads of clans surrounded by their retainers, all striving, on every public assemblage of this nature, to outvie with each other in the splendour of their costume and general equipment. At the same time the woods around are alive with others galloping on their fiery coursers to the place of meeting, awaking the sylvan echoes with the clash of arms and the clatter of a thousand hoofs ; the sunlight streaming through the thick masses of intervening foliage, and flashing on their chain armour, jewelled weapons, and gorgeous housings, presenting altogether a picture of feudal pomp and semi-barbaric splendour, in our day perhaps unrivalled in any other part of the world.

In the midst, however, of all this martial din and confusion, let but one of the elders rise to address the assembled mul-

titude of fiery and tempestuous spirits, and all is at once hushed into the deepest silence, and his words listened to with the profoundest veneration and attention. How calculated must a scene of this kind be to impress the mind and excite the feelings of these unsophisticated children of nature, while listening to the words of advice and encouragement from the lips of those whose heads have grown grey in the service of their country, and whose strong right arm once led their followers to victory, and now calling on their sons and grandsons to be worthy of their sires! At the same time often concluding their address by calling on the overarching woods to witness that the fire of patriotism has not slackened in their bosoms, nor the love of liberty, and the heroic determination to defend their mountain home from the ruthless invader, lost any of their intensity of feeling, since the days when their fathers' fathers assembled in like manner, and on similar occasions beneath their eternal shadows.

Next to the chieftains and elders of the land, the wandering bard holds the highest station in the esteem of the people; every house is proud to receive him, every chieftain of whatever clan is his patron. His sweet strains cheer every festive board, his warlike song animates the hero in the camp and the field,—in his legendary ballads he perpetuates the history of his country, while by singing the passing events of the day, he fulfils the office of the independent press of more civilized communities, for he never fails to reprove the traitor and the coward, nor to expose the crimes of those who violate the laws of society. At the same time he conveys to distant tribes intelligence, which otherwise never could have been transmitted in a country without literature, or any of the methods of communication common to civilized countries; and by chanting the warlike deeds of some heroic chieftain he excites the emulation of his hearers to rival them.

The arrival of one of these errant poets in a hamlet, whose fame may have preceded him, is an event in the lives of its simple inhabitants; for so great is the delight felt among a people destitute of letters in listening to the tale of the storyteller, and the song of the bard, and in such universal esteem and honour are they held, that the wealthiest and most powerful chieftains of the land vie with each other in endeavouring to retain them as long as possible beneath their roof, and in tendering them the most unbounded hospitality. As a reward of so much kindness, the bards tell of the warlike deeds of the great Circassian chieftains, of the numerous battles gained over the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, the Tatars, the Turks and the Russians, in short over all the enemies of the Caucasus from time immemorial, of the fair daughters of Circassia, the fame of whose charms has spread to the ends of the earth, of the renown, wisdom, and valour of the great Caucasian warriors of former days.

It is therefore in the songs of these bards that we must look for any traditionary fragments tending to elucidate the early history and origin of the races whose deeds they celebrate, many of whom doubtless sought a refuge in those inaccessible mountains on the destruction of the various great Asiatic dynasties. Although veiled in some degree in the guise of fable and tradition, they are as well acquainted with the downfall of the Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman empires, as we are ourselves, together with the history of Mahomet, the inroads of the Tatars, the rise of the Turkish power, the fall of the Byzantine empire, in short with all the important events connected with Eastern history up to the present time.

We cannot but admire the strong sense of justice and public and private virtue exhibited by the various races inhabiting the Caucasus, more especially the Circassians, when we recollect that isolated as they have been from the

rest of the world, at the same time enjoying collectively and individually the most unbounded freedom, possessing no code of laws, save their own good sense and oral tradition, they still continue to maintain that social order and respect for established authority necessary to the well-being of every community.

When we consider many of the customs and usages which have been observed from the remotest times among this primitive people, we are forcibly reminded of those practised by that most warlike of the peoples of Ancient Greece, the Spartans. In comparing them, we are almost tempted to believe that their great lawgiver, Lycurgus, derived the first ideas of the stern code he enforced among his countrymen, from intercourse with the Caucasian races. In fact, the accounts left us by the historians of Greece of the education of the Spartan youth, together with the military training and discipline—the rigid observances of established law, and the self-denying habits of sobriety and abstinence enforced by the Spartan lawgiver, might almost apply to the Circassians of the present day, as will be evident from the following sketch of the career of a Caucasian warrior.

At his birth the infant mountaineer is presented with a bow and a quiver of arrows, as symbolical of his future destiny; an amulet is also bound on some part of his body to secure him from witchcraft and the evil eye.

After the first few years of helpless infancy have passed over, he is taken from the mother and consigned to the care of some warrior famous for his skill in the military exercises of his country, who now performs to the young mountaineer the duties of a parent, bearing the title of Attalick, and during the whole time the youth remains under the superintendence of his teacher, he is never permitted to visit his

parents, lest he should be spoiled by indulgence, or enervated by excessive affection.

As the Circassians are entirely ignorant of letters, his education is confined to every species of gymnastic exercise that can contribute to give force and agility to the frame. He is taught, in addition to riding and swimming, the most expert method of using every warlike weapon; he also studies eloquence that he may distinguish himself as an orator in the national assemblies of his country; and to complete his studies, he is instructed in the art of thieving with adroitness, that he may spoil the enemies of his country.

When the youth is considered to have attained a sufficient proficiency in these accomplishments, he is conducted to the house of his parents in triumph, and a splendid banquet is given. The friends and relations are invited—the youth exhibits his acquirements—his Attalick is complimented, not only with words, but more substantial offerings of gratitude, and ever afterwards enjoys the highest consideration in the family. A reciprocal affection exists between him and his pupil through life, so that a young Circassian warrior may be said to be doubly guarded with parental care.

The lessons of abstinence and self-denial taught him in early youth are never forgotten in after-life; whether at home or in the field, whatever he eats is of the plainest description, and small in quantity; and during his guerilla campaigns he seldom drinks even water, although exposed to a burning sun, till he rests for the evening, thus practising literally the Arabian proverb, “the more a man drinks the greater will be his thirst.” Yet a hardier race than these mountaineers does not exist, and if their frames are slender, whatever deficiency there may be in strength, is more than compensated by their surprising activity. Add to which

they have the advantage of retaining the vigour of their limbs, the fire of their eyes and their intellect to the extreme verge of life.

The great simplicity of their food during a campaign tends, no doubt, to preserve them from those diseases that make such fearful havoc in the ranks of the Russian soldiers in the Caucasus. Their favourite drink, as we before observed, is *skhou*,* without which, and a supply of millet, a Circassian never leaves home; and as flint and steel form an indispensable part of his travelling apparatus, he is never at a loss for a meal, even in the most desolate regions.

In these and everything connected with the habits, manners and customs of this very original people, we see the same warlike spirit, love of country, and contempt of danger, that distinguished the warriors of Greece and Troy during the heroic period of their history; the same hospitalities practised towards each other and the stranger who may have some influential chieftain as a surety that he is not an enemy in disguise; the same simplicity and patriarchal virtues;—all of which render them so interesting to a European, and take away from them every semblance of semi-barbarism; and however lightly they may regard faith and honesty in their

* Whence the *skhou*, to which we have so frequently alluded, had its origin is a matter of great contention among the people of the east. The Turks and Tatars who call it *yavoute*, say in accordance with their traditions the Almighty himself revealed the knowledge of its use to Abraham, who transmitted the art of preparing it to posterity, while the Circassians and the Arabs contend that Hagar when driven from the house of her lord, and fainting with heat and thirst in the desert, was presented by angels with the cup of Oriental nectar, from which time it has been preserved to the present day as a corrective to the milk, which it preserves during the hottest weather in a fit state for drinking. Fresh milk is rarely or never used by the Circassians, or indeed any other eastern people, being considered unwholesome and certain to generate fevers. Hence they boil it morning and evening, and when cool mix with it a little of the old *skhou*; in three or four hours it becomes thick and fit for use, and when flavoured with a little rose-water and sugar, is a most grateful and refreshing drink.

dealings with such an enemy as Russia, or however ruthlessly slaughter her soldiers on the field of battle, or entrap them by treacherous ambuscades, kindness and all the charities of social life characterise their conduct towards each other.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and commendable traits in the character of the tribes of the Caucasus is the respect and veneration with which they invariably regard the aged patriarch,—his counsels are sought to the extreme verge of life—his decision bowed to,—if he speaks he is listened to in profound silence, and wherever he moves a way is opened to him—all seek to render him happy, and to be numbered among those who have received his blessing.

Must we not, then, admire the degree of civilization and morality to which this isolated people have attained, and that without any written law, any other guide, than the traditions of their fathers and the songs of their bards? We must equally commend the docility with which they conform to the established usages of social life in a country where there is no police—no house of correction—no other check upon the evil tendencies of human nature than the stern reproof of their elders, the dread of fine and banishment: since, as we before observed, every crime can be atoned for by paying for it; yet murder is nearly unknown, robbery, and petty thefts by no means frequent among the allied tribes. Indeed we have in the Caucasus the singular spectacle of a people preserving unchanged, from time immemorial, their own peculiar system of government, while all the great nations around them sank into slavery; and what is equally remarkable, no individual chieftain has ever succeeded in bringing the whole under his immediate authority. This circumstance has no doubt enabled Russia to extend her influence, and in some instances her rule over so many districts of the Caucasus, which she never could have done had these tribes been united under

the rule of a chieftain possessed of the talents and energy of Schamyl-Bey, the hero of Daghestan. To this serious obstacle to the collective strength of a people we must add that the various races speak a different language, and are only able to communicate with each other through the medium of their Tatar brethren, and to increase the difficulty, that language is only known to their chiefs and elders.

Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, and unprovided with a sufficient supply of ammunition, they have not only taxed severely the military resources of the Russian empire for the last thirty years, but carried offensive warfare into the camp of their enemy and across the frontier. It is scarcely necessary to say what a valuable ally we shall here find to aid, by their bravery, the great cause of European civilization, for our interests are identical. In short, we have only to furnish them with ammunition and a few experienced officers to teach them the use of the Minié rifle, to form a barrier against any further encroachment of Russia in this quarter of the world. But we must not hesitate,—if the present opportunity be lost, it may pass away never to return. Without hope, all strength, moral as well as physical, avails nothing, and however successful these brave mountaineers may have been up to the present time in defending their country's independence against the aggressions of so formidable a power, the consciousness of utter abandonment, should the present crisis lead to a peaceful solution, and their interests be forgotten, may have the effect of paralysing their future efforts, and lead to their final fall. And truly no man, who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the Caucasian Isthmus, but must be aware that so long as that stronghold remains independent of Russia, every attempt to extend her dominions in Asia would be fruitless.

CHAPTER XXX.

Russia considered as a military power—Political importance of the Caucasian Isthmus—Suggestions respecting the meditated invasion of India—How to prevent it—General view of the Caucasian provinces—Concluding remarks.

At length, after all the efforts of diplomacy to maintain the peace of the world have been exhausted, we find ourselves actually at war with Russia, that great stumbling-block to the progress of mankind. Truly we must believe that a more than human agency is at work in thus bringing about a collision between civilization and barbarism, and which must effect an entire change in the destiny of millions of our fellow men. As the great bulwark in our hemisphere against the inroads of despotism, if we fulfil in a manner worthy the first maritime power in the world, the glorious mission entrusted to us by Providence, the issue cannot be doubtful, the only thing which shades the picture is the blood that must be shed.

We must not, however, deceive ourselves by believing that the barbarian of the north will be easily subdued. In all our previous wars, we had to contend with the ambition of some powerful state, now we have to combat not only opinions, but a large section of the human race bound together by the ties of kindred, language, and one common creed, complete fanatics, and impressed with the belief that

they are destined by a higher power to rule the world; and what adds still more to the danger and the difficulties of the crisis, is the certainty that the whole of the despotic princes of Europe are allied in principle, and in some cases by interest, to the same power, and who must regard the fall of the Autocrat of the North as the herald of their own doom. Hence, it is evident that we have not only Russia as an enemy, but what is still more to be dreaded, a coalition of these despotic princes to combat, in the event of which the contest would at once assume the character of a war of principle, and we should see the whole of Europe in a blaze; for we may be assured, with the exception of our gallant neighbours, the French, all the continental states are more or less controlled by Russian influence.

The real fact is this,—we have remained too long quiet. We have allowed ourselves to be too long swayed by the political quackeries of a peace congress—the same time-serving money-lending influence that has ruined every great empire down to the present day. Happily, the power of England, notwithstanding the errors of the past, is tremendous, both morally and physically, and how to employ it so as to protect our own interests is the great question at the present moment. Of one thing we may be certain, that a power so subtle and so eminent for its prudence and foresight as Russia, would never have undertaken the dangerous enterprise she has commenced without first ascertaining that she could hardly fail to succeed. Nor can we believe she would have dared a collision with two such formidable empires as France and England, unless she had previously secured allies upon whose fidelity she could depend in the event of the contest becoming European.

It would therefore be most unwise in any traveller acquainted with the state of Europe, to underrate the great

strength of such a power as Russia, and still more unwise to shut our eyes to the real character of the adversary we have to encounter. A power that step by step has not only won its way to a marvellous strength, but by a tact and cunning worthy of an Asiatic, made all the leading princes of Continental Europe and its aristocracy her puppets;—a power that has for its subjects those very tribes who have been accustomed from time immemorial to menace and conquer the civilization of the world; and who, though now schooled and organized by the civilization of the West, are still kept in such a state of ignorance and fanaticism as to be like their barbarous ancestors, the willing agents to undertake any enterprise however difficult, under the guidance of a monarch they have been taught to look up to as a terrestrial deity;—a monarch, who has only to tell them that the day is come to abandon their barren steppes and frozen seas, for the glorious sun of the sweet south, so long polluted by the foot of the infidel Moslem, to see himself followed by millions of fanatic warriors; and we have numberless examples in history to prove what a predatory semi-barbarous people can accomplish when they know that every step made in advance of their own sterile country, is a change for the better; whereas here we have a people propelled by civilization and every possible aid in art and science to ensure success.

Apart from the cause of civilization and the progress of mankind, as a maritime power, and isolated from every connexion with the continental states, we have nothing to fear at present from Russia invading our own sea-girt islands, even should she succeed in arraying the whole of Europe against us. In Asia, however, we have vast interests to defend, and in anticipation of a hostile attack, we must exert ourselves, by striking such a blow, as will prostrate her power in that part of the world. To do this effectually, Russia must be driven

out of the Black Sea ; for so long as she holds the Crimea and the Circassian coast, Asia will never be free from her aggressive policy ; whereas, deprive her of this sea, and her millions of semi-barbarian subjects would become what they have ever been, an inert mass, only strong in consequence of the nature of the country to resist invasion, but incapable from their poverty and isolation of influencing the destinies of the great civilized world beyond them. In the meantime, steam navigation, commerce, and a more intimate acquaintance with the civilization of the West, will have reared up new states, and schooled their inhabitants how to defend themselves and their liberties against the common enemy of freedom and man's independence.

Above all, and at every hazard, the Caucasian Isthmus must be preserved independent ;—that stronghold, with its inaccessible mountain fastnesses and manly inhabitants offers a *pied de terre* of the highest value in assisting us to check the advance of the legions of the North. Here we could organize an army of the bravest soldiers in the world, a people who having so many wrongs to avenge, would flock to the standard of any nation willing to aid them in overthrowing a power that had so long warred against all a brave man holds dear,—his country and independence.

Undoubtedly, the most vulnerable part of the extensive frontier of Russia, are those countries lying on the Black Sea ; and the progress of events, and the character of the inhabitants indicate them as the position where we could attack her with a certainty of success. Besides, the guerillas of the Caucasus, and those hardy children of the steppe,—the Tatars, the Cossacks of the Don, the Kouban, the Khopi, and the Phase, cannot be depended upon for their fidelity to a power that has so treacherously deprived them of their rights and liberties. With respect to the Caucasus, we have clearly

shown in this volume that Russia possesses no hold on the country beyond a few mud forts and intrenchments on the coast, which she is obliged to defend at an enormous cost of life and treasure.

It can be no matter of surprise that India, one of the richest and most fertile countries in the world, and which in all ages has been eagerly coveted by every great military power of the day, should now appear a tempting prize to the rapacious legions of Russia. Knowing this, and that no dependence can be placed on the faith of a government whose unprincipled policy is patent to the world, we are more than ever called upon to protect the hundred millions that there look up to us as their shield and safeguard from aggression. At present we have nothing to fear, nor can there be any cause for apprehension so long as the Caucasus remains even nominally independent, but the case would be very different if Russia succeeded in gaining absolute possession of that stronghold; then with every road open by sea and land, what could possibly hinder her from overrunning the whole of Central Asia, and carrying war and desolation into the very heart of India? *

The question of even the remote probability of an invasion of India by Russia, is one that demands the gravest consideration; and to devise the best means of frustrating such a design ought to engage the attention of every man interested in the preservation of our Asiatic empire. In the first place, we must be convinced of the expediency and importance of maintaining the independence of every country lying between the Russian frontier and the Indus. It must also be evident that the inhabitants of those countries, destitute for the most part of moral courage, union of interests, and effective military organization, could not oppose any formidable resistance, unless directed by the counsels, and supported by the arms and

influence of England. In addition to this, the evil is increased by the circumstance that nearly the whole of Central Asia is in a state of disorganization. Persia, with an imperious enemy threatening her frontiers, and domineering in her counsels, is utterly helpless. The Khans of the Afghans, the Turkomans, the Usbecks, the Kyberees, the Viseerees, and several others of minor importance, are not altogether attached to our interests. On the other hand, the Khans of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khojend, are too fickle as allies, too treacherous in their dealings with the foreigner, for any reliance to be placed in their friendship or assistance.

Assuming that Russia determines on invading India, there is no obstacle whatever to prevent her reaching Herat, from whence to India the march might easily be accomplished in less than forty days, the Kafilahs have been known to make it in twenty-five. On arriving at Cabool, which is within twelve days' journey of the Indus, there are two roads, the upper and lower; that through Kandahar and Ghisnee is practicable during winter.

In addition to those through Persia there are two or three routes which might be available for an army to invade India from the Caspian Sea. The emperor Paul's favourite plan of invasion, and in which the first Napoleon agreed to join him, was by way of Oorgunge, as fewer obstructions in the form of fortified positions were to be met with than in any other. After passing Amee, the invading army of the allies were to proceed to Balkh by way of Karjoo and Kirchee; at the latter place they were to obtain a sufficient stock of provisions preparatory to passing the Himalayah: and as the attempt was to be made during summer, the Hindoo Cosh was selected as the best route for a large army, the ascent being gradual and less fatiguing than any other.

If Russia were powerful enough during the reign of Paul to contemplate an invasion of India, how much easier might

that enterprise be undertaken in the present day, when her influence and the fame of her arms extends through Central Asia to Herat and the country of the Afghans; when her boundaries are already beyond the Araxas; when the Caspian Sea has become a passage exclusively for her fleets—the Euxine, a Russian lake, and the independence of the Caucasus trembling in the balance of war.

In a country like Russia, where a soldier continues one during life, it is necessary to find him employment, to prevent a revolution at home, and nothing could be more alluring than the promise held out to him of the plunder of India; for such a contingency as an attack on that country we must be prepared, and endeavour to circumvent it by every means in our power. Even granting that no actual invasion of India is at present intended by Russia, still her approaches must be checked: we have examples enough to prove that she would be a dangerous neighbour, skilled as she is in all the seductive arts of sowing discord. At all events so long as she maintains her position on the Black Sea and the Caspian, now that we have evoked the demon of war, a large army must ever be ready to repel attack, and in addition to this a considerable expenditure will be necessary for employing agents to circumvent the machinations of a power, who in too many of her negotiations both public and private dispenses with that morality observed by civilized nations in their dealings with each other.

Conscious, then, of the unscrupulous policy pursued by the Russian government in all its dealings with the surrounding nations civilized, or demi-barbarous,—knowing that her violation of treaties, want of faith, and unprincipled intrigues, render her a dangerous neighbour,—we must recognise the necessity of immediately placing a barrier against her further encroachments in this part of the world, and nature herself has formed that barrier in the stupendous mountains and formidable defiles of the Caucasus. If in what we have written

on this subject, we have made ourselves intelligible to our readers, it must be evident that the Caucasian isthmus is the key to all the projected enterprises of Russia in the East, and that to obtain it is for her a stern political necessity; it therefore follows, that those nations whose interests are opposed to so fatal a result should endeavour to prevent it;—but we repeat, we must neither hesitate nor delay—if the present opportunity passes away, it will probably pass away never to return!

In every point of view, whether political, commercial, or as countries peculiarly well adapted for colonization, those provinces comprehending the Caucasian Isthmus deserve especial consideration. Few countries were more famous in the history of the ancient Greeks than Colchis, of which Immeretia, Mingrelia, and Gourial formed the principal part; and however insignificant these provinces appear in the overgrown empire of the Tzar of all the Russias, and however depopulated in the present day, they once maintained a numerous population.

This was the country that the civilized sons of immortal Greece colonized, and taught the rude natives their arts and sciences. A vast plain in Mingrelia still bears the name of Argo the son of Phryxus; he also founded Sinope. Idessa, a town in Georgia, was built by Jason. The once famous city, Dioscurias, owes its origin to the followers of Castor and Pollux. There is even to this day a cape on the Anatolian coast called after Jason.

Tacitus tells us that Jason performed a second voyage to the coast of the Black Sea, when he gave laws to his followers respecting his system of colonization, and founded new settlements on the banks of the Ingour, the Khopi, and the Phase. But it was not alone on the Euxine that the ancient Greeks founded colonies; nearly the whole of the tribes on the Caspian Sea, particularly the Iberians and the Albanians, proudly

retain the tradition of being descended from the followers of that great navigator.

Subsequently these fine provinces fell under the rule of Mithridates, king of Pontus, when they became the granary of his empire, the most important part of his dominions. Strabo tells us that in his day Mingrelia alone was able to furnish 200,000 native soldiers, whereas the whole of the inhabitants of that province, with Immeretia and Gourial, does not exceed that number in the present day. The same writer also says that such was the richness of the soil, it produced four crops annually.

After the fall of the Greek and Roman empires, we have no authentic records of these provinces till the reign of Tamar, the Christian queen of Georgia,—the Catherine of her day,—when they were rich, populous, and prosperous; but all this was doomed to pass away under the blighting rule of the Mahomedan sovereigns of Persia and Turkey that succeeded,—an evil increased from the circumstance that they have been for the last hundred years the arena of nearly all the battles between the Russians, the Turks, and the Persians in this part of Asia.

With respect to the capabilities of Mingrelia for commercial purposes, the Ingour, Khopi, Phase, and one or two other rivers, might be rendered navigable into the heart of the country, at a very trifling expense, by merely removing the sand-banks which have been allowed to accumulate at their outlets into the sea. This part of the coast of the Euxine is not naturally marshy, as the land may be seen shelving down to the sea in most places; and where an intervening ridge presents itself—the cause of those inundations to which we alluded in a former chapter,—the evil might easily be remedied by cutting a channel. Indeed, traces of this foresight in the inhabitants of former days are everywhere visible; but like the outlets of the rivers, they are now partly filled up.

A great source of wealth and employment to an industrious, enterprising people might be derived from the fisheries of those rivers, and the whole of this part of the coast of the Black Sea, where the finest sturgeon in the world is found, and in greater plenty than anywhere else, not excepting the Wolga and the Caspian. However, for some reason or other, in accordance with the dark policy of the Russian government, fishing is not encouraged in the Black Sea; yet we were told by the inhabitants of the various ports we visited with Prince Worrenzow, that the sturgeon came in such shoals up the river, as to be killed in thousands by the women and children with staves.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that countries possessing so many natural advantages in situation, climate, and productions, cannot remain much longer in their present benighted state, now that the inhabitants of the civilized West have turned their attention to those long-neglected countries of Asia, so long shrouded from the world by the jealous care of Russia. Commerce, steam-navigation, and a well-directed system of colonization, under the protection of England and France, would in a few years effect an entire revolution in the manners, customs, habits, and ideas of the people: we should then have new states rising up, adding, by their industry and civilization, to the prosperity and social happiness of the world. If we would seek for a practical exemplification of the description of colonization adapted to them, we have only to take for our model the *ver sacrum* of the ancients,—based on the mutual interests of nations, and to which the whole of the countries of South Europe, and a great part of Asia, owe their civilization,—a system which would be peculiarly applicable to the Circassians in their present state of civilization—a people who, jealous of their liberty, regard with suspicion every attempt of a foreigner to acquire settlements among them.

The whole of the adjoining coast of Asia Minor, Armenia, and Anatolia, from Batoum to the Bosphorus, is equally fertile, and adapted by its fine climate and situation to every species of culture. The ports and harbours are, for the most part, commodious, or might be made so at a trifling expense. Indeed, the whole of these countries possess so many advantages that, at no great distance of time, they must become commercial, flourishing, and prosperous, if colonized according to the same plan. At present we see nothing better than ruined villages and deserted towns, lands for the most part lying waste, and the few inhabitants we meet with wearing that forlorn aspect and apathetic indifference to their future destiny which always characterises a people accustomed to be pillaged alike by friend and foe.

We will now bid the reader farewell: we have wandered together over the boundless steppe and the trackless sea, contemplated the military splendour of imperial Russia and the simplicity of the Caucasian mountaineer, surveyed the gilded minarets and gorgeous khiosks of proud Stamboul and the miserable hut of the humble serf. May we have learned, by contemplating other lands, to prize our own,—by examining the defects of other systems of government, to admire the excellence of that which protects our properties and our lives, and to cherish with increased regard the hallowed name of England—a country where, thanks to the wisdom and bravery of our ancestors, the humblest peasant enjoys the same freedom, rights, and privileges as the proudest noble,—where justice is equally administered to the rich and the poor,—and where every man can say to his cot, however lowly, “This is my castle; who dare invade it?”

APPENDIX.

KNOWING the great inconveniences to which strangers are exposed in those countries of Asia where none of the European languages are spoken by the natives, we have thought it advisable to append a vocabulary of such words and phrases as will be found useful in the Turkish, Tatar, and Circassian languages. The Tatar language will serve the traveller as a medium of communication in the Crimea, throughout the whole of the Caucasian isthmus, and in many parts of the Turkish empire, where it is better understood than the Turkish.

TURKISH VOCABULARY.

Rules for Pronunciation.

- A. The general sound of this vowel is similar to that of the same letter in the English words *call, ball, &c.*
E is sounded like the slender *a* in *make, take, &c.*
I has the sound of the English *ee* in *seed, eel, &c.*
U is similar to that of the Arabic.
Tsch is pronounced nearly like *ch* in *chair, child, &c.*
Kh resembles the sound of the Spanish *g*.
D at the commencement of a word to be pronounced like *t*.
Q to be pronounced like *k*.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Turkish</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Turkish.</i>
Bread	Ekmek	Roast-meat	Kébáb
Meat	Et	Beef	Syghyr eti
Wine	Charáb	Mutton	Qoloun eti
Water	Sou	Vcal	Dāna eti
Money	Pāra	Cheese	P'cinir
Tobacco	Tutun	Eggs	Ioumoutha
Fire	Atech	Salt	Touz

<i>English.</i>	<i>Turkish.</i>
Pepper	Biber
Oil	Zeitoun iāghi
Vinegar	Sirkè
Coffee	Qahvè
Tea	Tchāi
Cream	Qarmaq
Sugar	Cheker
Pastry	Beurek
Salad	Salatha
A water-melon	Bir qarpouz
A peach	Bir cheftālan
A fig	Bir indjir
Grapes	Uzum
Mulberries	Doud
An orange	Bir portuqāl
A lemon	Bir limoun
A knife	Bir bichāq
A fork	Bir tchatāl
A plate	Bir thabaq
A glass	Bir qadeh
A spoon	Bir qachyq
A basin	Bir leien
A chair	Bir iskemlè
A table	Bir sofra
A bed	Bir iatāq
A room	Bir odha
A house	Bir ev

English.

A pencil.
 Give me.
 If you please.
 Would you have the goodness to
 give me that?
 I am much obliged to you.
 Where are you going?
 I am going home.
 Whence do you come?
 Is Mr. — at home?
 What o'clock is it?
 It is mid-day.
 What weather is it?
 It is bad weather.
 It is fine weather.
 It rains.
 Good day, Sir.
 How do you do to-day?
 I hope you are well.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Turkish.</i>
A village	Bir keui
A garden	Bir bāghatchè
A door	Bir qāpou
A window	Bir pendjerè
A coat	Bir rouba
Shoes	Qondoura
A hat	Bir chapqa
A shirt	Bir gueumlek
Gloves	Eldiven
A comb	Bir tharāq
Boots	Tchizmè
A razor	Bir anstoura
A watch	Bir sâ'at
A sword	Bir qyildj
Pistols	Pychtovi
Gunpowder	Barout
A horse	Bir ât
A dog	Bir kenpek
A whip	Bir qamtchi
A cow	Bir inek
A boat	Bir qauk
A friend	Bir dost
A book	Bir kitāb
Paper	Kiāghyd
Ink	Murekkeb
A reed-pen	Bir qālem
A penknife	Bir qalemtrāch

Turkish.

Bir qourchoun qālem.
 Ver bañā.
 Roukhsatynyz-ilè.
 'Ynâict idermicyñyz bou chèi
 vîmèid?
 Sizun pek memnouñyz im.
 Nèrèid guidiensñyz?
 Evè guidiourum.
 Nèrèden guèlteursñyz?
 Felān kimesnè evindè mi?
 Sâ'at qatchtè dur?
 Eulendur.
 Naeyl havā?
 Havā fenādur.
 Havā guzèl.
 Havā nuñ guenzi iāchlu.
 Vaqtî cherifñyz khar ola efendum.
 Bou gun mizādji cherifñyz naeyl?
 Syhhat ú afietuñuz ciudur in-
 chall'ah.

